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People who work together make products that work together.

Take the CALL DIRECTOR telephone for example. To the left is one of the blueprints for this telephone, prepared by an engineer from Bell Telephone Laboratories. In the center is a step in production at Western Electric's Indianapolis Works. At the right, a Bell Telephone company installer prepares a CALL DIRECTOR telephone for service in an insurance office in Omaha.

That would seem to make three separate jobs.

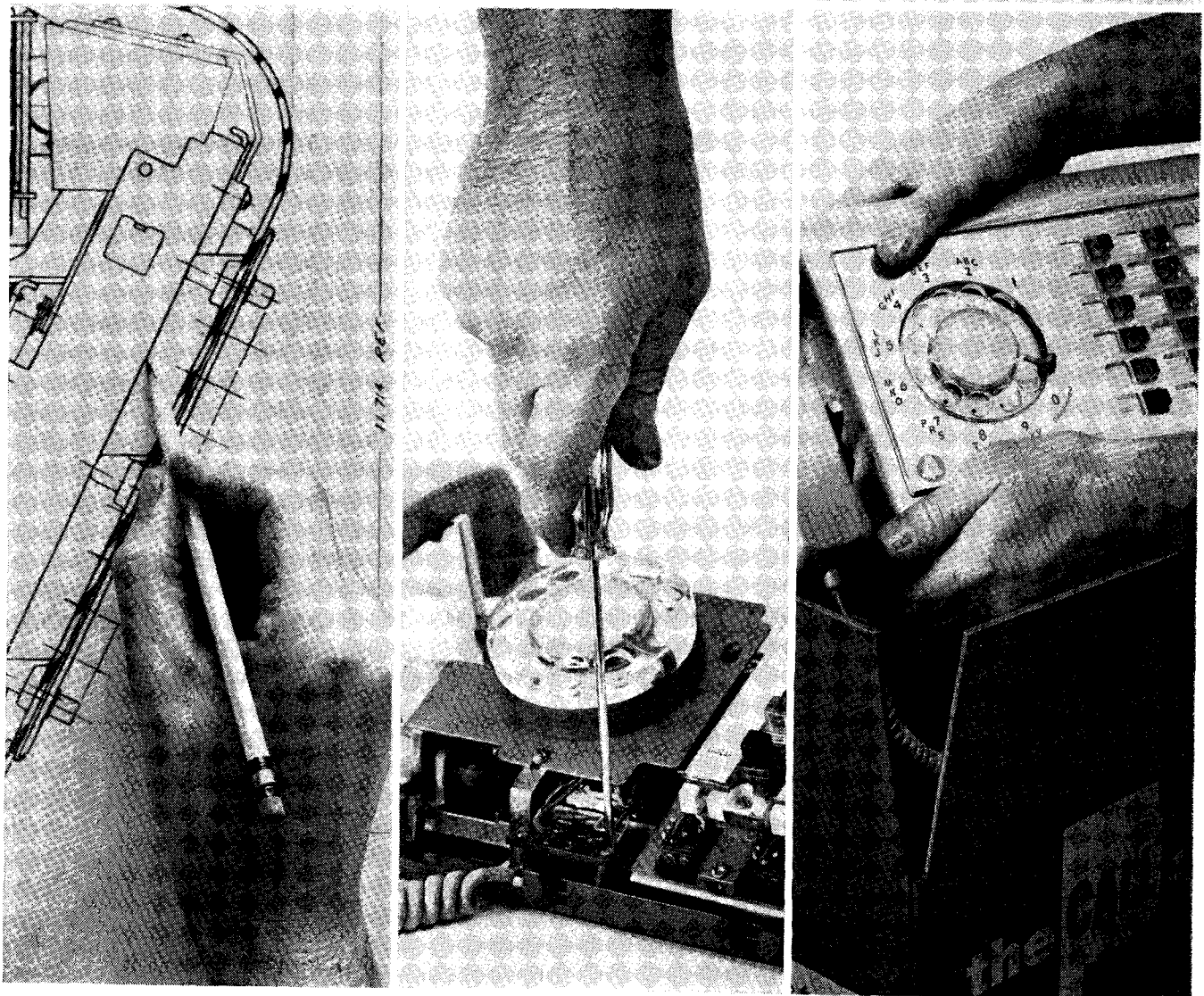
Actually from blueprint to installed equipment, the three members of the Bell System have worked together on just *one* job: each helps pro-

vide the most reliable, most flexible, most versatile telephone service in the world.

Bell Laboratories conceives and develops the products we make. Western Electric manufactures them to the Bell System's high-quality standards at reasonable cost. Bell Telephone companies operate them to bring you communications service so reliable you take it for granted.

The responsibility shared by the three members of the Bell System for better telephone service is the force behind innovations which have brought Americans the finest — and the most — communications anywhere.

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BARBARA WARD	In Time of Trial	35
SIR OSBERT SITWELL	New York in the Twenties	38
LYNNE LAWNER	Contingencies – A POEM	43
JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH	Dissent in a Free Society	44
ROBERT GRAVES	Beware, Madam! – A POEM	48
WILLIAM SAROYAN	Gaston – A STORY	49
MARTHA GELLHORN	Eichmann and the Private Conscience	52
MARCELLINE HEMINGWAY SANFORD	At the Hemingways Ernest Returns From War	60
VIRGINIA BROWNE-WILKINSON	O. K. Balogun – AN ATLANTIC “FIRST”	67
THE YOUNG POETS:		
ROBERT NYE	Saint Joan	73
NEIL BRADFORD OLSON	Death of a War Dog	73
BRIAN OTIS	To Landladies in General	74
NANCY ISAAC KURILOFF	The Body of a Murdered Wetback	74
PAUL GREENE	Though I Am One	75
JAMES T. CRENNER	In the Year of the Drought	75
AGNES E. MEYER	Slums and Schools Dr. Conant's New Report	76
ARTHUR I. WASKOW	The Limits of Defense	80

ATLANTIC REPORTS

London – Red China – Washington	6
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ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – RIXFORD KNIGHT – KEN W. PURDY – JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN – HERBERT KUPFERBERG	99
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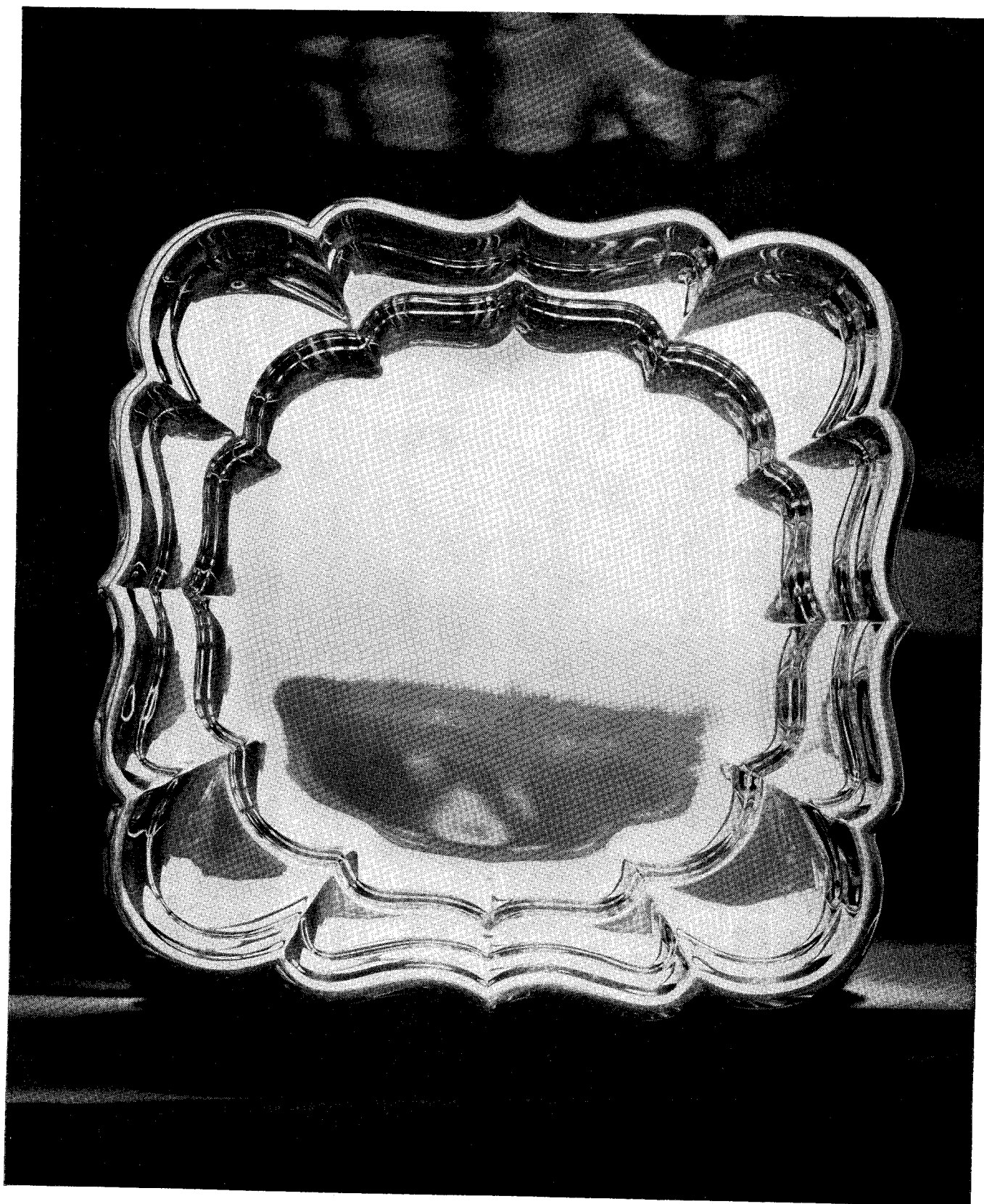
EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	112
WILLIAM BARRETT	Reader's Choice	114
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	122

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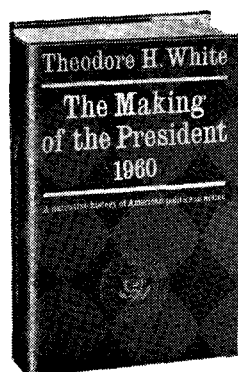
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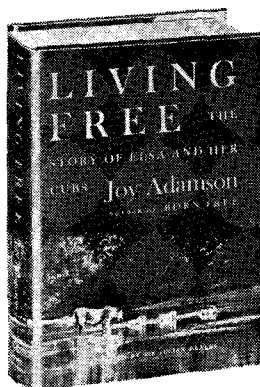
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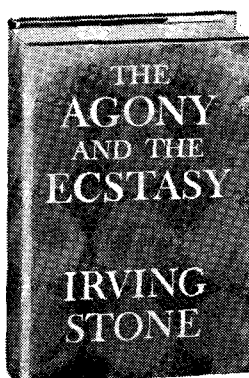
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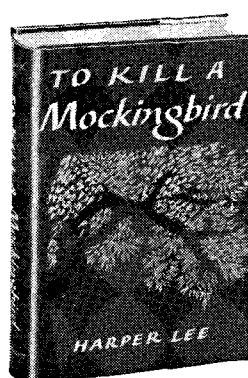
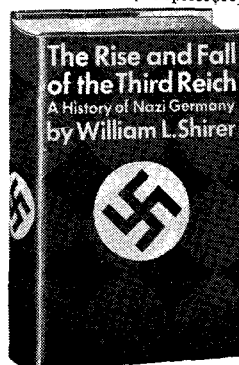


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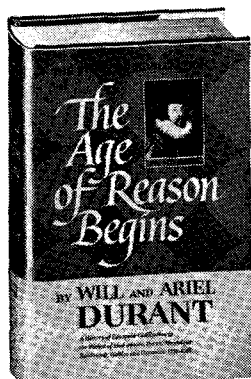


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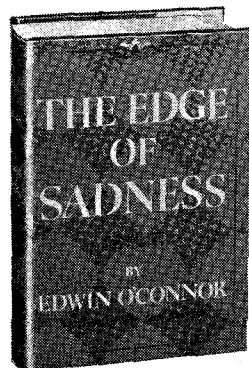


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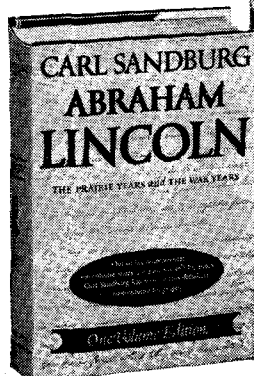
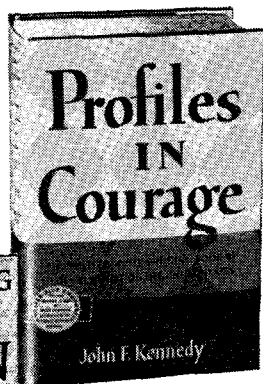
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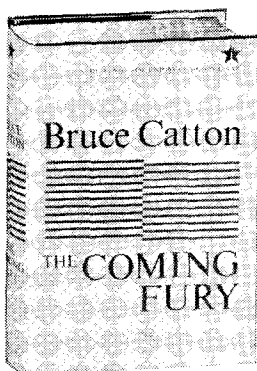
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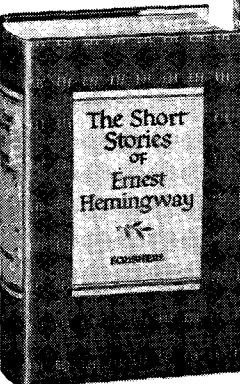
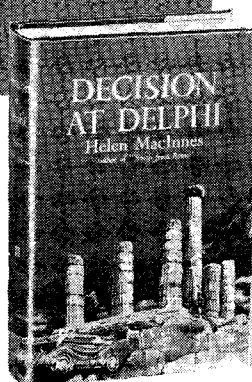
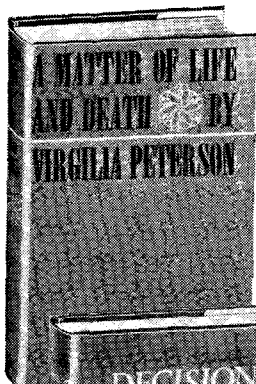
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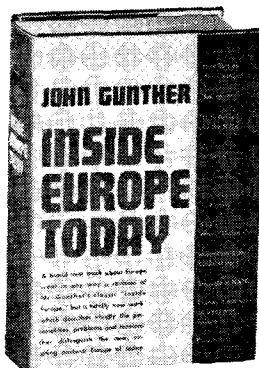
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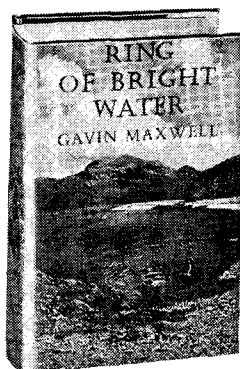


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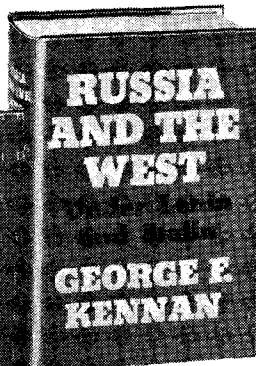
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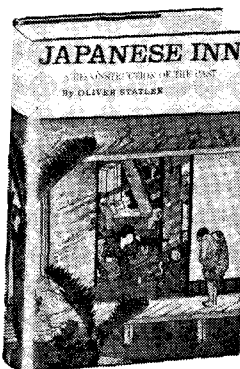
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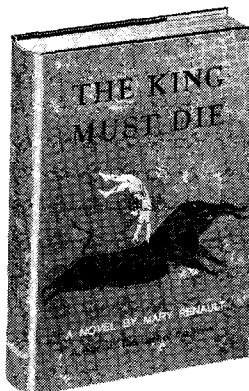
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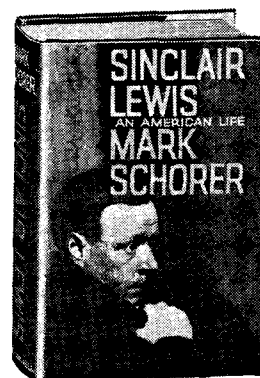
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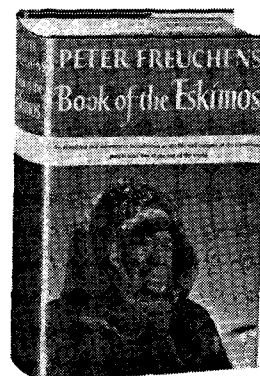
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

LONDON

ILAIN MACLEOD, now leader of the House of Commons for the government and a distinguished man, apologized to lobby correspondents: "The tremendous issues in the world today . . . are inevitably much greater than the legislation that is to come before the House." For Britain is going through a minor revolution in home affairs but a major one in foreign affairs. Its position in the world has abruptly changed.

Although powerfully armed with its own nuclear weapons, its garrisons everywhere, from the Rhine to Hong Kong, are all below strength. Its empire has largely dissolved into a Commonwealth of independent states. Though Britain is still one of the six richest countries in the world, its economic growth is declining. And on the continent of Europe a superpower is rising which Britain must join or to which it must take second place.

What made application for membership in the European Common Market possible, where it had been previously considered impossible, was the speech by President de Gaulle last summer setting strict limits to its supranationalism. What has made the Common Market attractive has been the knowledge that neither France nor West Germany has suffered noticeable diminution of influence as a consequence of membership; rather, they have gained. What makes it urgent is the market's considerable growth record.

What the Commonwealth may lose

The government has concluded that Great Britain might as a member emerge as more influential and better able to sustain a Commonwealth for which Britain is still the largest market and the greatest source of capital. Britain, because of its existing ties with the European Free Trade Association — the Seven — might also enter as leader of a majority group. If its worldwide trading links

could be retained largely unimpaired, Britain might become, too, the front-runner for something approaching an Atlantic community, expanding everywhere the area of freer trade.

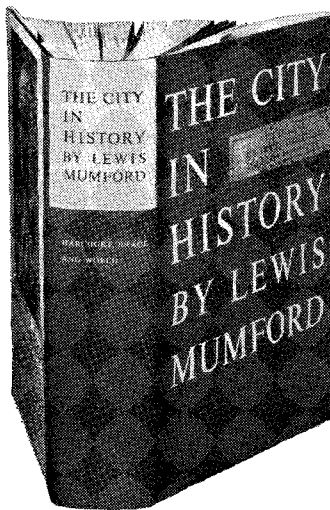
But reactions in Europe and the Commonwealth throw doubt on the full validity of this concept. Most E.F.T.A. countries may have to associate with the Common Market on lesser terms than membership. And three main elements in the cohesion of the Commonwealth, the very elements that give form and meaning to the intangibles, may have to be sacrificed. These three elements are free entry for Commonwealth citizens into Britain; free or preferential entry for Commonwealth goods (under the Ottawa Agreements of 1932); and regular, although infrequent, consultations between chief ministers.

The government could produce good reason for introducing control of immigration: a rapidly increasing and unplanned flow, which brought last year 100,000 West Indians, 50,000 Irish, 15,000 Indians, and many thousands from Pakistan, Cyprus, Africa, and elsewhere, almost all without prospective jobs, and a few with criminal records. But such control has two strikes against it. It almost inevitably assumes the shape of a color bar. And when Europeans get the same privileges of entry, it must mark the end of a special personal relationship between citizens of the Commonwealth.

Similarly, no arrangement in trade or in politics can be imagined that puts the Commonwealth in second place to Europe. Indeed, while Commonwealth ministers meet infrequently, Europe is to have a supercabinet in regular sessions, supported by an international civil service, framing joint policies. This would reduce Commonwealth consultation to insignificance.

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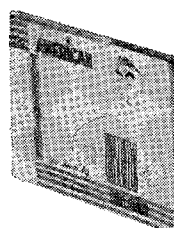
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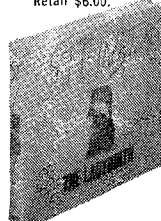
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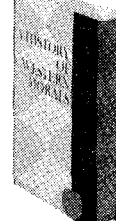
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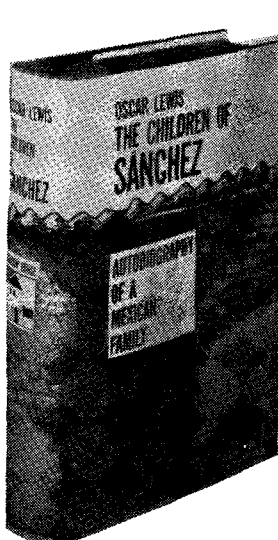
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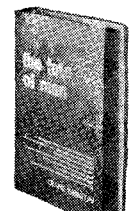
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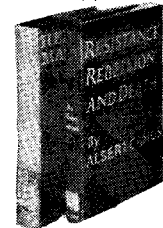
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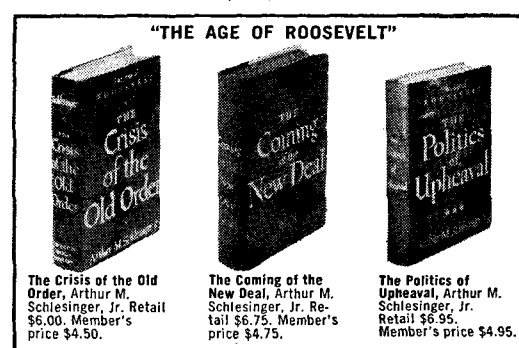
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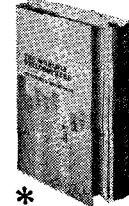
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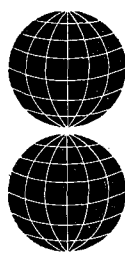
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Report on London



The government's determination to "safeguard Commonwealth interests" is real and deeply felt. But by offering in exchange for the sacrifices simply a bigger share of a greater and richer European market, the government opens itself to the charge of seeing the Commonwealth's interests in a strictly materialistic light.

Macmillan's home policy

The same shadow of the charge of materialism hangs over Macmillan at home. He is still undoubtedly in control of the government. But, while he has recently strengthened his government and its program, his party is still referred to as a party with a strong policy but no strong philosophy.

The origin of much of Macmillan's policy is contained in the book he published in the 1930s, *The Middle Way*. At the time, he advocated a "comprehensive scheme of national planning," to be developed by a National Economic Council and used for guidance rather than compulsion; and Selwyn Lloyd, in 1961, was set the task of establishing a National Economic Development Council for just this purpose. The book foresaw the reduction of class differences through universal primary education in state schools; and Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, has been advocating just this. It saw economic justice in terms of full employment, which now exists; high wages, which exist; and continuous growth, which does not yet exist but, through planning and union with Europe, is triumphantly promised.

There is nothing much wrong with this policy — the loud public demand for planning was the big political phenomenon of 1961 — but there may be something missing, and this may be the reason why Macmillan is never allowed to forget the phrase he once threw away as an aside, "You never had it so good," and why Selwyn Lloyd, fighting for a "pay pause," the urgent need for which is obvious, finds himself faced with opposition that he cannot understand.

White-collar march

The public is convinced that Britain is really two nations. The government denies that this is so. The two nations that the public sees are no longer anything so simple as Capital and Labor.

If they must be labeled, they are rather Owner and Earner: those who make their money, and those who earn their money; the taxed, and the untaxed; those who do not need a salary, since what their property or business does not provide free for them, capital gains will provide practically free, and those who must have income, since they have nothing else. The division runs through national life from top to bottom.

So the "white collars" have been marching in Whitehall with placards denigrating the Chancellor. Teachers have been marching, too, in fury against the "pause," even though it was not applied to them (they were allowed a raise of 14 per cent). Distinguished actors and star vaudeville performers have been on strike. Militant millions now bring up the rear. For the first time, those who used to be "the classes" have achieved a kind of unity in their opposition to Mr. Lloyd. Theirs is not so much an attack on the pause as, in their view, on injustice.

A pause to them means not a policy but the absence of one. Sooner or later, it is bound to be broken, as it was in 1948 and 1949, when Sir Stafford Cripps tried unsuccessfully in exactly the same way to stave off devaluation. This time, in spite of the strongest government pressure, the pause was breached almost immediately by the electricity-supply industry. The government can influence but not direct this nationalized industry under the present British law. When it was threatened with a Christmas power stoppage, the electricity council gave the power workers a 5 per cent raise dated January 1. Chairman Sir Robertson King claimed that this particular raise was noninflationary, since it will be earned by extra productivity.

The government itself has to make exceptions. It has to break the pause whenever, as in the case of the National Fire Service, it is urgent in the national interest to attract labor. It can be reasonably argued that such breaches do more good than harm. A serious danger arises, however, when, as is happening now, the most powerful unions are encouraged to back up their arguments with a direct threat, declaring that they are prepared to press pay demands to point up inflation and devaluation unless the government adopts their kind of planning.

The traditional planners, trade unionists and socialists, balked when asked to join Lloyd's new planning body, because the National Economic Development Council would have control only over wages and salaries. The government has shown that it will try to enforce a pay freeze in cases where it is the direct employer and whenever such a freeze is essential. But if the unions join the council, they will have to enforce



Finchingfield in Essex—the county that inspired so many Constable landscapes.

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Free travel brochures. Before you plan your vacation in Britain, see your travel agent. And send for your free British travel brochures. They include maps, a calendar of coming events in Britain, and a lot of other information that's great fun to pore over. Write British Travel Association, Box 163, In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; in Los Angeles—606 So. Hill St.; in Chicago—39 So. La Salle St.; in Canada—90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

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Why Scallop Shells on the Doge's golden barge?

● A nautical status symbol, this ornate vessel proclaimed Venice's mastery of the seas.

Look closely at the canopied stern. Run your eyes down the vessel's sides. Note the abundance of scallop shells. The Venetians who fashioned this showpiece knew the scallop to be a symbol of the sea and seafaring. And we can surmise they were men who believed in making meanings clear. For they did not rest their tools until fifty-seven scallop symbols were formed in the Doge's vessel.

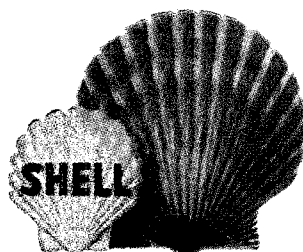
Long before and centuries after the galleys of Venice set sail, men saw the scallop as the symbol of the voyage—and the badge of those going forth on a quest.

The medieval pilgrim, staff in hand, journeying to an apostle's shrine, wore the scallop as badge of his quest. It was the badge, too, of the Crusader, sword at his side, setting out on his hazardous quest to the Holy City.

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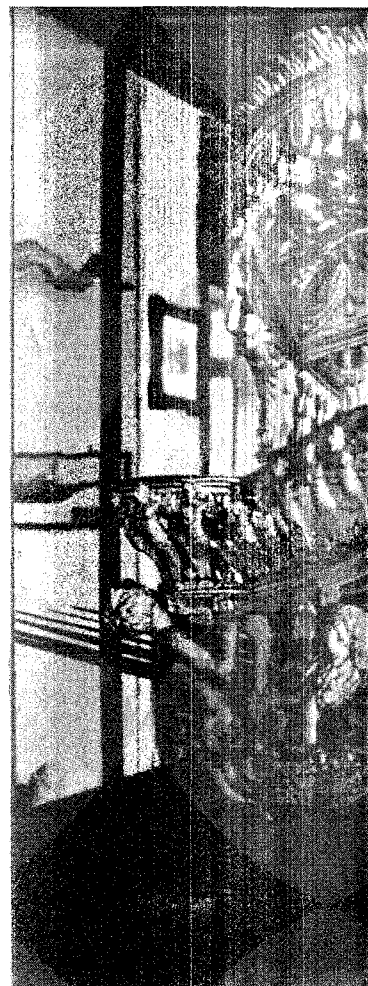
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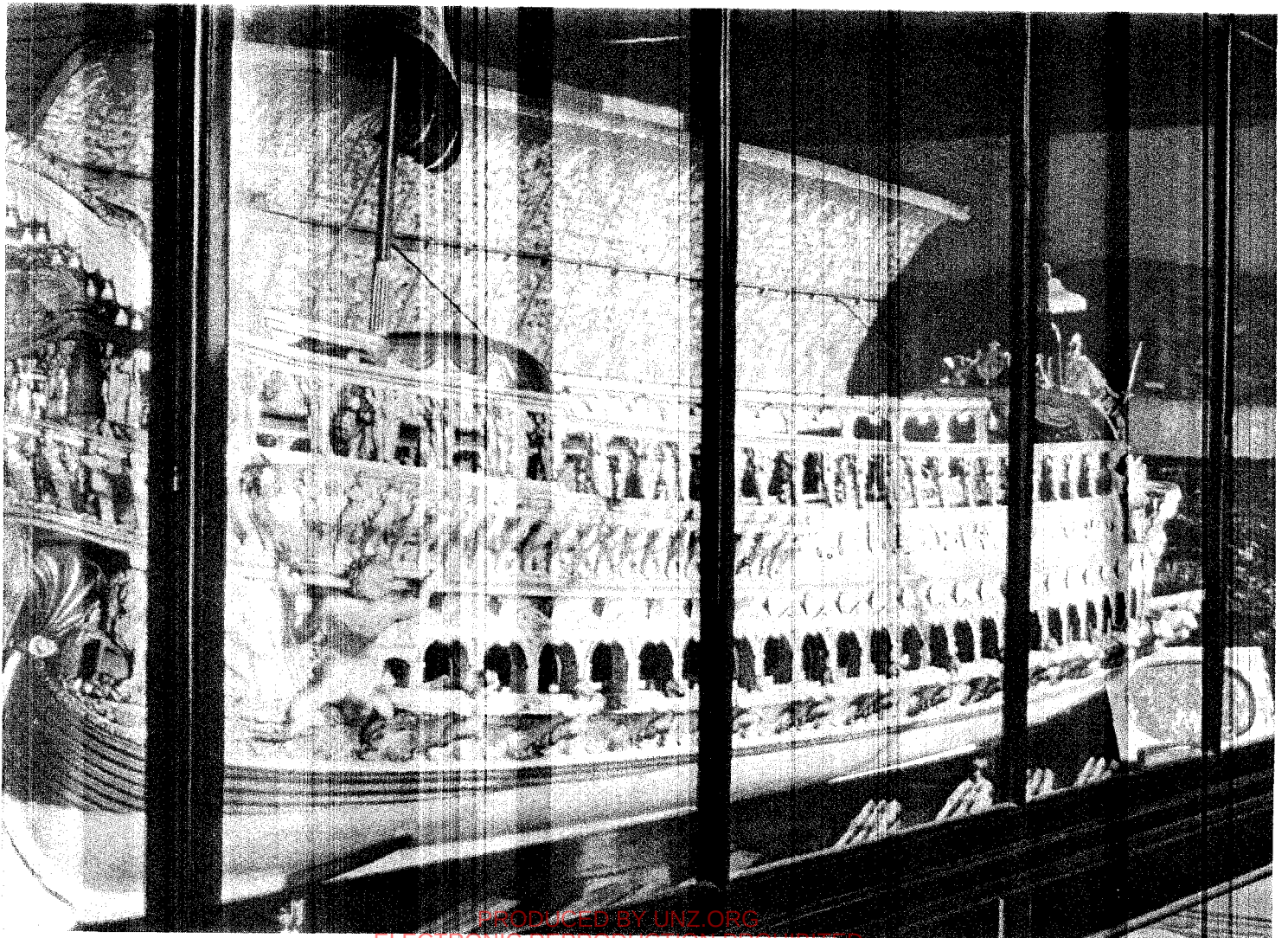
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Report on London

the freeze too. Control over labor would then be complete. But no counterbalancing control of wealth, no pause for conspicuous spenders, has been offered.

Mr. Lloyd undoubtedly believes that no question of justice or injustice is involved. But the majority of voters now disagree with him. It would seem a situation made for Hugh Gaitskell, a planner armed with all manner of ready-made controls, including the capital-gains tax.

Gaitskell and labor

Mr. Gaitskell's stature as a statesman has increased since the last election. He is, however, preoccupied with the problem of power within his own party. He did win a resounding victory at his last party conference, reversing the votes for unilateral disarmament and re-establishing both the authority of the Parliamentary Labor Party and his own authority within it. Yet the left wing believes that there exists a great body of opinion only waiting to be roused on behalf of full-scale socialism. Gaitskell knows this is just not true.

The party, meanwhile, is seen to be split on almost every topic, from the Common Market on down the line. It could be this lack of a clear policy that most discourages the voters. Or it could be simply that the party, as it is organized, is associated too strongly in the public mind with nationalization and government control.

The British public today acts as if it would dearly like to give its votes to a party that does not exist, one that, offering to combine freedom with planning and both with manifest economic justice, had the power to form a government.

London's new homeless

The problem of the new homeless of London has transformed this puzzle of planning, freedom, and compulsion into human terms. These are not problem families, not poor, not unemployed, not ill-adjusted. They are well dressed, well fed, but desperate. Every week, forty-five or fifty families are out in the streets looking for a place to live. Most of them can be found temporary shelter

as a family unit. But, on an average, nine families a week have had to be split up and scattered in workhouses and shelters. The total of homeless has now reached 3200.

A crash program of mobile homes on vacant lots is bringing hope to them. Ordinarily, their problem stems from the fact that the place they were living in was sold. There are no vacant houses. Looking around, some find they have "too many children" to be welcome in furnished rooms.

These desperate people cannot get a subsidized apartment through the London County Council because the L.C.C. has a waiting list of 52,000, and 28,000 more are waiting to be put on the waiting list. There are 150,000 additional people still on local borough waiting lists in Greater London.

The L.C.C., Socialist-controlled for twenty-six years, blames the situation on the Rent Act that decontrolled the rents of private apartments. The government blames the L.C.C., which it says has all the powers and the money to solve such a problem. The public is disturbed and puzzled, and blames both.

To what extent is the problem caused by the large-scale subsidizing of rents? How many families that could afford a home of their own nevertheless stay on, reasonably enough, in the inexpensive and splendid new L.C.C. apartment blocks, making no room for those in genuine need? A sound guess is 5000 families.

Why are so many office buildings, yet so few private apartment houses, being built? Is it because there is a vast profit in offices but no profit in apartments, unless they are very expensive? Has the L.C.C., in planning a smaller London, reducing the population in its own area from 3,500,000 to 3,100,000 (and in Greater London from 8,500,000 to 8,150,000), and sending a quarter of a million Londoners out to new towns in the countryside, planned more for what people ought to want rather than accommodated what they do want? The answers the public arrives at may directly affect not only the next elections but the future of Britain.

LIGHT IN THE DARK

According to UNESCO, some 70% of the people in the world have no idea what's going on outside their immediate surroundings. These people, who live mostly in Africa, Asia, and Latin America, have no television, no radios, often no newspapers, and in some instances no written language to make enlightenment possible.

UNESCO's report is staggering, but there is another that appalls us even more. It's the New York Stock Exchange survey indicating that only about one American adult in eight owns a share in the country's business, and about three-quarters of the adult population hasn't even the foggiest notion of what stocks and bonds are and what investing means. And this in spite of the fact that information about the securities business is readily available from many sources to anyone who wants it!

Our most basic booklet about investing is called *"What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business,"* and since there are now several million copies in print, we like to think that it has shed some light on its subject for a good many people. Would you like a copy? You have only to ask.

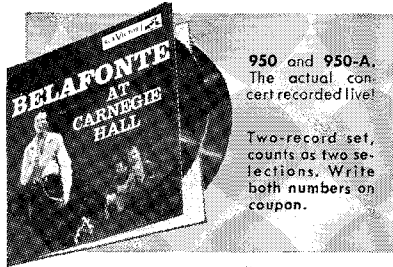


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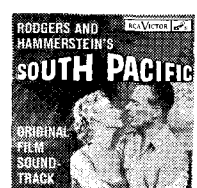
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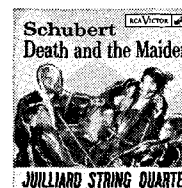
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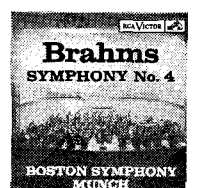
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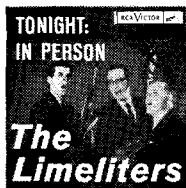
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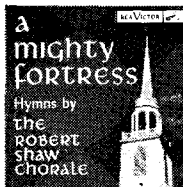
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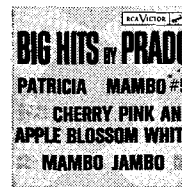
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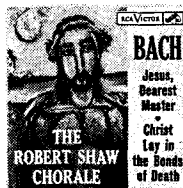
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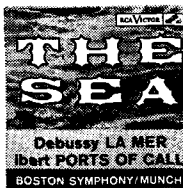
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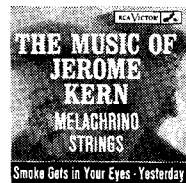
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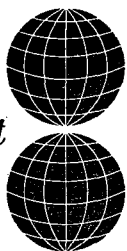
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MENACED by the most serious famine since the establishment of the Communist regime in 1949, 700 million Red Chinese are now struggling on the brink of starvation. Although the Peiping government has used its scarce credits to purchase millions of tons of grain from Western countries, recent reports reaching Hong Kong and Macao attest that the food shortage is now more serious than ever before. Unrest and dissatisfaction have penetrated every corner of China.

Officially, the famine has been attributed to a series of unprecedented natural calamities, including a bad drought, which have occurred without respite since 1959. The New China News Agency reported that some 60 million hectares of arable land, or more than half of China's total farmland, have been seriously affected, and some land has produced nothing.

The real factors related to the current famine are far more complicated than the Communist Party reports. One of the most important of these was the erroneous estimate of grain production in 1958 and 1959. In April, 1959, the State Statistical Bureau published a communiqué recording an increase from the 1957 harvest of 185 million tons to a 1958 production total of 375 million tons. This allegedly enormous harvest represented a 100 per cent increase in a single year. The falsity of this picture was revealed in the Communist Party Central Committee's confession in August, 1959, that the previous figures were an "erroneous estimation." Although the Party revised these figures to only two thirds of the original totals, the report still overestimated the actual situation.

Because of this arbitrary overestimation of 1958 grain production, government procurement far exceeded the amount that the farmers were able to produce. After fulfillment of the state purchasing plan, famine occurred in many areas. According to Chou En-lai's report, in the spring of 1959 about 5 per cent of the mainland area had grain shortages. In Hopeh province, for example, it was officially reported that per capita grain rations were reduced from .6 to .4 kilograms daily.

From mid-1959 through the first half of 1960, the Communist Party Central Committee and the State Council once again asked the people to be frugal in grain consumption. In the final months of 1959, a vast campaign was launched to persuade the people to include wild vegetables as part of their daily diet.

At the same time a "backyard furnace drive" removed some 60 million farm laborers from agricultural production to industry. The countryside naturally developed manpower shortages, estimated at 30 to 50 per cent of actual needs.

The further reduction in food rations and the prolongation of working hours in the commune system induced go-slow strikes on the part of the farmers. A survey published by the Communist Party organ, the *People's Daily*, revealed that great areas of cultivated land had been deserted or devastated by the farmer. In the provinces of Heilungkiang, Liaoning, Shantung, Hopeh, Kiangsu, Shensi, and Honan, this amounted to one tenth of the cultivated land. In Shantung province, a third of the rice paddies were overrun by weeds.

The peasant did not limit himself to passive resistance. Sabotage became a real threat to subsidiary production. Thus, a *People's Daily* editorial of July 16, 1960, disclosed that farmers were destroying half of the total number of newly born pigs. This destruction was officially attributed to the insufficient food supply and certain "bad elements" in the hog farms. These various factors have made the effects of the current famine far more serious than those of any previous one.

Restoring incentive

In early 1960 the Communist regime launched a "Whole Country Support Agriculture" movement. Beginning in August, some ten million cadres, government functionaries, and People's Liberation Army personnel were transferred to the rural areas to strengthen the communes' controls. In Inner Mongolia, for example, Ulanfu, First Secretary of the Autonomous Region's Party Committee, led 170,000 functionaries who were assigned various

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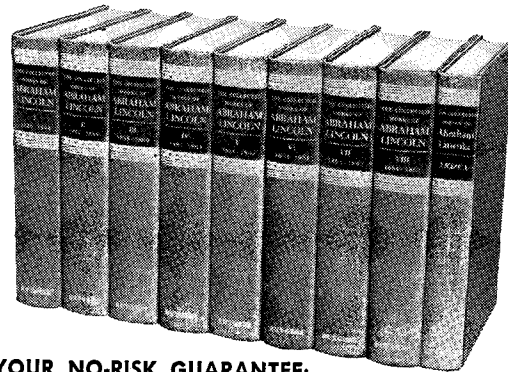
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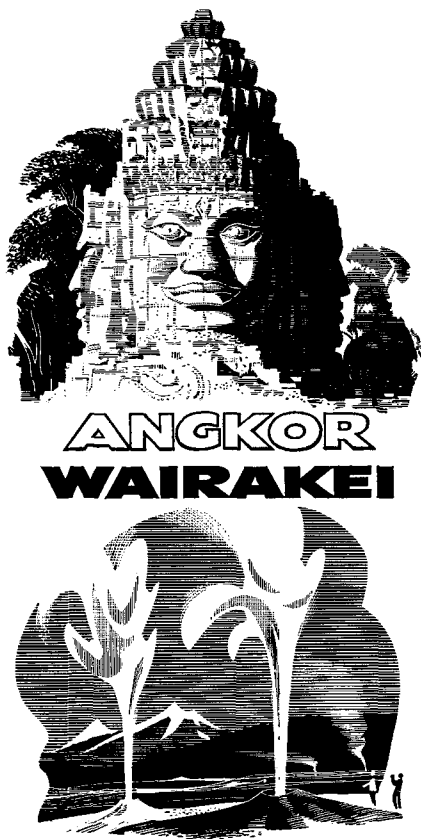
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Report on Red China

offices, ranging from deputy director to mess-hall supervisor, in the communes. This measure enabled the Party to exercise greater control over food consumption.

But control cannot stimulate production, nor can it ease popular unrest. The Party was forced to devise some means of inducing increased productivity. The most important step was the introduction of the three-level system of ownership based on the production brigade. Under this system, ownership and authority have been shifted from the commune to the production brigade unit, which is similar to the advanced agricultural cooperative or the Soviet collective farm.

The commune retains ownership only of certain large farm machinery and cannot transfer the brigade's productive means without consent. With regard to the management of production, the commune may still make certain demands on the brigade and necessary readjustments of brigade production plans, according to state needs. However, it must first consult all the members of the commune. The brigade generally controls distribution of products. A brigade may sell or retain its surplus grain after it has fulfilled state requisition quotas, and the cash income of the commune is distributed at the brigade level.

In conformity with the strengthening of the brigades, individual members have been encouraged to engage in subsidiary family production and to keep their own animals and poultry, provided that this private operation does not interfere with collective production. The small plots of land which the advanced cooperatives permitted to be privately owned, and which were pooled together after the communes were established, have now been redistributed for private use.

The system of remuneration has also undergone substantial change. In the communes, which carried out the free-meal system, wages generally constituted less than 20 per cent of the total remuneration. This practice encouraged idleness. Present Party orders require that food ra-

tions be kept within 30 per cent of the total remuneration, while the remaining 70 per cent is to be paid in the form of wages calculated according to the individual's amount of labor. Under this policy, industrious workers receive more money.

In accordance with the practice of encouraging the commune members to till private plots of land, the Peiping government also restored the rural market throughout the countryside. Now subsidiary products produced by commune members, as well as by production teams, are allowed to be marketed at rural fairs. After three years of experimentation, the agricultural system has been returned to its original pattern.

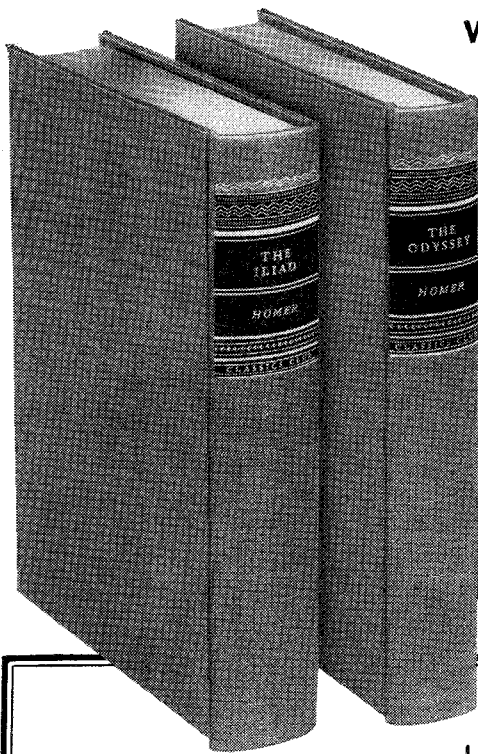
The economy declines

The famine adversely affected the entire national economy. Setbacks have been particularly serious in the branches of light industry which depend chiefly upon agriculture for raw materials. Hence, in 1960, such major items as cotton textiles, knitted goods, cigarettes, vegetable oils, and sugar failed to reach production targets. This affected the national income and capital investment.

Statistics for the past decade reveal that, despite substantial industrial progress, agriculture remains the foundation of the Chinese national economy. Half of the mainland's industries still require agricultural products as their source of raw material. In light industry, this need mounts as high as 80 per cent. More than half of the country's total revenue is derived from agriculture, and more than 70 per cent of its export commodities are composed of agricultural products and goods processed from them.

Throughout the decade from 1950 to 1960, there was a close relationship between the year's agricultural output and the national income of the following year. In 1950 the rate of increase in agricultural output was 17.7 per cent; the rate of growth in national income was 17 per cent for 1951. When the rate of increase in agricultural output declined to 3.1 per cent in 1953, the rate of increase in the subsequent year's national income was but 5.7 per cent. In 1956, when the rate of agricultural increase was 4.9 per cent, it was reflected in 1957's rate

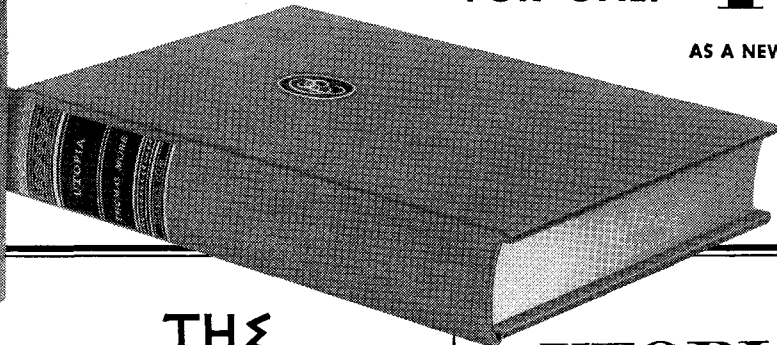
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Report on Red China

of increase of national income, 4.6 per cent. These figures show that China's economic growth depends upon its agricultural harvest.

The poor 1959 and 1960 harvests, therefore, had a negative effect on capital formation. The Ninth Plenary Session of the Communist Party Central Committee was forced to abandon its plans to continue the Big Leap Forward. The session decided that capital construction for heavy industry would have to be reduced for 1961 and the rate of development readjusted for concentration on agricultural production.

The Ninth Plenary Session presented no economic plan for the year 1961. Up to the middle of December, no targets had been revealed for industrial and agricultural production by either the CP Central Committee or the State Council. The National People's Congress, which usually convenes between February and July to approve the state budget and national economic development plan for the current year, did not convene. To justify the abolition of the Big Leap Forward, the Party provided a new approach which holds that the pattern of national economic development consists of a wavy motion of alternating highs and lows rather than of the straight line suggested by the Communist authorities during the 1958-1959 Big Leap Forward period.

In its communiqué, the Central Committee admitted that approximately 10 per cent of the Chinese population remain strongly anti-Communist. Included in this category are former landlords in the rural areas and bourgeois capitalists in the cities. The Central Committee indicated that the reactionaries were actually exploiting the great famine to undermine the Party's authority. Furthermore, the ranks of the Party itself harbor 10 per cent of members who are the loyal allies of the landlords and the bourgeoisie. To prevent the possibility of these forces' uniting in revolution, the CP Central Committee ordered the re-establishment of six regional bureaus in north, northwest, east, central-south, northwest, and southwest China. While this directive enforces

the control over the regional branches of the Party, it also indicates a decentralization of the Party machine and reflects the Central Committee's inability to cope with the situation.

The initiation of the Big Leap Forward and the commune system actually led to a lessening of Mao's prestige. This was reflected in his resignation as Chairman of the People's Republic in April, 1959. Four months later, at its Eighth Plenary Session in Lushan, the Central Committee adopted a resolution cutting down the 1958 economic achievements and reducing the targets for 1959. The Eighth Plenary Session also called for a nationwide campaign to eliminate rightist influences within the Party. After some three months, the campaign was suddenly suspended without having accomplished anything. It would seem that Mao bowed to the rightists within the Party.

The gloomy prospects

The immediate problem remains. Mao must find ways to feed 700 million people while at the same time maintaining Party and Army morale. During the past half year, Peiping has exhausted its foreign exchange and credit to purchase grain and wheat from Canada, Australia, Burma, and France. The six million tons of imported food supported only about one month's consumption, provided the per capita rate did not exceed a half pound per day for a minimum level of subsistence. Communist China now produces sufficient food for only nine months of the year; to fill the gap, it must import more grain. Neither the means of payment nor the condition of transportation permits it to obtain such huge quantities of food from abroad. The famine is expected to continue until next summer. If there is no effective international assistance, millions of Chinese will starve.

A more serious problem confronting Mao Tse-tung is the decay of morale in the Army and cadres. Recent reports from Communist Chinese militia in the rural communes show signs of a wavering in Party policy. Pessimism and defeatism prevail within the ruling class. A new rectification campaign is under way in the rural districts. The spring of 1962 may well be critical for the Chinese Communist regime.

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THERE is a constant outcry in America that we have no long-term plan for dealing with the central problem of Soviet-American relationships or, more broadly, of relationships between the United States and the Communist orbit. From the right comes the demand that the President declare that our goal is victory over Communism, or a similar generality.

As Kennedy said in his interview with Premier Khrushchev's son-in-law, "Where we feel the difficulty comes is the effort by the Soviet Union to communize, in a sense, the entire world," rather than to protect its own national interests. But the Communist philosophy is not going to be altered by American semantics; it is only American and allied power and its skillful application that will effect any change in the Communist position.

The President's State Department shifts were, in part, an effort to improve some phases of long-range planning. In this field, some of the highest American officials are now pondering a critical question for the future. It stems from the following line of reasoning:

Today, by every intelligence estimate, American nuclear power — and the ability to use it against the Soviet Union — is considerably greater than is the comparable Soviet power. The belief is that this American power unquestionably is the restraining influence on Khrushchev. But, by the laws of weaponry this American advantage will in due course disappear, as Soviet missiles and nuclear submarine developments proceed.

On the other hand, so this line of reasoning goes, one of the Soviet Union's biggest assets is its ability to keep secret its military power and other aspects of its national life. In due course, this Russian advantage will decrease. The many U-2 flights over the Soviet Union before the fatal Powers mission produced a remarkable set of photographs, which laid bare manifold secrets.

The career of the U-2 is over, but it is being replaced by the observation satellite known as

Samos. The Samos operation thus far is classified, but it is known that this project has had the highest priority and that the scientists have said it is technically feasible. The Soviets, of course, know this. They have complained on occasion, but they were the first to orbit satellites, and the West did not object. As the Samos operation becomes more effective, Soviet secrecy will decline. But even the destruction of such a satellite, should the Soviet Union attempt it, would not be fatal, for the sky can be filled with more such vehicles.

This, then, is the question posed: What should the United States attempt to do in its relations with the Soviet Union, looking toward the day when both the current American nuclear advantage and the Soviet secrecy advantage disappear? To find answers is one of the tasks which will fall to the new planning chief at the State Department, Walt W. Rostow, the articulate and imaginative former Massachusetts Institute of Technology professor, who has moved to the State Department from his post at the White House.

The missile-gap controversy

To understand our more immediate plan for dealing with the Soviet Union, one must first glance back at the long argument over the so-called missile gap and what happened to it.

So all-consuming has been American suspicion of Communist motives that from the day we first learned of Soviet missile tests by means of the then secret radar installation in Turkey, the United States government's assumption was that the Soviets were preparing for a first strike at this country. Intelligence reports, attempting to chart Soviet missile-building capabilities, said that by 1965 (a date later brought forward to 1961) the Russians would have as many as 500 to 1000 ICBMs. American missile production, resisted by the Air Force bomber chiefs and delayed by weight-yield problems until the invention of the hydrogen bomb, was charted at only about 70, a small number compared with the massive figures assigned the Russians. These figures leaked out, created the missile-gap furor, and were partially

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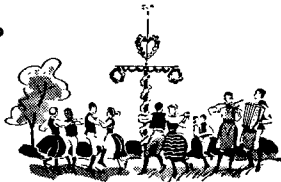


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Report on Washington

acknowledged by President Eisenhower's Defense Secretary, McElroy.

The missile-gap controversy first began in Congress some three years ago. While it was evolving into an issue in the 1960 presidential campaign, the U-2 began to bring amazing results. Eisenhower has now stated for the record that Khrushchev had known of the U-2 flights "for several years. Their radar had tracked a number of our planes."

Responsible officials, including some who were on Kennedy's side during the election, say that Eisenhower took the risk of tapering off American defenses on the basis of what he was learning from the U-2 pictures and other data the planes collected. Yet Eisenhower was caught in a box; he could not give any such reason while the U-2 was still supersecret, and when the U-2 was caught on May 1, 1960, he at once was put on the defensive both at home and by our allies, as well as by the Soviets.

These U-2 pictures convinced Eisenhower and his aides that the initial American assessment of a Soviet preparation for a first strike had been wrong. The pictures now were read as indicating that the Soviet preparations, like our own, were essentially defensive. These readings also played a part in Eisenhower's decision to go to the 1960 summit conference, which, ironically, was wrecked by Khrushchev because of the U-2 affair.

When the Kennedy Administration took office, all these facts became known to the President and Defense Secretary McNamara, and provided the basis for McNamara's statement to newsmen last February that he had found no missile gap. It was painful, politically, for the new Administration to concede this, but it represented the facts.

This does not mean that there has been any alteration of the view that the Communists would risk a nuclear attack on the United States if this country were foolish enough to so weaken its defenses that a punishing American retaliatory attack would be impossible. The aim of both the

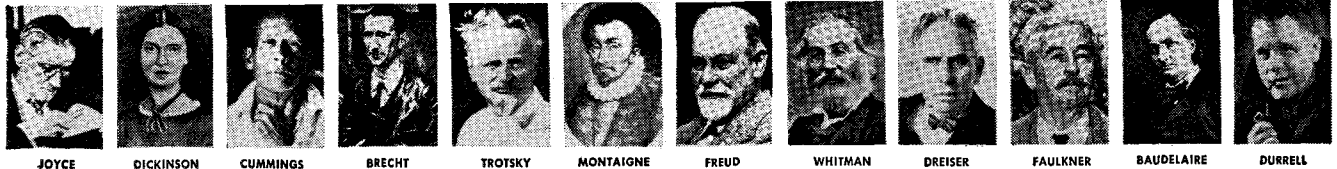
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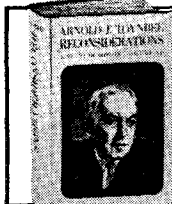
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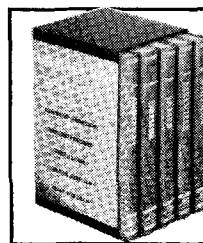
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Report on Washington

Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations was and is to see that such a state of affairs never occurs. But it does mean that the new Administration, like its predecessor, believes the defenses are strong, and that therefore it is possible to attempt to negotiate with the Communists.

Alternative to nuclear war

When Kennedy first took office he tried to make an earnest effort to reach agreement on the nuclear-test-ban issue as a forerunner to larger agreements between the two great powers. The problem of Laos, the Cuban fiasco, Khrushchev's raising anew the Berlin crisis, and a general heating up of the Cold War all marked the failure of the initial Kennedy hopes.

That he has not given up, however, was evident from his statements that if the Berlin issue were resolved, the two great powers could have peace, or at least an absence of direct United States-Soviet conflict, for another fifteen years or so. It also is evident that, while Kennedy was driven by French and West German leaders to limit negotiations to Berlin itself, he has not given up hope for a later and larger accommodation with the Soviet Union in central Europe.

The President's willingness to accept a Communist election victory in Berlin, assuming free debate and a fair count, was certain to arouse the ultra-right in the United States, which demands a declaration that only total victory over Communism will suffice. But it was, nonetheless, a courageous thing to say, for the alternative is nuclear war.

The current American intelligence estimates also mean that this country can move in a more orderly fashion into second-generation missiles and that some earlier programs can be cut back or eliminated. But, because of the complex nature of the arms race and of the arms themselves, and because of the secrecy involved in intelligence, it is difficult to explain the factors going into such a judgment either to Congress or to the public. In addition, there is in this country, as Eisenhower warned in his Farewell Address as Presi-

dent, a vested interest in missiles, aircraft, and space programs on the part of industry, and, in many cases, on the part of members of Congress whose areas are deeply involved economically.

Thus, in struggling with the new military budget for the fiscal year beginning next July 1, the President has had to consider a host of factors: the degree of faith to place in intelligence on Soviet weaponry, the necessities of the Pentagon, the economic and political involvement of the military manufacturers, and the general state of public opinion.

The radical right

In this latter category is the President's concern about the radical right. The initial Administration reaction to the John Birch Society and similar groups was that they were only another form of ultraconservatism. But last fall the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, made a swing across the country which took him into southern California. There he discovered that a private Democratic poll, intended to sound out 1962 campaign issues, showed that the number-one domestic issue was internal subversion.

This was a key factor in President Kennedy's determination to speak out, as he did in both Seattle and Los Angeles, before this type of antigovernment philosophy spreads. The most critical aspect of the problem is whether, by equating negotiation with appeasement, the ultra-right will be effective enough to tie the President's hands in the Berlin crisis.

In practical political terms, the rise of the superpatriots presents, first of all, a problem for the Republican Party. The main question is likely to be whether pressure will push the GOP in the direction of the far right. In Arizona, Senator Goldwater is a hero. He has acknowledged close friendship with John Birch Society leaders, and they, in turn, see in him a possible leader of national stature. Above all, Goldwater gives the Birch Society and other rightist groups an aura of political respectability.

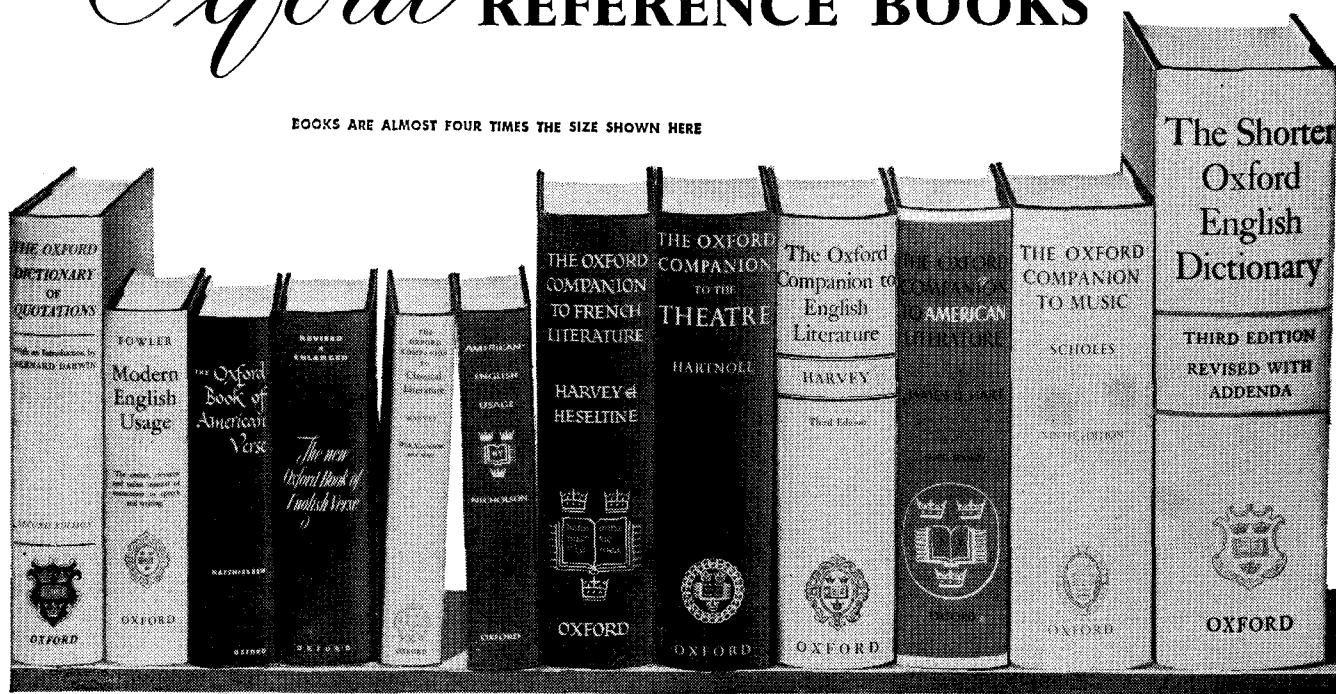
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Report on Washington

loud that they are Republicans, a move made possible by two Eisenhower victories in the Lone Star state plus Nixon's near victory there in 1960. But Texas Republicans are not of the Eisenhower-Nixon school; they are Goldwater Republicans. Senator John Tower and Representative Bruce Alger, the two Texas Republicans now in Congress, are both at the far-right side of the party; and others who aspire to run for governor or for House seats next fall are following the Tower-Alger line.

This far-right Republicanism is the only kind which can siphon off enough conservative Democratic votes in Texas to produce victory at the polls.

The California primary

But the story in California is quite different and is of infinitely greater significance. California, especially southern California, is famous for its dissenters, both to the far left and the far right. Today the far left has all but evaporated; it is the far right which is politically active, and it is active almost entirely on the Republican side of the fence.

The testing very likely will come in the Republican primary this June, when Senator Thomas Kuchel seeks the renomination of his party. Kuchel, a moderate Republican of the Eisenhower-Nixon variety, is now the Republican Whip in the Senate. With the death of conservative Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and the retirement of conservative John Marshal Butler of Maryland, the influence of Kuchel, along with that of other moderates, such as Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, should be on the rise. But this will be possible only if Kuchel wins renomination and re-election.

His opponent in the primary will probably be Representative John H. Rousselot, one of the two members of Congress who have said they are Birch Society members (the other, Representative Edgar W. Hiestand, is also a Republican from the Los Angeles area). Rousselot has been speaking all over California, and he is being urged to oppose Kuchel. A number of politicians in both parties would like to see him make the race

in order to find out just how much strength the far right can produce at the ballot box.

Kuchel has been the target of considerable right-wing abuse. But what is most worrisome to him is the drift of some of the Republican Party machinery in California. The Los Angeles County Young Republicans have come under control of the far right to such an extent that their outgoing president publicly proclaimed the latest election of his group a "triumph" for the Birch Society. In San Mateo County, the Republican organization invited Senator Strom Thurmond, the South Carolina Dixiecrat presidential candidate of 1948, to address the group. Thurmond, like Goldwater, is a darling of the right, and he has said that if the GOP would nominate the Arizona senator, he would surely sweep the South in 1964.

This sort of rightist movement within the California GOP has tended to siphon funds away from the Nixon and Kuchel types of Republican. Major California businesses have sponsored some of the anti-Communist right-wing crusades on television and radio. Other concerns have suffered business reprisals for refusing to do the same. Republican leaders say that at least two state assemblymen of moderate stripe have refused to run again because of the right-wing pressures. In short, the 1962 primary in California may become the most important test in the nation of the power of the far right.

Political dopesters think Kuchel will win, as they think Nixon will win in his bid for the GOP gubernatorial nomination against former governor Goodwin Knight. The Nixon-Knight contest does not involve the far-right issue, but a third candidate in the race, state GOP legislative leader Joseph Shell, has John Birch Society support.

California is now the nation's second largest state in presidential electoral votes and soon will surpass New York; hence the critical importance of the direction of the Republican Party there. Only if California veers toward the extreme right can the Goldwater faction have any hope of capturing the Republican party nationally.

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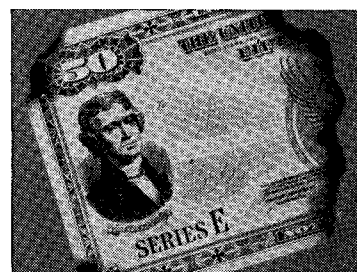


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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



China's population

SIR:

S. Chandrasekhar, who wrote "Red China's Population Problem" (December *Atlantic*), knows that if China's population is to explode, not only must the death rate drop far below the birth rate, but the death rate must be kept at a low level over a period of time. Communist China in its first decade may have reduced its death rate, but events since 1959, when Chandrasekhar was last in China, indicate that the death rate has not stayed low. As Oscar Handlin points out in his article on "The Failure of Communism" in the same issue, China has experienced enormous crop failures since 1959, widespread famines, and at least one documented epidemic. Chandrasekhar himself expects the Communist government to treat people as expendable items, which can only result in a death rate in the decades ahead far higher than that claimed now by the Chinese Communist government.

PROFESSOR RICHARD J. COUGHLIN
York University
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Report on Poland

SIR:

I read your Report on Poland in the November *Atlantic*. How very clever of the Polish Communists (only 10 per cent of the population) to continue reminding the Polish majority with their "reiterated propaganda" of the brutalities of the Nazis!

Mothers have, of course, forgotten sons murdered in gas chambers by our "presently respectable allies." The United States has been my home

for many years, and by some unexplained quirk of personality I still vividly remember my family's extermination at the hands of the Germans (or Nazis, if you prefer). How can this memory persist? Especially since I am so far away from the Polish Communists and their so effective brainwashing methods.

STEVEN DREW
Malibu, Calif.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Having served in the Swiss Army many years ago, I felt at home reading S. L. A. Marshall's article "The Young Army of Israel" (November *Atlantic* Supplement on Israel) because there are striking similarities between the two armies.

They are both founded on the principle of a "a people in arms."

All able-bodied citizens serve in the armies. In Switzerland, the physically disabled pay a special tax in lieu of military service.

Advancement in both armies has only one channel — from private to N.C.O. to officer — which is open to everyone with the proper character and ability.

Defense spending is tightly controlled, because in small countries waste and useless peacetime frills are too expensive.

Training is demanding in both armies, and the dignity of the soldier is respected at all times.

There is great military power in both countries, but no military ambition, as each army's only purpose is the survival of the nation.

It is well that Israel has a military organization so well suited to a small, tightly knit nation, and it is probable

that this state will be able to endure and prosper amongst its unkind neighbors as well and as long as Switzerland has in the middle of the European predators.

A. FROEBEL
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

SIR:

Eric Purdon's article on "Quemoy" in *Pleasure and Places* (October *Atlantic*) quietly skips over the question of who pays for all the touring of Taiwan and Quemoy. Chiang Kai-shek's government provides the trips through American aid money. We are being propagandized with our own money. We are shown how loyal all the people of Taiwan and Quemoy are to the United States, how well they work together, and how well defended the islands are. We have been deluded by propaganda and are making the same mistake we made in Korea, in supporting a government which is suppressing the people.

Chiang tells us that things couldn't be better, unless there were more aid money, but the two million Chinese are unwelcome lords over the nine million Formosans. The Formosans have no voice in the foreign government which has been thrust upon them. We had better do our sight-seeing while we can, for we soon may be unwelcome to a people who will identify us with the government they will have replaced.

JOHN H. BELTER
Belleville, Ill.

Earthquakes and architecture

SIR:

As a resident of Santa Barbara County, of which the city of Santa

Barbara is the namesake, I should think Charles W. Morton, in his December Accent on Living column, could find something that better shows the qualities which have made the city of Santa Barbara beloved by so many. Surely a column on the architecture of Santa Barbara, which distinguishes it from most of today's drab American cities, is worth more comment than Santa Barbara's absence of the usual traffic problems.

I am sure those of us who come in contact with the city feel that it has not been justly dealt with by Mr. Morton. I hope Mr. Morton will revisit Santa Barbara and see what has really made Santa Barbara great. I can assure him that the traffic business which he so well mentioned is only a minor thing.

ROBERT BOYD
Santa Maria, Calif.

It is my understanding that most of the Spanish architecture in Santa Barbara resulted from an earthquake, which afforded the city an opportunity to rebuild large areas with a view to the whole as well as to the individual properties. The "drab cities" elsewhere in this country, of which Mr. Boyd speaks, have not been blessed by such a phenomenon, and there are, of course, many whose architecture would be vastly improved by a good tidal wave or temblor. But having already remarked, in the November *Atlantic*, one of nature's outstanding gifts to Santa Barbara — the weather — I shall have to beg off on the earthquake for the time being.

CHARLES W. MORTON
Associate Editor

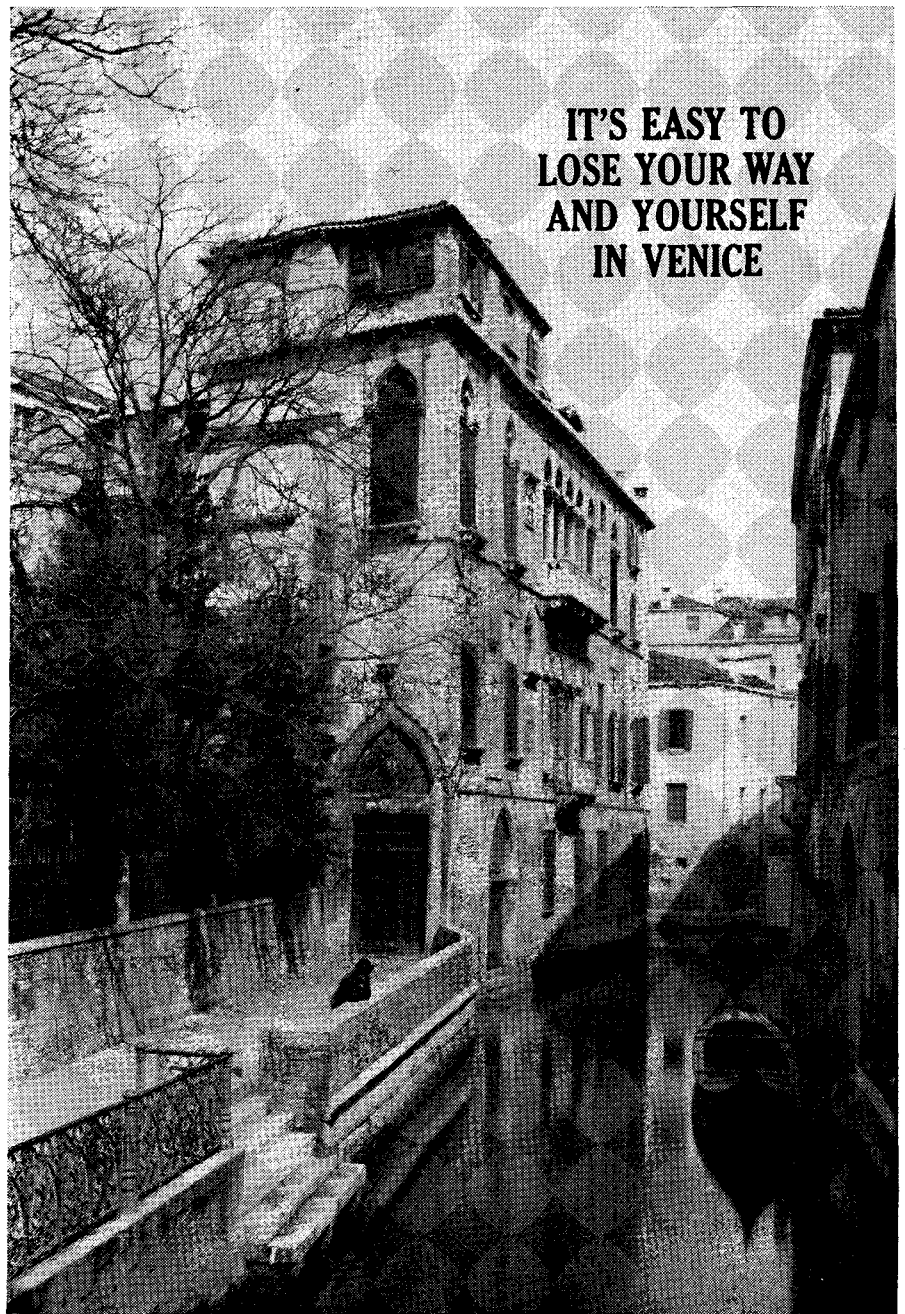
Correction

We regret that, owing to a press error in the final printing of the January ATLANTIC, the name of Mrs. Elsie Masterton was misspelled in the editorial note accompanying Robert Frost's article, "Between Prose and Verse."

— THE EDITOR

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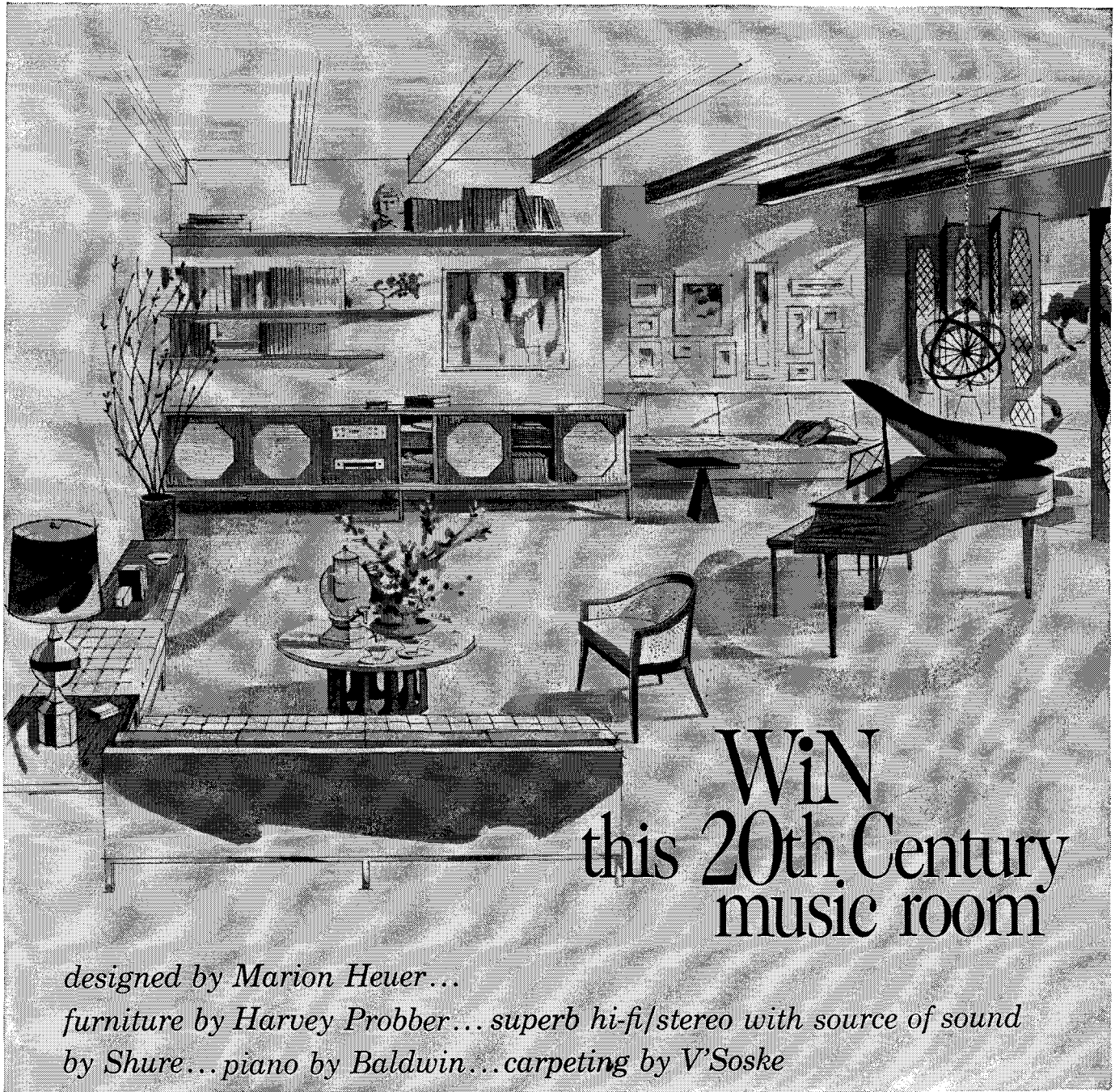
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IN TIME OF TRIAL

BY BARBARA WARD

"The trial we face today," says BARBARA WARD, "is to outdream the Communist visionaries, outwork the Communist fanatics, and outdare the voices of defeatism within our own society." Author and lecturer on international affairs, Barbara Ward has lived in Ghana for the past five years and makes frequent trips to the United States. Her new book, THE RICH NATIONS AND THE POOR NATIONS, will soon be published.

THESE are the times that try men's souls." Nearly two centuries have passed since Tom Paine wrote these words, but they are as relevant to our own day as to his. Now, as then, we face the most profound trial that can test the courage of man. Such trials are not created by the surface play of politics — the ins and outs of government, civil discussions, even wars which occur within a reasonably stable order of society. The real test comes in times of radical change in the foundations of the social order. During Tom Paine's lifetime the Americans were engaged in such a revolution. They were attacking not simply the colonial link with Britain, but the principle of imperialism itself. They proclaimed republicanism in a system of monarchies, the rights of man in an aristocratic world, and federalism in the dawning age of nation-states. In short, they were engaged in a fundamental redrawing of the social and political map of humanity.

Such crises of change strike straight to the soul. Faced with a drastic reordering of the very bases of social life, men can hardly remain indifferent. They must react. But they may do so in opposite ways, with fear and rejection, or with steadfastness and hope. It is very easy to be afraid. Thousands of American settlers denounced the Revolution as treason and subversion, fought it, retreated to

Canada or took ship to England, leaving behind the men of faith, who went on to build a continent. Before the French Revolution, all France was in the grip of that strange phenomenon which came to be known as *La Grande Peur*. Fifty years later, the Manchus reacted to the incoming West with hatred and rejection and a backward-looking fear. The collapse of Europe's inter-war economy combined with Communist pressure produced, in the Nazi Party, the greatest organized movement of hate, fear, and reaction the world has ever seen.

Today the crisis of change is so much more profound than any that has gone before that we must expect the reactions to be more violent. What is left that is stable? Science has abolished distance, established instant communication, and placed us on the brink of planetary space. The world order based on Western dominance has collapsed in a single decade. The interdependence of economies has become such that a small percentage increase in one nation's interest rates can undermine the gold reserves of another. Above all, the world has become a single neighborhood of potential atomic destruction. These facts of upheaval and interdependence are inescapable. They spring from a century of growing scientific and technological sophistication — in short, from the most far-reaching

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technical revolution to overcome humanity since the advent of agriculture and the wheel. But they are exploited, too, by Communism — the first post-industrial world philosophy, and one which claims to work with and not against the grain of a world caught in revolutionary change.

We need not, therefore, be surprised to see the reactions of fear and rejection and hate reappear. They are apparent in certain aspects of General de Gaulle's foreign policy, and Dr. Adenauer's. They come to the surface in the negative defeatism of some of Britain's nuclear disarmers. And perhaps the most radical expressions of the mood are beginning to reappear in the United States. The hate is there. All the crises and upheavals of our current world are attributed to "the Communist conspiracy." Without the machinations of these evil men, so goes the argument, the old order could continue in blissful stability — despite, apparently, such stubborn facts as supersonic flight, sputniks, and atomic power.

The refusal to face change is there, in the tendency to look with nostalgia to a golden past in which America was free of Communists and allies and taxes and unions and "big government," in the exaltation of purely nationalist interests, in economic isolationism and the growth of the protectionist spirit.

Above all, fear is there. Only fear could paint the picture of a vast, successful Communist conspiracy, advancing irresistibly on every front to extinguish freedom. It is fear, as General Eisenhower has reminded us, that paints our adversaries "eight feet tall." And only a fearful collapse of confidence in the democratic system could suppose that a majority of its elected leaders are "soft on Communism" and dupes of a nationwide system of subversion. Fear breeds more fear until reality is left behind for a world of paranoiac obsession in which every neighbor is a potential subversive and, as in Hitler's Germany, extremists of the right destroy freedom in the name of defending it.

This loss of nerve is all the more tragic in that its picture of craven retreat by the West before the triumphant advance of Communism is a perversion of the facts. The greatest single development in the post-war world has been the West's extraordinary recovery of political creativeness and initiative. In the 1930s, it was indeed possible to think of the West as in a process of retreat and disintegration. The fascists spoke contemptuously of "plutodemocratic decadence," and there was more than a little truth in their analysis of a society in which large-scale poverty and unemployment coexisted with great wealth in essentially stagnant economies, in which nationalist rivalries choked all efforts at recovery and the vast

colonial world drifted on in a mixture of political malaise and economic decline.

Since the end of the war, all this has changed. The old stagnant economies of western Europe now regard an annual growth rate of anything less than 5 per cent as near recession. Brave new techniques of economic cooperation, starting with the magnificent gesture of the Marshall Plan, have built the Common Market in Europe and introduced the idea as a new and hopeful expedient to Latin America and Africa. The old dependent world is largely independent, and in economic assistance the West has discovered a new tool of worldwide solidarity, which it is learning by experience to use better.

As a result, any Communist hope of conquering by subversion the heartland of the West has vanished in the newfound prosperity. The wall across Berlin is the symbol of the fact that, on the contrary, the pressures now work the other way. In Asia, two major societies, Japan and India, are increasing their economic elbowroom, one precipitately, the other steadily, within the frame of freedom. And even where pressure is greatest — on the Asian fringes, in the unstable new lands of Africa, or amid the feudal poverty of Latin America — only in Southeast Asia have the Communists made, by brutal military intervention, an important breakthrough. Elsewhere, there has been no Gadarene rush to Communism. The "contested lands" can still be contested; and this situation, in view of their poverty, their pride, and their colonial or semicolonial experience, is no negligible setback to the Communists' confident prophecies of rapid victory.

It follows that in these days, when once again history is forcing on the souls of free men a time of trial, those who work and look forward in hope and confidence can confront the heavier tasks that lie ahead by drawing on an existing capital of achievement. The precise nature of the trial we face is that each of our new Western initiatives has now to be carried further, and into new fields of difficulty. The prospect can exhilarate us or daunt us. But the difficulty is not in doubt.

IN THE Western world, two economies have lagged behind the others in vigor, competitiveness, inventiveness, and growth. Since 1953, Britain and the United States have shown growth rates which are only half of those of western Europe and not an eighth of Japan's. In America, the sluggishness is further manifest in something like a hard core of unemployment. Britain, in the wake of the sixth or seventh exchange crisis since the war, has started to reconsider its future

radically. By adopting a version of France's Monnet Plan, it hopes to use government stimulus to expand and modernize private industry. By seeking to join Europe's Common Market, it expects to bring into the more conservative sectors of the British economy that enlargement of both markets and competition which has changed the face of Europe since 1958.

These are tough steps for traditional Britain. But the larger challenge for the West lies in the question of whether the United States will accept the same logic of events. Will it be ready for a judicious use of the powers of government to stimulate and modernize the whole economy, or will cries against "planning" and "inflation" keep it jogging along at the old inadequate 2 per cent rate of growth? Will it be ready to seek creative association with an enlarged European Common Market and, in Christian Herter's vivid phrase, "take a giant step" toward the building of a cooperative, free-trading, expansive Atlantic commonwealth? Or will it shrink back before the rigors of the choice? The whole momentum of the West depends upon a bold response.

The first task before the Atlantic powers is to consolidate their base. The next is to secure, inside and outside the Atlantic community, the widest possible extension of the benefits gained. The shape and extent of economic assistance in this context will be decisive for the future. On the one hand lies the choice of minimal appropriations granted grudgingly for the negative purpose of stopping Communism. On the other lies a united effort on the part of all the Atlantic nations to commit a given amount of their resources to a sustained effort of modernization in the developing world, with the ultimate objective of making lively, progressive common markets in Asia, in Africa, in Latin America partners in a cooperative ordering of the world economy. Here, too, the time of decision is at hand, for under the old negative aim of anti-Communism, the aid program is losing hope, drive, and popular support. Only with new efficiency, and as an Atlantic community policy, can long-term assistance recover its proper place in the West's worldwide vision of a good society.

At this point, critics may be inclined to dismiss these prospects as at best irrelevant and at worst injurious in the West's crisis of survival. Why talk of growth rates, of economic assistance, of Atlantic cooperation when the stark issues turn on war, on hydrogen bombs, on the outcome of Berlin, on potential total nuclear destruction? "Do not let us divert our attention from the real challenge," they argue. "Survival is at stake, not Pollyanna illusions of a reordered world. Even to talk of such hopes deflects men from the stern task of

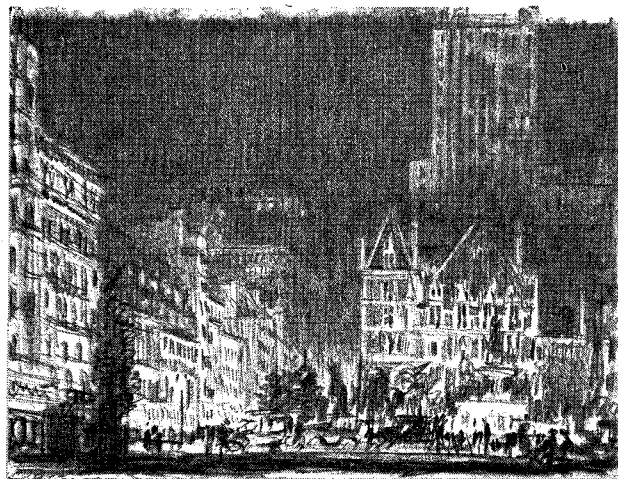
resistance. We are soldiers, not prophets. Give us discipline. Do not give us dreams."

In fact, however, every one of these wider issues is relevant to the immediate needs of defense. If an arms race lies ahead, how can the West better sustain it than by more rapid industrial advance and the provision of a larger base for the whole economy? If the battle is engaged with Communist subversion throughout the developing world, what other, better instrument has the West at its disposal than economic aid, which can attack the poverty, the hopelessness, the hunger of millions — conditions from which Communists derive so much of their support?

What is more relevant to survival than a strong, unified Atlantic world? If power alone deters Khrushchev, the closer Western unity, the greater its strength. If, on the contrary, a genuine fear of German military revival underlies his pressure on Berlin, a completely united Atlantic community can more safely negotiate special concessions on its fringe — say, a non-nuclear zone in central Europe — than a divided alliance which the least abrasion might cause to fly apart.

Above all, there is no evidence in history that men who face challenges in fear and reaction survive to win great rewards. Nineteenth-century China lost its autonomy to the West by looking backward; Japan, at the same time, maintained itself by strenuous, forward-looking reform. Europe in the twenties and thirties destroyed itself by trying to restore 1914. Learning nothing and forgetting nothing, it contrived, almost with a sleep-walker's automatism, to walk twice into the same war.

Nor should we be surprised that the historical record gives us this verdict. In its roots and aspirations, Western civilization is turned toward the future, not the past; toward experiment, not the status quo; toward creation; toward "a new heaven and a new earth," not a safe and static world. It is precisely this quality of inventiveness, of vision, of the courage to dream that has made Western society, for good and evil, the catalyst and prime mover in a world of magnificent but somnolent civilizations. If that quality were lost today, if no vision of the future informed its policies, no lift of hope encouraged its efforts, no faith to go further and do better inspired its aims, then the hulk of its greatness might survive. But the spirit would be dead. The trial of soul we face today is to outdream the Communist visionaries, outwork the Communist fanatics, and outdare the voices of defeatism and discouragement within our own society. And this is precisely the challenge which Western man, again and again in his millennial record, has met and measured and triumphantly overcome.



NEW YORK IN THE TWENTIES

BY SIR OSBERT SITWELL

SIR OSBERT SITWELL's five volumes of reminiscences, which were published in this country under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, stand as a unique monument to Victorian and Edwardian England. Recently he has been at work on a new book, about his father, *TALES MY FATHER TAUGHT ME*. In the following essay he gives us a glimpse of what New York was like in the late twenties, before the Depression cast its shadow.

IT WAS in November, 1926, that I set off to discover America for myself — though, in fact, in the end I only explored New York. My visit coincided not only with the full tide of Prohibition but with the full height of the great Wall Street Beano. Never had so many rich people been crowded together in so minute a space, for the island of Manhattan is small and has therefore been obliged to develop vertically rather than horizontally. What follows in this essay relates to New York before the Slump, when, as one looks back upon it, the city was as innocent as Adam and Eve before the Fall. Sophistication showed already in individuals but not in whole sections of the people, as it does today. America had not yet grown used to her position as a great power.

To give an example of life in New York at that time, let me here record that in the Ambassador Hotel, where I was staying, lived a friend of mine, a professional photographer, but, by the standards of the time, not a rich man. Except for getting up in the late afternoon to take a single photograph for an immense fee, he stayed in bed all day, telephoning to Wall Street to buy shares on margin, and invariably got up in the evening in time for dinner — at which he always ate oyster-crabs

Newburg, a specialty of New York — a much richer man on paper than when he had gone to bed the night before. Alas, this state of affairs was drawing to a close, but nobody knew it. People then presumed that it would last forever.

When we arrived in New York, we found a day of extreme brilliance. It would be impossible ever to forget the first sight of the groups of slender towers that form the skyline of New York City, chanting hosannas to an autumn sky. English people who have not been there always presume that New York has a very dry climate, but, to the contrary, it must be one of the most humid cities in the world, though also that with the most changeable climate. In the two or three months I stayed there, I grew to know all the varieties of weather possible, except extreme heat, because every day I would go for a long walk, whatever the weather, stepping out fast beneath the clifflike buildings. I used, for example, to walk from my hotel to Wall Street, or to the Battery. I would make my way through the Italian and Chinese enclaves and examine them at my leisure. Whenever I saw a bookshop I stopped and entered it and looked round, and I visited many picture galleries and museums. Thus I saw New York when it

Drawing by Muirhead Bone, courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

rained so hard that the water splashed back from the pavement. I saw it under snow, when, until the dust from buildings that were being destroyed took possession of it — and in New York gigantic edifices are always being destroyed and re-created — it was as white and clean as the North Pole. I have seen it when the wind whistles knife-like round street corners, and I have heard the lion-mouthed thunder redoubled by stone and cement drown the hootings of the great liners, but I have never known a day more beautiful than this first one, dry and crackling, and it enabled me to make a discovery of which no one had spoken beforehand: that in New York you receive a harmless electric shock when you ring the elevator bell. But if I asked for an explanation, there would always be the same murmurs about “static electricity.”

THE first night I spent in New York I was taken to an immense dinner party given by a great picture collector and his charming and discerning wife. They were very kind to me, and after dinner my hostess led me up to a chair, a cross between a campstool and a shooting stick, but made of wood, and said: “This is our Dante Chair.”

“You mean Dante sat in it?” I inquired.

“No, he was asked to, but refused,” she replied, “and that is why we call it our *Dante* Chair. I want you to sit in it on this, the night of your arrival in New York.”

Accordingly, I sat in it, and, as I did so, it crumbled into dust — albeit “crumbled” is not the word to describe this process, since it carries no sense of immediacy, while this disintegration was instantaneous. When I had recovered from the shock — and I may say that my hostess was extremely kind about the incident, though I could not expect her to enjoy it — I found myself engaged in conversation with a fanciful lady of massive frame, elaborately upholstered in green and yellow brocade.

“Let’s talk about *you*,” she was saying. “You Englishmen all wear armor.”

To which I countered: “No. Let us keep it to yourself.”

She replied: “I’m just a wild Irish thing, just a li’l leprechaun.”

My first novel, *Before the Bombardment*, was about to be published in America, and George Doran, its publisher, gave a dinner in my honor for some twenty persons. Even at so comparatively small a party the American passion for oratory made after-dinner speeches compulsory. Among those present whom I recall were William Rose Benét, Frank Swinnerton, F. P. Adams, and the biographer of George Washington, W. E. Woodward,

a banker turned debunking but genial author. In the middle of dinner he hissed into my ear: “I have read your book, and I know you won’t be taken in by this Dollar Business.” I reassured him. In addition, I received a warning from a friend who was present at it that I should leave the party punctually at twelve, since the first alcoholic rows were likely to break out at that hour.

Liquor under Prohibition had become a national obsession. Love of liberty made it almost a duty to drink more than was wise. In this respect, intellectuals vied with socialites. At the end of a ball it was not an uncommon spectacle to see smart young men who had, in the phrase of the time, “passed out” stacked in the hall ready for delivery at home by taxicab. At any literary gathering there would be almost equally relaxed behavior, because most festivities depended on supplies of synthetic gin and whiskey, and the strength of them was formidable.

To show the ingenuity of purveyors: I remember Dick Wyndham ordered some champagne for a party he was giving — he had taken a studio at the Berkeley — and the next morning, while he was still in bed, the door was unlocked and a French couple entered with their luggage. There seemed a great deal of it. Dick kept explaining to them that this was his room and that he was in bed in it. They appeared to be deaf and paid no attention until all the luggage had been collected. They then bolted the door, threw open their trunks, produced the champagne, received their money, and left.

Prohibition had some other curious, opposite consequences. For example, at the Ambassador Hotel, which had large and magnificent public rooms, it was impossible in any of them, except the dining room, to obtain a glass of water, since no beverage of any sort was allowed to be served.

Another result of the current boom was a new development in the domestic bird world. Rich old ladies bequeathed large legacies to their parrots, but so many of the human heirs were reluctant to take on the job of looking after these spoiled birds that a Parrots’ Home, it was said, had been founded for accommodating only privileged, moneyed parrots, cockatoos, and macaws, who were lodged and fed according to social position and income. Accent and way of talking were taken into account. The parrots who had inherited \$10,000 a year and cultivated a Fifth Avenue voice would be given a better perch than the \$3000-a-year birds and would be entitled to more and less-mildewed grapes. What happened to these birds when the Great Slump came I never heard.

What I did discover was the existence of a completely unknown set of alternative literary figures, writers whose names were familiar to everyone in

literary circles in America but of whom nobody had ever heard in England, and vice versa. Until I arrived in New York, I did not know the names of Heywood Broun, then at the height of his fame as a critic, of his wife Ruth Hale, of F. P. A., and of many others. What seemed more extraordinary still was that English novels — *romans à clef* — were in the United States fitted out with an entirely different and local personnel. If, for example, Desmond MacCarthy had been said to figure in an English book, in America this same character would be attributed to Heywood Broun, and that of a woman writer, say Rose Macaulay, to Ruth Hale, and similarly on through the whole volume. In short, there were two sets of figures, but if you explained that one of them was not an American but an Englishman, your statement would be received with incredulity.

One of my most pleasant memories of that time was my first meeting with Marianne Moore, to whom I took a letter of introduction from my friend Mrs. Bryher. Marianne Moore was then living with her mother in a trim red-brick house in a trim street in or near the Village. When I arrived punctually at four — and punctuality with me always means at least ten minutes beforehand (I have wasted as much time by this fault as another man loses by being late) — Miss Moore had not yet returned from the office of the *Dial*, and I was received by her mother. Mrs. Moore, like myself, greatly admired Dickens, and she talked to me of his tour in the States and told me of the towns where he had delivered his readings. After a little time Miss Moore arrived, a charming and very unpretentious young woman with the same quiet elegance and the same strong but merciful personality that have so finely developed throughout her life. In spite of her apparent simplicity, it was easy to discern a very definite, delicate, and poetical nature. Though shy, she was able to take refuge behind an appealing and almost apologetic smile, but she was as full of character, both individual and national, as a swarm is full of bees.

Among the friends who gave parties for me when I arrived in New York, one of the first was Muriel Draper. I remember with what amusement she told me, apropos of this party, that when she had sent a card with "To Meet Captain Osbert Sitwell" on it to Ford Madox Ford, he had replied: "You can't ask *Colonel* Ford to meet *Captain* Sitwell." (I had invented for him the name of Freud Madox Fraud.) The party took place during her Gurdjieff period before she became a Communist, when she was still an interior decorator. There was much talk in her studio of furniture made of

metal and glass, but this occurred before the nightmare became true and culminated in the metal and chromium-plated tubes and uncured leather seats slung on three rods of steel that were to be the fashion. When I had been introduced to her in England some years before we had immediately become friends. Much of her character is still visible in her book *Music at Midnight*, and thus can be recaptured, but her amazing gift of life and her entirely individual appearance are more difficult to record. I had first seen her remarkable head in the stalls of Covent Garden before the war. She seemed a realization of the American spirit and might well have been the figurehead of a new race. To talk to her was enchanting, for she combined frankness with the most extraordinary powers of minute observation. Everybody who knew her either loved or hated her. There was no middle way.

I also attended a party given by George Moore, the genial American financier who had previously shared a large house in London with Lord French of Ypres and who loved to provide amusement for his friends. He was now entertaining equally lavishly in New York. This was a noisy evening, with Cossacks giving toasts and singing and jumping over their swords. It was impossible to hear a single word your neighbor said, so, as I wanted to talk with Muriel Draper, who was sitting next to me, I proposed we should slip under the large supper table and in that refuge finish our conversation, an idea which we put into practice. It seemed very quiet.

One of the people I liked most in the New York of that time was Alexander Woolcott, who was friendly and witty. The most valuable personal quality with which nature had endowed him was his obvious love of life, and he showed no sign of the insolence with which his personality has been invested. I first met Woolcott, who was not then as famous as he became later, at Miss Elizabeth Marbury's; I have heard him be so funny in conversation that the taxi driver who was taking us to a theater had to pull up at the side of the road because he was laughing so helplessly. Miss Marbury was, mentally and physically, one of the remarkable figures of the time in New York. To write that she was large is an understatement. She was of such enormous size that it was always difficult for her to get in or out of an automobile, but this disability in no way discouraged her from going about and usually caused her to laugh uproariously. Everywhere she went people were delighted to see her. Somerset Maugham had kindly given me a letter of introduction to her, and I met her frequently just after I arrived in New York. On each occasion she watched and listened to me carefully, with a frightening look of acumen.

After this had happened four or five times and she had summed me up in her mind, she said to me: "I should like to act as agent for you" — an honor which I fully appreciated.

I used to visit the château on Fifth Avenue of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, whom I had often met before in England. Indeed, on one occasion, at Polesden Lacey, I had said to her: "What a lovely color your dress is, Mrs. Vanderbilt," to which she had replied in her happy innocence: "Yes, I love blue; that is why in New York I am known as the Kingfisher."

Her house was the social center of New York. It was not lovely but what was called, in advertisements of houses to be let or sold, "well-appointed," large and luxurious, full of Louis Quinze furniture and of footmen, already a rarity in New York. When the time came for me to say good-bye before leaving for England, I asked if I could do anything for her when I reached London. She replied: "Only to give my love to the dear boys."

I knew immediately whom she meant: His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and Their Royal Highnesses, the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Kent.

At this time, one would have said, certainly, that Mrs. Vanderbilt was one of the most conventional people alive. Even her clothes, her invariable bandeau, and her gray hair were a cliché, but as she grew older her conventionality faded, as I was to find out many years later when I sat next to her at luncheon in the house of a friend in New York. She suddenly said to me, pointing to a well-known general who was sitting at the other side of the table talking in an extremely loud voice: "That man is too noisy. I shall scream."

Before I had time to reply, she had let out a yell, loud and fierce enough to have done credit to an American Indian out for a day's scalping. Undeterred by the sudden quiet that ensued, she said to me: "Shall I scream again?", but this time I was able to dissuade her. It is related that when Mrs. Vanderbilt met the Soviet Ambassador for the first time, she began the conversation by saying to him: "I was devoted to your Czar."

There was much entertaining going on, and the descendants of the statesmen who had signed the Declaration of Independence still formed a society of their own. They constituted a kind of Domesday Book society, and, however poor some of the members of these families had become in the interval, they were always invited to and invariably attended the dinner parties of their richer fellows.

THE tornado of prosperity swept on. Colored people offered hospitality as much as white, and

one of the most memorable parties I attended was a ball given by Madam Walker, the heiress of Anti-kink, for two young nieces who were on this occasion to make their first appearance in Black Society. Madam Walker, who must have been a very rich woman, lived in one house and reserved another for party giving. The room where she received us was a tent room, carried out in the Parisian style of the Second Empire. She stood attended by a niece on each side and by Dr. X, who was known as the Negro Lenin, but I did not have time to find out whether this was a correct description. One curious feature was that on arriving no one would shake hands until he or she knew exactly where you had come from, and when my name was called out, they gave me a searching glance until I added, "from England." Then they shook hands warmly.

Our hostess, a very large woman, was wearing an elephant-gray tight Greek ball dress, and braiding her hair was a Greek fillet in gold. When the time came for the dance to begin, Madam Walker asked me to go upstairs with her and talk. Downstairs we could hear the band start to play. Alleged Scotch whiskey was the drink supplied below, but upstairs Madam Walker produced two bottles of champagne, which she opened, and then proceeded to reveal to me her trouble: "Twenty years ago," she announced, "my feet spoiled my honeymoon — and tonight they're hurting me again, something crool."

There was then no talk of integration. Downstairs, one of the nieces, who was very sure of herself, was saying to Dick Wyndham: "Excuse my asking, but are you high-class?"

He did not know what to reply. If he said no, he might be asked to leave; if yes, he would probably be stamped by conceit, but in the end he judged it better to say yes, to which his dancing partner replied: "I am so glad, because I have no color prejudice, but I do think the classes oughtn't to mingle."

The dancing was the greatest pleasure to watch. It was the year in which the Charleston took the city by storm, and most of the guests danced it beautifully. I sat there, interested and happy, until I grew very tired, and suddenly realized that I had become the victim of an inverted snobbishness that was causing me to stay up longer than I wanted because this was a party given by colored people. I knew then that it was time to go.

Harlem in 1926 was no hostile fortress, as it is today, but a part of New York City, where colored people welcomed the white. It was an enchanting place to go at night. Whenever there was an occasion, Carl Van Vechten was always the white master of the colored revels. I remember one ridiculous incident. It had been announced

that a hitherto unknown colored singer, a mistress of exotic and nostalgic song, would make her debut shortly in New York at a well-known nightclub. Excitement had mounted for weeks, and on the night in question the particular nightclub was crowded with people, standing as well as sitting. The artiste was very late in arriving, and when she did appear she had obviously swallowed more strong liquor than was good for her. However, when at last she stepped onto the stage, an expectant silence fell on the audience, but, alas, she began to sing in a lachrymose, ululant manner the whole of *Auld Lang Syne*, the words interspersed with her own hiccups and gusts of laughter from below.

I recall also with delight a comment made by a well-known Negro singer, Taylor Gordon, on John Webster, as we will call him, a contemporary English author and friend of mine. Webster always wore rather loose, shaggy clothes and wore his tie inside a ring. Muriel Draper had said to me: "When you see Taylor Gordon, ask him about his meeting with John Webster."

A few days later I saw him and accordingly said: "I hear you met Mr. Webster. How did you get on with him?" to which he replied: "Mr. Sitwell, when I think that that man comes from the capital of the world's tailoring!"

THE New York theater was in a state of great activity and vigor compared with its London equivalent. For example, the play *Broadway* was there to compete with the suburban comedies then to be seen in London. It was easy to decide which was the more interesting. I found much pleasure and made many friends in the theatrical world.

Clare Eames wrote to me a fan letter about *Before the Bombardment* and asked me to have supper with her and her husband, the playwright Sidney Howard. We became great friends. They lived in a small house — even then a rare possession — and I often went there after the theater and ate chicken fried by an excellent colored cook at two o'clock in the morning. Clare Eames came of a famous theatrical family and was a niece of the well-known Madam Clara Eames. Clare Eames would, I think, if she had lived, have become a great actress. Feeling for the stage was instinct in her every movement and expression, but she was the least affected person you could imagine. I saw her in her wonderful rendering of Katya in the dramatized version of *The Brothers Karamazov*. Alas, she died in London a few years later, and Sidney Howard died also before his time. It was during this visit, too, that I became friendly with Charles Brackett, a friendship which happily still

survives, as I found in Hollywood many years later.

In several directions American ways seemed to me to be old-fashioned. Thus, I noticed that every time George Doran entered his enormous office full of people, the whole personnel would stand up until he had crossed the floor to his own glass pen. This procedure, I reflected, must have wasted an unconscionable amount of time — say five minutes for one hundred people, which equals five hundred minutes, which equals eight man-hours and twenty minutes — but may have constituted one of the reasons why there was no unemployment in America at that time.

What I discovered in New York was a completely new range of friends and the most wonderful collection of pictures, both old and new. The Americans had been the first foreign patrons of the great impressionist and post-impressionist masters who were now beginning to come into their own, but I noticed a tendency to treat the patrons who owned such works of art as if they had painted them, a tendency which continues today and resembles the flattering regard in which scientists are held, as if they had themselves made the beneficent phenomena they reveal. All the same, the early American patrons deserve the greatest credit for their discernment and for having presented pictures of these schools to public galleries. The most scintillatingly beautiful of all pictures by these painters, *La Grande Jatte* by Seurat — a large canvas wherein top-hatted men and bustled women promenade by the shimmering water's edge in an eternity of light — was bought by an American patron and presented to the Institute of Fine Arts in Chicago. There is in France today no work by this great master to compare with it. Indeed, perhaps the only picture of his that is of equal importance is *La Baignade* in the Tate Gallery.

Out of the welter of galleries and museums to which I submitted myself, a few stand out with a particular clarity, notably the Frick Collection with its individuality and splendor (the most beautiful Bellini in the world, for example — *Saint Francis*; a room of Fragonards, surely one of the most wonderful decorative rooms that has ever been painted; *The Polish Cavalier*; and so many other treasures of the finest quality, in a perfect setting, a spacious and lovely house instead of an impersonal gallery) and the Spanish Museum, today not defunct but much changed. The chief memory of all is human rather than aesthetic, a tragic experience which yet brought its own lesson of courage. I was taken by a friend to visit the apartment of a great collector — mainly of Italian primitives — who had gone blind and whose chief pleasure it was to take people round his pictures,

pointing out to them the particular beauties and subtleties of color and detail. So well had he known them, so much had he loved them while he still retained his sight that he never made a mistake; in this manner he kept alive and constantly renewed his memories.

I went home from my voyage of discovery by the southern route, from New York to Naples, sailing on a great Italian liner, its interior designed and heavily furnished in the dark late-Renaissance style prevalent in the most expensive Italian hotels. You entered Italy the moment you set foot on board. The Italian voice, so beautifully modulated and so beautifully produced by the Italian people — though often strident and shrill, equally among the rich and the members of the old ruling class — formed an animated background. The ship was celebrated for its parties, and I recall that one lady from Boston had brought with her a gray silk dress that had belonged to her grandmother, which she was determined to wear when she presented the prizes at a Fancy Dress Ball. An instance of such an unsophisticated enthusiasm for fun of a modest kind would not be easy to find today; but it must be admitted that in this costume she looked very well, after the manner, no doubt, of the simple-souled Quaker lady for whom it had been made.

We sailed through the Azores, with its mists and under them, its hills covered with hydrangeas, and stopped for a day and a night at Funchal, the capital of Madeira, that lovely island, a single mountaintop rising from a great depth in the middle of the Atlantic; an island full of fine nineteenth-century villas with their entrancing gardens of semitropical Regency and early-Victorian style, gardens in which orchids flourish as easily as Dorothy Perkins grows in England, and solandra

with their white buds so huge, several times the size of the flowers of a magnolia grandiflora, that if you pop them, as you might a fuchsia bud, they make a sound like an old-fashioned motor horn, and large paulownia and jacaranda trees that can only blossom with profusion in such a climate. All this floral exuberance rises on the foundation of the fortunes made from the wine that bears the name of the island.

Perpetual early summer seems to reign here. We left the island and sailed through estival seas, sportive with dolphin and porpoise nosing and jumping out of the Atlantic rollers, and with flying fish sequining the green-blue lanes between them. We disembarked at Naples, and a few days later, I met in the street a very shrewd American lawyer to whom I had talked on the boat. It was his first visit to Europe, and he observed to me: "One thing I notice particularly; the people you pass in the streets here have a different expression in their eyes from what they have at home."

What did he see in those magic mirrors, affording clues to the past and the future, I wonder: in the past, the European triumphs of every sort, but specially in the arts, for century after century; the age-old dusty poverty, aggravated by war, of Naples, the last great classical city surviving to our own day; or in the future, hints of the Civil War in Spain, that short rehearsal for the wicked war which was waiting for us round the corner, or the revival of the torture chambers and the introduction of gas ovens in Germany? And what did he see in the eyes of his own countrymen when he returned to New York? What I saw in the eyes of a generation ago was infinite kindness and credulity, and the boundless confidence which enabled a great people to grasp the leadership of the civilized world, and then not know what to do with it.

CONTINGENCIES

BY LYNNE LAWNER

Windows spangled with sun
And all the air a great, unfolding rose;
Tracery of trees on stone,
Debris on water.

Lost in deceptive spaces of contingencies
My hair turns chestnut,
Burns,
Smoking in the early evening of your eyes.

John Kenneth Galbraith

Professor of Economics at Harvard University and author of

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY and THE LIBERAL HOUR, JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

is now the United States Ambassador in India. He made these

forthright remarks at Annamalai University, where he received an honorary degree.

DISSENT IN A FREE SOCIETY

A FEW days after the resumption of nuclear tests — after the long moratorium, when it seemed that restraint and good sense had arrested the terrible contest which the tests signified — I had a talk with an old friend in Washington. He asked me what would have happened if the United States had been the first to take this grim and fateful step. He answered his own question: a multitude of critics would everywhere have condemned the action.

“Why,” he inquired, “is the United States government so much more subject to criticism than the governments of other countries?”

There is a related question which is frequently asked of me in India. It is, “Why are your papers and your political leaders so severe in their treatment of India?” Surely, it is suggested, there are more iniquitous objects of attack than this mild and friendly land. “Why do you search so assiduously for our faults? Why do you pick on Mr. Nehru?”

Any satisfactory answer to these questions must deal with the peculiar and often paradoxical role of criticism in the open society, in that society which not only accords opportunity but offers encouragement to a plurality of views, and in which it is assumed that every persuasively argued idea can have an influence, however marginal, on the march of events.

Let me say at the outset that I am not much inclined to efforts to gloss over or explain the unexplainable. There have been some aspects of recent critical comment which do not seem to me entirely encouraging or defensible. I detect a certain tendency to conclude that if it is necessary to

rebuke one of the two great powers, something fairly stern must also be said about the other. Morality, I think we may agree, is not always in the middle. In the case of the nuclear test resumption, the United States was pressing actively and in good faith for a treaty at the time the tests were resumed. A diligent effort to end the tests and a unilateral step to resume them are not open to equal criticism.

There is another tendency in criticism which I doubt that anyone would condone. Some countries, never without effort, have schooled themselves to a tolerant response when attacked. They do not strike back; certainly they do not respond with threats or sanctions. It would be unfortunate if any of us, in our natural and inevitable desire to mend the manners and behavior and policies of others, were to concentrate on the safest and most amiable targets. Perhaps this does not happen very often; I believe that we should be on guard against the temptation. Let me turn now to a more agreeable and constructive role of criticism, which it is equally important that we understand.

The peculiarities and paradoxes of criticism in the open society can initially be illustrated by examining recent American comment on public education. In the United States we have the world's oldest system of universal primary education. We also have the world's most diverse and imaginative and, in many respects, most highly developed system of secondary education. American colleges and universities were the first in the world to make higher education a democratic right. Until they did so, university education had always been the privilege of a minute intellectual,

aristocratic, or financial elite. Yet, not even the most diligent student of the recent literature on American education would have been aware of these virtues. I am obliged to tell you that he would not have been aware of them from my own rather lengthy writings on the subject, and in composing the foregoing brief encomiums, I felt strangely out of character. The reason is that we have been seeking in these last years to improve our educational system. The first step toward improvement was a rigorous exposure of what was wrong. Nor was it considered entirely wise to admit that anything was right.

In such matters criticism is the engine of change. The individual with no children or prospect of procreation and more than a little concerned about his taxes contends that the schools are fine. That is his defense of the status quo. The concerned citizen shuns identification with such praise; for him it is the language of contentment, even of reaction. He must say that the schools are overcrowded if he is to make the case for new schools. He must say that the teachers are grossly underpaid if he is to persuade anyone that the pay of teachers must be increased. He must picture the pupils as a major menace to law and order if he is to argue that their playgrounds should be enlarged. In recent years the American educational reformer has found the Soviet Union his most valuable ally. The core of all modern criticism of our education is the claim that the Soviets are doing much better. With this they helpfully agree. The paradox, one on which we rarely reflect, is that the best friend of our schools, colleges, and universities is ordinarily the man who makes out the worst case, absolutely or by comparison with others, for their current performance.

Elsewhere in American social life, change similarly waits upon criticism. We raise the minimum wage for workers only by noting that the income of those affected is extremely inadequate. We improve the position of the aged only after enlarging on the poverty imposed by their present pensions. We can hope for the renewal and rebuilding of our cities only if we first publicize the noisome qualities of our slums. We win support for artistic and cultural activities only by warning of our tendency toward narrow materialism. One of the best publicized states of the American union in the last year or so has been West Virginia. This mountain region is not our showpiece; on the contrary, it contains our poorest communities. And that is the reason for its fame. By drawing attention to the plight of the miners in this unfortunate part of the country, we have won measures — increased supplies of free food, steps to rehabilitate the economic life of derelict regions — which it is hoped will be a partial remedy.

It is not essential that the criticism which wins change be valid. Much of it has a ritual quality. Our trade unions win increases in pay only after appearing to affirm the classic prediction of Marx that workers under capitalism undergo progressive immiserization. Things are not quite that bad. There is a Chinese proverb which holds that even the prickly mimosa is an adequate defense against a naked man armed only with a just cause. Our armed services win appropriations from the United States Congress only after establishing both their nakedness and the appalling prickliness of the opposing mimosa. If farm legislation in the United States is to pass, the American farmer must be pictured as the most oppressed of agriculturists. He has indeed suffered certain vicissitudes in recent years, but he remains by quite a margin the most opulent tiller in all the world.

Since social criticism is an engine of change, its employment has become a matter of political controversy. In the United States, as elsewhere, political division turns on attitudes toward change. On the one hand are those who by temperament, inertia, vested interest, or nostalgia are disposed to protect the present or retrieve the past. And on the other side are those who by compassion, disposition, or from discontent seek change, in the conviction that it will mean improvement. To the first group, social criticism is unwelcome, save perhaps as it serves to recover the past. For those who seek change, criticism is an essential instrument of political action. To the first group, criticism is gratuitous, unwise, and even defamatory. To the second group, it is a welcome resort to truth. These are not minor differences. The last presidential campaign in the United States was fought largely over the issue of social criticism. Should we make a point of our faults and shortcomings in the hope that this might be an inducement to improvement? Should we avoid mention of them lest this be taken as an admission before the world of weaknesses in the American society? There were some who thought this a rather slight issue. I am not so sure. It concerned, I think, one of the central characteristics of the open society.

ALL open societies employ criticism as an instrument of change. No close observer of the habits and customs of Indian journalists and political leaders can imagine that Indian society is in any way retarded in this respect. A desire for improvement, whether it be in integration of linguistic groups, in the rate of economic growth, the performance of public-sector plants, the efficiency of the civil service, the discipline of students, the effectiveness of the Congress Party, the availability

of housing, the quality of urban housekeeping, the supply of electric power, or, one suspects, the excesses of the monsoon, begins with a severe condemnation of what exists.

One is regularly asked in the United States about the slow progress of Indian agricultural development, the shortcomings in the management of public-sector plants, or the inadequacy of the population policy. The source and documentation for this concern, without exception, are the criticisms of Indian scholars and journalists. Their comments, like American comments on education, come from those who most want improvement.

This use of criticism as an engine of change is, in short, common to all open societies. It is also, more than incidentally, a recurrent source of error in assessing their strength. These societies wear their faults on their sleeves. Or, more accurately, they inscribe them on their banners, for this is fundamental to their mechanism of reform. The society that does not have a similar need to publicize its shortcomings may be thought by superficial men to have no shortcomings. In fact, it may merely be leaving them uncorrected. During World War II, those of us who were concerned with industrial mobilization in the United States and the United Kingdom were made constantly and painfully aware of the inadequacy of our performance. Our shortcomings were a source of joy to all journalists. In time, even those of us who were best situated to appreciate our own virtues came to agree. This was the sort of thing that democracies did very badly. Their governments lacked the powers of decision; their people were reluctant to give up their accustomed luxuries; their tendency was to do too little too late. I do not recall that we ever went so far as to blame ourselves as individuals.

All of these things were true. The wartime performance of the democracies was far from perfect. But others were imperfect as well. Mussolini looked well in prospect and rather less well in retrospect. In the closing months of the war and thereafter, it became my task to unravel the procedures by which Germans had employed their totalitarian authority to wage the war. In many respects the Germans had been even more dilatory than we. Most German factories had remained on a single shift throughout the conflict; women were never mobilized; luxury consumption was preserved until rather late in the war; the leaders had been very cautious about imposing sacrifices on a people whom they did not trust. And where we had been forced to improve our ways under the relentless criticism of the public and press, the German authorities had suffered no such onslaught. They had not been forced by public criticism to mend their course. The facade

they presented to the world seemed imposing and efficient. So, in some degree, it seemed to the Nazi leaders themselves. In fooling the world, they had also fooled each other.

I am not especially sanguine about the improvability of man, and I have even graver doubts about his chances for redemption after he assumes public office. But I am persuaded that official inadequacy is something that can be enjoyed only in silence. Often, during the course of my own public experience, I have noted my first reaction to some sin of omission or commission. Invariably my initial reaction is to hope that the mistake won't be found out. Consideration of how the matter might be corrected comes somewhat later. We may lay it down as a law that, without public criticism, all governments look much better and are much worse.

I COME now to a further point. We rely on criticism to bring change in the open society. But this instrument is not narrowly limited by national boundaries. Nothing confines the individual in the use of this instrument to his own government. There is a convention that no citizen interferes with the government of another state. The accepted modern practice, by contrast, is one of constant intervention. The citizens of every open society are constantly concerned with altering the policies of other such societies.

Specifically, when they see something in the actions of another government which does not meet with their approval, they resort to the same instrument they employ at home. They react with criticism precisely as they do to disapproved behavior by their own government. They may have less hope that they will be able to alter the actions of the other government. Their instinct is still to try.

And their instinct is sound. The open society is so described because it is open to the influence of any idea. Its decisions are not taken in accordance with an ordained and settled system of doctrine which it is pointless for any person or group to hope to alter. And influential ideas can come from anywhere; no exclusive license for criticism is issued with a passport. It would be silly to suggest that external criticism is as influential as that which is reinforced by the sanction of the franchise. But a remarkable number of factors combine with natural receptivity to ideas to ensure the overseas critic a hearing. Domestic critics of a policy regularly draw reinforcement from attacks by friendly foreigners. If something induces an angry uproar abroad, many will take it as an indication of mismanagement or error. In an interdependent

world a critical press may eventually have an adverse effect on something important — on trade, aid, votes in the United Nations, or the rooms accorded to tourists. The opinion of people in other countries owes some of its influence to the simple circumstance that people have been taught to think it is important. Thomas Jefferson began the most famous of American proclamations by observing that it was called forth by “a decent respect to the opinions of mankind.”

In consequence of this use of criticism as an instrument of internal government, the open societies are vigorous critics of each other. Indian journalists, commentators, and political leaders attack the United States on racial integration, military alliances, Far Eastern policy, the movies, and a host of other sins. This is not the mark of a misanthropic nature, even among the journalists. The criticism we have long observed comes with greatest vigor from our most devoted friends. This is to be expected. One's friends are most concerned to correct policy which seems to them in error. Nor are they without success. It was, for example, the drumfire of criticism with which Indian journalists attacked various theses on the evils of neutralism in the last decade which was influential in their early abandonment.

And the reaction with which we are dealing is reversible. When the American journalist, commentator, or congressman looks similarly askance at India's economic organization, agricultural system, United Nations posture, or some internal social or religious institutions, he is similarly assuming that his words will be influential, for it is his faith that any argument must be influential.

I do not wish to carry these matters to extremes. At all times some men will speak out of antagonism. Some, as I said at the outset, will criticize as the result of calculation, not conviction. But, as between the open societies, it is very likely that men will speak out of the conviction that what they criticize can be changed.

This peculiar role of criticism, we should observe, operates in substantial measure only as between open societies. It is another of the paradoxes of social criticism that, although we may be much less enamored of the behavior of a closed society, we will usually be much less comprehensive in our criticism of that behavior. The closed system, being closed, is unresponsive to our influence. This we sense, so we do not bang hopelessly on the blank wall. We reserve our arguments and even, on occasion, our anger for more responsive and malleable societies.

During World War II, any superficial observer could easily have supposed from reading the American newspapers that the real enemy of the American people was still the British. And the

inadequacies of the Americans enlivened many a long evening of English conversation. No German general came in for nearly so much adverse American comment as Montgomery. Nor did the British accord nearly so much critical scrutiny to any enemy leader as to Eisenhower. Neither of the open societies was nearly so harsh on the Soviets as it was on the other. The reason was not that the government of Marshal Stalin was regarded with particular approval in Britain and the United States, although no one would deny it the admiration it earned for its resistance. People did not criticize the Soviet government, for the simple reason that no one supposed that such criticism would have much effect.

SOME simple guides to everyday action and reaction emerge from the foregoing, and let me specify them.

First, and most obvious, we must recognize that criticism is essential in the intercourse of open societies. We should expect it. We should expect on occasion to be angered by it. Anger is one of the responses to ideas which all skilled purveyors seek, for it is the mark of a peculiarly penetrating impact.

Second, we ought to remember that the open society, by its nature, puts its worst foot forward. This is the way it improves itself. If this is not kept in mind, we will have a highly distorted view of the achievements of these societies, especially in comparison with other systems. The United States maintains in India a rather substantial organization with the function, among others, of defending our society from its critics. The critics are mostly Americans.

Third, we must remember that, although criticism is sometimes an instrument of conflict, it is more often an index of fraternity. Formal and dull men say that one does not criticize a friendly government. They should know that it is friendly governments that one does criticize. Evil by one's antagonists is assumed. Lapses from virtue by one's friends call for immediate corrective comment.

Fourth, we must recognize that, as between the open societies, criticism represents, in effect, an extension of franchise, in a most valuable form. We have been told by every prophet of the commonplace that this is a small and highly inter-related world. Actions of the United States Congress have a bearing on the rate of Indian economic development and well-being. Decisions by the Indian government substantially condition American foreign policy. Is it surprising that we should have developed ways of influencing the decisions by which we are affected? On the contrary,

it was natural and desirable. And it was inevitable that criticism, the principal instrument by which the citizen brings influence to bear in the open society, should be internationally employed.

Finally, we must not equate criticism as between the open societies with criticism as between the open and closed systems. One does no service, here or elsewhere, by establishing overly exclusive categories. I doubt that any national community is wholly unresponsive to the influence of ideas. Yet, the formal acceptance of a ruling ideology and the formal alignment of expressed opinion therewith enormously modify the impact of both

internal and external opinion, and, indeed, are designed to do so. The result is of extreme importance. Since criticism does not appreciably affect the policy of such communities, its deployment is not rewarding. This is soon discovered or sensed. The critics then concern themselves with those societies they have found responsive. It is not the most unwelcome policy that arouses the most objection. Rather, it is the one that seems most susceptible to the influence of criticism, and hence most subject to change. Criticism, no less than the lambs and the calves, soon develops an instinct for the greener pasture.

ROBERT GRAVES

Beware, Madam!

Beware, madam, of the witty devil,
The arch intriguer who walks disguised
In a poet's cloak, his gay tongue oozing evil.

Would you be a Muse? He will so declare you,
Professing blind allegiance,
Yet remain secret and uncommitted.

Poets are men: are single-hearted lovers
Who adore and trust beyond all reason,
Who die honorably at the gates of hell.

The Muse alone is licensed to do murder
And to betray: weeping with guiltless tears
She thrones each victim in her paradise.

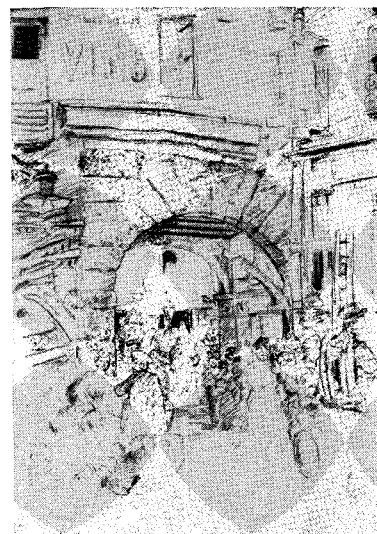
But from the Muse that devil borrows an art
That ill becomes a man. Beware, madam:
He plots to strip you bare of woman-pride.

He is capable of seducing your twin sister
On the same pillow, and neither she nor you
Will suspect the act, so close a glamour he sheds.

Alas, being honorably single-hearted,
You adore and trust beyond all reason,
Being no more a Muse than he is poet.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

GASTON



Author of MY NAME IS ARAM, MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS, THE HUMAN COMEDY, and THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS, WILLIAM SAROYAN has been writing since he was thirteen years old and has published almost forty books and plays. He refused the Pulitzer Prize for THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE but accepted the Drama Critics Circle Award for the same play "because there was no money involved."

THEY were to eat peaches, as planned, after her nap, and now she sat across from the man who would have been a total stranger except that he was in fact her father. They had been together again (although she couldn't quite remember when they had been together before) for almost a hundred years now, or was it only since day before yesterday? Anyhow, they were together again, and he was kind of funny. First, he had the biggest mustache she had ever seen on anybody, although to her it was not a mustache at all; it was a lot of red and brown hair under his nose and around the ends of his mouth. Second, he wore a blue-and-white striped jersey instead of a shirt and tie, and no coat. His arms were covered with the same hair, only it was a little lighter and thinner. He wore blue slacks, but no shoes and socks. He was barefoot, and so was she, of course.

He was at home. She was with him in his home in Paris, if you could call it a home. He was very old, especially for a young man — thirty-six, he had told her; and she was six, just up from sleep on a very hot afternoon in August.

That morning, on a little walk in the neighborhood, she had seen peaches in a box outside a small store and she had stopped to look at them, so he had bought a kilo.

Now, the peaches were on a large plate on the card table at which they sat.

There were seven of them, but one of them was

flawed. It looked as good as the others, almost the size of a tennis ball, nice red fading to light green, but where the stem had been there was now a break that went straight down into the heart of the seed.

He placed the biggest and best-looking peach on the small plate in front of the girl, and then took the flawed peach and began to remove the skin. When he had half the skin off the peach he ate that side, neither of them talking, both of them just being there, and not being excited or anything — no plans, that is.

The man held the half-eaten peach in his fingers and looked down into the cavity, into the open seed. The girl looked, too.

While they were looking, two feelers poked out from the cavity. They were attached to a kind of brown knob-head, which followed the feelers, and then two large legs took a strong grip on the edge of the cavity and hoisted some of the rest of whatever it was out of the seed, and stopped there a moment, as if to look around.

The man studied the seed dweller, and so, of course, did the girl.

The creature paused only a fraction of a second, and then continued to come out of the seed, to walk down the eaten side of the peach to wherever it was going.

The girl had never seen anything like it — a whole big thing made out of brown color, a knob-head, feelers, and a great many legs. It was very

"Paris Market" from ARTIST IN MANHATTAN by Jerome Myers, courtesy of American Artists Group, Inc.

active, too. Almost businesslike, you might say. The man placed the peach back on the plate. The creature moved off the peach onto the surface of the white plate. There it came to a thoughtful stop.

"Who is it?" the girl said.

"Gaston."

"Where does he live?"

"Well, he *used* to live in this peach seed, but now that the peach has been harvested and sold, and I have eaten half of it, it looks as if he's out of house and home."

"Aren't you going to squash him?"

"No, of course not, why should I?"

"He's a bug. He's *ugh*."

"Not at all. He's Gaston the grand boulevardier."

"Everybody hollers when a bug comes out of an apple, but you don't holler or *anything*."

"Of course not. How would *we* like it if somebody hollered every time we came out of our house?"

"Why *would* they?"

"Precisely. So why should we holler at Gaston?"

"He's not the same as us."

"Well, not exactly, but he's the same as a lot of other occupants of peach seeds. Now, the poor fellow hasn't got a home, and there he is with all that pure design and handsome form, and nowhere to go."

"Handsome?"

"Gaston is just about the handsomest of his kind I've ever seen."

"What's he saying?"

"Well, he's a little confused. Now, inside that house of his he had everything in order. Bed here, porch there, and so forth."

"Show me."

The man picked up the peach, leaving Gaston entirely alone on the white plate. He removed the peeling and ate the rest of the peach.

"Nobody else I know would do that," the girl said. "They'd throw it away."

"I can't imagine why. It's a perfectly good peach."

He opened the seed and placed the two sides not far from Gaston. The girl studied the open halves.

"Is *that* where he lives?"

"It's where he used to live. Gaston is out in the world and on his own now. You can see for yourself how comfortable he was in there. He had everything."

"Now what has he got?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid."

"What's he going to do?"

"What are *we* going to do?"

"Well, we're not going to squash him, that's one thing we're *not* going to do," the girl said.

"What *are* we going to do, then?"

"Put him back?"

"Oh, *that* house is finished."

"Well, he can't live in our house, can he?"

"Not happily."

"Can he live in our house *at all*?"

"Well, he could *try*, I suppose. Don't you want to eat a peach?"

"Only if it's a peach with somebody in the seed."

"Well, see if you can find a peach that has an opening at the top, because if you can, that'll be a peach in which you're likeliest to find somebody."

The girl examined each of the peaches on the big plate.

"They're all shut," she said.

"Well, eat one, then."

"No. I want the same kind that you ate, with somebody in the seed."

"Well, to tell you the truth, the peach I ate would be considered a bad peach, so of course stores don't like to sell them. I was sold that one by mistake, most likely. And so now Gaston is without a home, and we've got six perfect peaches to eat."

"I don't want a perfect peach. I want a peach with people."

"Well, I'll go out and see if I can find one."

"Where will I go?"

"You'll go with me, unless you'd rather stay. I'll only be five minutes."

"If the phone rings, what shall I say?"

"I don't think it'll ring, but if it does, say hello and see who it is."

"If it's my mother, what shall I say?"

"Tell her I've gone to get you a bad peach, and anything else you want to tell her."

"If she wants me to go back, what shall I say?"

"Say yes if you want to go back."

"Do you want me to?"

"Of course not, but the important thing is what you want, not what I want."

"Why is *that* the important thing?"

"Because I want you to be where you want to be."

"I want to be here."

"I'll be right back."

He put on socks and shoes, and a jacket, and went out. She watched Gaston trying to find out what to do next. Gaston wandered around the plate, but everything seemed wrong and he didn't know what to do or where to go.

The telephone rang and her mother said she was sending the chauffeur to pick her up because there was a little party for somebody's daughter

who was also six, and then tomorrow they would fly back to New York.

"Let me speak to your father," she said.

"He's gone to get a peach."

"*One* peach?"

"One with people."

"You haven't been with your father two days and already you *sound* like him."

"There *are* peaches with people in them. I know. I saw one of them come out."

"A *bug*?"

"Not a bug. Gaston."

"*Who*?"

"Gaston the grand something."

"Somebody else gets a peach with a bug in it, and throws it away, but not him. He makes up a lot of foolishness about it."

"It's not foolishness."

"All right, all right, don't get angry at me about a horrible peach bug of some kind."

"Gaston is right here, just outside his broken house, and I'm not angry at you."

"You'll have a lot of fun at the party."

"OK."

"We'll have fun flying back to New York, too."

"OK."

"Are you glad you saw your father?"

"Of course I am."

"Is he funny?"

"Yes."

"Is he crazy?"

"Yes. I mean, no. He just doesn't holler when he sees a bug crawling out of a peach seed or anything. He just looks at it carefully. But it *is* just a bug, isn't it, *really*?"

"That's all it is."

"And we'll *have* to squash it?"

"That's right. I can't wait to see you, darling. These two days have been like two years to me. Good-bye."

The girl watched Gaston on the plate, and she actually didn't like him. He was all *ugh*, as he had been in the first place. He didn't have a home anymore and he was wandering around on the white plate and he was silly and wrong and ridiculous and useless and all sorts of other things. She cried a little, but only inside, because long ago

she had decided she didn't like crying because if you ever started to cry it seemed as if there was so much to cry about you almost couldn't stop, and she didn't like that at all. The open halves of the peach seed were wrong, too. They were ugly or something. They weren't clean.

The man bought a kilo of peaches but found no flawed peaches among them, so he bought another kilo at another store, and this time his luck was better, and there were *two* that were flawed. He hurried back to his flat and let himself in.

His daughter was in her room, in her best dress.

"My mother phoned," she said, "and she's sending the chauffeur for me because there's another birthday party."

"Another?"

"I mean, there's *always* a lot of them in New York."

"Will the chauffeur bring you back?"

"No. We're flying back to New York tomorrow."

"Oh."

"I liked being in your house."

"I liked having you here."

"Why do you live here?"

"This is my home."

"It's nice, but it's a lot different from our home."

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"It's kind of like Gaston's house."

"Where *is* Gaston?"

"I squashed him."

"Really? Why?"

"Everybody squashes bugs and worms."

"Oh. Well. I found you a peach."

"I don't want a peach anymore."

"OK."

He got her dressed, and he was packing her stuff when the chauffeur arrived. He went down the three flights of stairs with his daughter and the chauffeur, and in the street he was about to hug the girl when he decided he had better not. They shook hands instead, as if they were strangers.

He watched the huge car drive off, and then he went around the corner where he took his coffee every morning, feeling a little, he thought, like Gaston on the white plate.

EICHMANN

and the Private Conscience

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

MARTHA GELLHORN, who was present at the Trial of Adolf Eichmann in Jerusalem, here reports on some of the facts and some of the lessons to be learned from this Trial, which is unique in the history of the world.

IN THE bulletproof glass dock, shaped like the prow of a ship, sits a little man with a thin neck, high shoulders, curiously reptilian eyes, a sharp face, balding dark hair. He changes his glasses frequently, for no explicable reason. He tightens his narrow mouth, purses it. Sometimes there is a slight tic under his left eye. He runs his tongue around his teeth, he seems to suck his gums. The only sound ever heard from his glass cage is when — with a large white handkerchief — he blows his nose. People, coming fresh to this courtroom, stare at him. We have all stared; from time to time we stare again. We are trying, in vain, to answer the same question: how is it possible? He looks like a human being, which is to say he is formed as other men. He breathes, eats, sleeps, reads, hears, sees. What goes on inside him? Who is he; who on God's earth is he? How can he have been what he was, done what he did? How is it possible?

The normal reaction to a man alone, in trouble, is pity. One man, caught, held to account for his crime, one small creature, however odious his wrongdoing, becomes pitiful when faced by society in all its power. His loneliness compels pity. Yet this man in the dock arouses no such feeling, not once, not for an instant. Day after day he leans back in his chair, impassive, and listens to the testimony of men and women he tormented. Usually their words seem to weary him; sometimes there is a flicker of irritation, a frown. He comes awake only when documents are submitted in

evidence, when he can shift the piles of folders on his desk, sort, search for a paper, make notes: the organization man at his chosen task. No single gesture, no passing expression of his face lays claim to our sympathy — an emotion men feel for each other because they need it, they could not live together without it, they recognize themselves in each other. This man is exempt from our pity, as he was pitiless beyond the reaches of imagination. We cannot understand him because of this; and we fear him.

We have cause for fear, and what we fear is deeper and stronger than the tangible terrors we live with: menacing struggles between rival states, weapons which pre-empt nature's own rights. We fear him because we know that he is sane. It would be a great comfort to us if he were insane; we could then dismiss him, with horror, no doubt, but reassuring ourselves that he is not like us, his machinery went criminally wrong, our machinery is in good order. There is no comfort.

This is a sane man, and a sane man is capable of unrepentant, unlimited, planned evil. He was the genius bureaucrat, he was the powerful frozen mind which directed a gigantic organization; he is the perfect model of inhumanity; but he was not alone. Eager thousands obeyed him. Everyone could not have his special talents; many people were needed to smash a baby's head against the pavement before the mother's eyes, to urge a sick old man to rest and shoot him in the back of the head; there was endless work for willing

hands. How many more like these exist everywhere? What produced them — all sane, all inhuman?

We consider this man, and everything he stands for, with justified fear. We belong to the same species. Is the human race able — at any time, anywhere — to spew up others like him? Why not? Adolf Eichmann is the most dire warning to us all. He is a warning to guard our souls; to refuse utterly and forever to give allegiance without question, to obey orders silently, to scream slogans. He is a warning that the private conscience is the last and only protection of the civilized world.

For three months, documents and living witnesses, all tested and checked every inch of the way, have bound this man to the crimes he is accused of: murder in a manner and on a scale unknown in history, and murder for gain. The Jews of Europe were robbed of everything they owned before they were killed; after death, there was still more to be wrested from their bodies — gold from their mouths, and occasionally in the slashed stomachs of corpses precious stones could be found, the pathetic last hope of buying safety somewhere. This vast plunder greatly enriched the Reich. Aside from the patriotic and spiritual uplift attendant upon murdering defenseless people, to kill Jews was profitable big business. The exact bookkeeping which accompanied the murders is the final loathsomeness. A man should be hanged only for stealing the shoes of children sent barefoot to their death in gas chambers. Their shoes had value, would be noted in a ledger, and shipped to Germany, to keep non-Jewish feet warm.

Eichmann, devotedly and tirelessly organizing the murders, stopping every bolt-hole, never too busy to say no to a plea for mercy, meticulously accounting for the plunder, is now recognized to be what he was: the man in charge of "Jewish Affairs," the executive responsible for destroying European Jewry. Since he was not unleashed on the rest of us, since we are safe in our bodies, surrounded by our possessions, we tend to forget that Eichmann despoiled us all. He robbed humanity of six million lives. Who were they? We know of some — their names, light as leaves, float through the days of testimony: artists, scientists, teachers, musicians, jurists, saints. The innumerable others, members of a most gifted race, had no time to mold their raw material of brain and heart and spirit. The world needed what they had to give, as a shield against darkness; to avoid becoming the world this man tried to build. He stole those lives, from us all. The world will never know how much it lost, but will always be poorer.

The indictment of the Trial — unique in his-

tory, as the crime is also unique — is dated: Jerusalem, this fifth day of Adar, 5721. In the state of Israel, that is the usual way to date documents or official correspondence. More than two thousand years before Christ, the patriarchs of this ancient people were writing the history of their nation. Calculating the creation of the world, from Biblical data, they hit upon a year which coincides with 3760 B.C. as the basis for their chronology. In the year 5721, a Jewish Attorney General in the District Court of Jerusalem in the modern state of Israel rose and said: "When I stand before you here, O Judges of Israel, I do not stand alone. With me are six million accusers." Thus began the Trial of Adolf Eichmann.

AT THE beginning of this grave, scrupulous, heartbreaking Trial, the world's press attended: for a brief time the Trial was the brightest sensation the newspapers had to offer. Then a man, in a silver capsule, hurtled around the earth through outer space; there was other news; the Trial went on and on; people groaned in weariness; protested that the whole thing was useless — how could one man pay for six million deaths, perhaps having a trial at all was a mistake; most likely it would only start up a wave of anti-Semitism.

I think this so shocking that I cannot find words for my indignation. The Trial was essential, to every human being now alive, and to all who follow us; and, despite its length, its carefulness, the Trial furnishes only a partial record — for the scene of the crime was a whole continent, the victims were a whole nation, the methodical savages who committed the crimes were as clever as they were evil, ingenious, brilliant organizers, addicts to paperwork. This is the best record we and our descendants will ever have; and we owe the state of Israel an immeasurable debt for providing it. No one who tries to understand our times, now or in the future, can overlook this documentation of a way of life and death which will stain our century forever. No one will see the complete dimensions of twentieth-century man — and that includes all of us, I insist — without studying the Eichmann Trial.

Does it by any chance bore us to hear of the agony of a people? Deadness of imagination, deadness of heart are fatal diseases. Or are we afraid to know because we are afraid to examine our own consciences, our own responsibilities, and our immense selfishness? Do we possibly think that this Trial does not concern us — it concerns European Jews and Germans; and in our blessed land, running over with milk shakes and jars of honey, no such thing could ever happen? The Jews are

not a separate breed from the human race, and, alas, neither are the Germans. We are desperately involved, all of us, everywhere.

The massive destruction of innocent people, only because they were born Jews, happened in our lifetime. We must know everything about it; we must be able to recognize every symptom, every sign, to ensure that it never happens again — under any other disguise — to any people, anywhere. To turn away is as mad as turning away from cancer, saying that cancer is cruel, painful, unjust, and results in death. Anti-Semitism is cancer, and afflicts the weaker members of the human race. We have seen what Germany became, when the cancer cells multiplied, organized, gained control of the entire body politic. Not only Jews die; everything we believe in — decency, justice, truth, mercy — dies too. This Trial is meant for our education, and we are obliged to learn from it, for the safety and honor of our species.

ADMI-
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ATION for the court grew, daily. The crimes covered twelve years in time. Some 2000 documents — as thick as sheaves, or a single sheet — were submitted, verified, numbered, accepted or rejected. Witnesses spoke Hebrew, Yiddish, German, Polish, English, more languages. It was visible torture for all the witnesses to speak; one wandered in his head, screamed something wordless but terrifying to hear, fainted, remembering Auschwitz. The audience was tense, still, straining forward to listen, until now and again a voice would cry out in despair; then the police silently led the disturber from the hall. The glaring light — for the security of the prisoner, for the hidden television — hurt the eyes. The air conditioning was too cold, and yet one sweated. Every day was more than the mind and heart could bear; and the Trial was kept running, always on time, always under quiet control. No lawyers or judges anywhere else have been presented with such a task or so dominated it. This is not intended as denigration of the Nuremberg Trials, which I also watched; but is intended, humbly, as praise of the coherence, the order, the absolute respect for rules of evidence, the courtesy, the shining justness of the Trial in Jerusalem.

An American educational foundation could render an immediate service by collecting the stenographic Hebrew reports of the Trial — a paper mountain — and translating them into accurate, clean English. The conduct of the Trial was in every way above criticism, but the Israelis could not invent translators who had an equal grasp of Hebrew and English. The English transcripts of the day's proceedings are often opaque if

not incomprehensible. We need the volumes of the Trial, in good English, in all our libraries; and we need them now.

For two thirds of the Trial, the Prosecution piled up evidence of the black hell which stretched from the Urals to the Pyrenees, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and was ruled by Adolf Eichmann. Random excerpts from the testimony may give some slight sense of the climate of a life we never knew. The Trial proceeded chronologically, country by country; two months after taking power in 1933, the Nazis were already hunting down the Jews in Germany.

Everywhere, the Jews were first deprived of all their rights as citizens, then of all their worldly goods, then marked with a yellow star and herded together in Ghettos, to starve and die of the diseases of hunger and filth, and finally, since none of this was quick enough, they were slaughtered in tens of thousands daily. Those who could work were used as slave labor; their death was delayed until they became useless from exhaustion. On the way, all along the way, they were beaten, maimed, and murdered at will. Their bodies were broken quickly and with skill; their spirit seems to have endured even inside the gas chambers. People, being asphyxiated by cyanide gas, no easy way to die, apparently still kept their humanity: for corpses of women were found crouched over their children, trying to the last to protect them, and men and women were found with their hands clasped in love.

Most of the witnesses were middle-aged; some looked older than they can have been; a few were young. There were men in business suits, with gold-rimmed glasses and tiepins, and men in short-sleeved open-necked shirts; women in tailored clothes, women in housedresses. Every one of them, in war, would have received medals for valor. Middle-aged and old men and women had represented the Jews and worked for their safety, stubbornly treating with the Germans, with Eichmann, and so had exposed themselves to special notice and wrath. Younger ones, bereft of their families, used and treated as animals with calculated cruelty, waiting their turn to die, nevertheless had risen against their murderers in doomed revolts. All of the witnesses were humble; none had anything much to say about his own life or acts. They were only reporting what they knew because they had seen and heard it, lived through it. They spoke of others.

An old lawyer, a German Jew, a Zionist leader who had been in prison "for insulting the Gestapo," tried to explain to the Court what life had been like for the Jews in Germany before the war. This was the first phase, when the Nazis were learning their trade, even Eichmann was learning.

There was the ban against Jews as humanity — no work with or for gentiles, no cafés, no transport, no theaters, no shops; Jewish musicians must not play the music of Bach and Brahms, though Mendelssohn was permitted; the books of great Jewish writers were burned, while mobs gloated loudly around the bonfires. Keep the Jew vermin away from the pure Aryan supermen. Boxes of ashes were returned from Dachau on payment of a fee. Synagogues were destroyed. Many of the hunted killed themselves while the rest searched frantically for a country to escape to. At this time, the Germans were merely driving these now penniless people to emigrate. The “Final Solution” is in part the fault of the Western world; the Germans saw the blank casualness of the democracies and decided that no one wanted Jews; Jews were a drug on the market; it did not matter what was done to Jews.

The old man cried out suddenly, “A planet without a visa!”

Here is the guilt of the free democracies. We ought never to forget it. In this, the United States must bear the heaviest share of blame. From 1933 to 1943, we opened our golden doors a miserly crack to admit 190,000 of the millions of doomed Jews. Great Britain, even harder hit by the Depression, small, so soon to be at war, bombed, rationed, quartering its Allies’ soldiers on its overcrowded land, took in 65,000 refugee Jews. The comparison speaks for itself, though none of us has cause for self-congratulation.

LATER ON, a brave old man, a German Christian, Pastor Grueber, spoke again in the same way. He had earned the right to speak; he helped the Jews in Germany openly; he believed the teachings of his Lord; and he paid for his faith by imprisonment in Dachau. After the pogroms organized by the Nazis throughout Germany in 1938, Pastor Grueber went to Switzerland to beg for more foreign visas for Jews: “All the official institutions, embassies, they did not reveal any understanding or interest in the lot of these Jews. Very often we came out of those places full of anger, not only full of shame at the lack of readiness to help. . . . May I be permitted to say that had these foreign countries at the time shown only a small percentage of the responsibility and interest being revealed now in the lot of refugees and displaced persons and immigrants, it would have been possible to save millions of souls?”

But he would not tell the court the name of a compatriot, now living in Germany, who had *helped* Jews during the Nazi regime. “I could bring to the Court a whole file of threats and deri-

sion which I received, especially in connection with my trip to Israel. . . . To me these things do not mean much . . . but I would not like to cause this suffering to others.”

What is the sickness of Germany?

Pastor Grueber knew Eichmann well; he was often in Eichmann’s office, pleading uselessly. “The impression he [Eichmann] made on me was that of a block of ice or marble, completely devoid of human feelings.”

In hundreds, the Israelis wrote letters to thank and bless Pastor Grueber. For them, one good man redeemed a nation.

A Jew from Greece, a poor merchant, described what had happened in Salonika; he spoke in a wondering voice, as though hardly able to believe this story himself. Their fellow citizens, the Greeks of Salonika, were given carte blanche to take anything they wanted from Jewish shops, paying with a cynical IOU. And, alas, they did so, like locusts. The Jews, dispossessed of all they owned, were crowded into Ghettos, where typhus immediately raged; the Germans feared typhus. This man probably survived because the Germans were loath to wrinkle him out as he lay sick in his hole. The Germans, following their usual practice of deceit, told the Salonika Jews that now they were going to leave all this misery and be happily settled in Poland and live together in peace. With their last hoarded savings, the people bought worthless zlotys (the disgusting theme of robbery recurs again and again); moreover, they bought umbrellas, for surely it rained in Kraków, unlike the sunny land of Greece. Doubt as to their future must have come quickly when they found they were seventy-eight people packed into sealed freight cars meant to hold forty. This was the regulation number of “transport material,” as the Germans called the Jews, to each goods wagon. The journey was very long; no freight car ever arrived without its load of dead. One can barely imagine the days and nights in those suffocating boxes, the thirst, the filth, the sickness, the fear, and the faces of the children. There had been 56,000 Jews in Salonika; afterwards there were 1950. This man had a mother, a father, a wife, four brothers, four sisters. “I remain alone,” he said, and looked about him as if he did not know where he was.

Now there is a young man who grew up in the death camp of Treblinka. At the age of fourteen, separated from his mother, as was the custom at the entry to the concentration camp, he shouted to her where to write to him in Warsaw; his mother, of course, was sent straight to the gas chamber along what the Germans humorously called the “Himmelstrasse,” the barbed-wire path to heaven. By his first night, the boy had under-

stood this place and he tried to kill himself, but an old Jew saved him, telling him it was his duty to live and help others, and since he was young, he might have the strength to survive, and then it was his duty to tell the world.

The young man explained Treblinka in the voice we became used to: you could almost see muscles straining in the effort to speak clearly and calmly. Before 1943, the bodies from the gas chambers were pitchforked into ditches or dumped by a crane; after a visit from Himmler, the pyre system was adopted as more efficient. There were thirteen separate gas chambers, and once, in thirty-five minutes, 10,000 people were killed in them. He had many jobs, this child, from cutting off women's hair for mattress stuffing to pulling out the gold teeth of corpses. Then, one day he found his sister's corpse on the pile. (He took a very deep breath; he held himself rigid.) From these teeth, eight to ten kilos of gold were collected each week and shipped in suitcases to Berlin.

Behind me, in the public section of the courtroom, an old woman with a worn fine face, wearing a kerchief on her head and a newspaper around her shoulders, against the unaccustomed air cooling, wept — without movement, without sound, and without stopping.

Another Polish Jew, an older workman, described Chelmno, a more primitive extermination camp, as it operated before the experiments in mass murder had reached Cyclon B, the cyanide crystals filtered into gas chambers disguised to look like shower rooms. At Chelmno, they still used trucks; gave the people a towel and a piece of soap, told them they were on their way to get a bath, see the doctor, receive fresh clothes, and start their new life. Then the sealed trucks were driven into a forest, and carbon monoxide was pumped into them. It was a slow death, wasted precious SS time, and killed too few people per truckload. Some Jews, of whom this man was one, were kept alive to dig the great trenches in which the corpses were buried; but this work gang was killed too, for sport, since the labor supply was not only unlimited but meant to be expended.

"Yes, forty of us were left — forty-one. The others were killed. On Sundays there was no work, and we were placed in a row; each man had a bottle on his head, and they amused themselves by shooting at the bottles. When the bottle was hit, the man survived, but if the bullet landed below the target, he had had it. The others stayed behind to work."

An attractive dark-haired woman, who had been deported to the women's section of Auschwitz at the age of twenty-one, spoke of a man whose name we all know by now, and revile: Dr. Mengele. He is alive in the world still, hidden some-

where. He was the chief doctor at Auschwitz. The Germans practiced subhuman experiments on living flesh, in various camps: Dr. Mengele, of Auschwitz, seems to have been the most debased sadist of them all, an abomination among men.

The young woman was a block leader; in this capacity she had some freedom of movement, and thus could visit the gypsies in the camp. (It should be noted that the Israelis were also trying Adolf Eichmann for the planned racial murder of gypsies, whom the Germans had decided to exterminate because they were an "asocial element." The dead gypsies have no one else to speak for them.) The young woman was beaten — and lucky not to be killed by the whip, as so many were — for warning the gypsy women never to say they were ill, never to complain, never to ask for missing members of their families: the German answer to all such remarks was immediate death in the gas chamber. One day, in the gypsy camp, she saw newly born gypsy twins, returned to their mother; but Dr. Mengele had sewed them back to back, being interested apparently in creating Siamese twins. And again, since birth was not allowed to Jews, a baby was taken from its mother and thrown on a handy fire: the mother walked into the electrified fence to kill herself. But, said the girl, women were always doing that; it was the quickest way.

Behind me, like soft surf, I could hear women in the audience, an indrawn sob of horror and grief. Horror and grief were the common daily emotions in that courtroom.

IT is impossible to convey the anguish felt only by hearing of the anguish suffered. Despair for mankind, a real darkening of the mind, would have drowned us, had it not been for the few, beautiful examples of human solidarity against human evil.

The Danes, led by their King Christian X, saved their Jews — to the furious rage of Eichmann. The Jews in Denmark never wore a yellow star, because the King said he would be the first to wear one, if such an order was imposed on any of his people; nor were they herded into Ghettos. The Nazis tried, as usual, to inflame the Danes into anti-Semitism by publishing obscene lies about Jews. The Danes, without hesitation, ferried their Jews across the water to Sweden. They hid old Jews in their hospitals, under Danish gentile names; they saved the sacred objects of the synagogue in the crypt of a Lutheran church. No Dane disgraced himself or his nation by betraying a Jew to the Gestapo. Many Danes paid for their humanity with their lives.

Those few hundred Danish Jews — out of some seven thousand — whom the Gestapo managed to capture while escaping were deported to Theresienstadt, the least murderous of the German concentration camps. When the Danes learned of the hunger there, everyone from King to cobbler contributed money and sent to their people in captivity the food they needed to remain alive. The Danes see nothing extraordinary in their record.

The Swedes, though neutral in war, were not neutral in their humanity. They gave asylum to any Jew who could reach their shores; they were so freehanded in creating sudden Jewish Swedish citizens that Eichmann issued special orders against them — any Jew known to be obtaining neutral citizenship must be deported to the East, to the gas chambers, immediately. And the Swedes produced a saint, named Raoul Wallenberg, the Counselor of the Swedish Legation in Budapest. At the rate of 12,000 a day, Eichmann was sending Hungarian Jewry to its death — this was when the war was clearly lost, in the summer and autumn of 1944. Raoul Wallenberg rented houses in Budapest, flew the Swedish flag over them, and filled them with Jews who were now called Swedes. When, at last, freight cars were unobtainable and Auschwitz was closed down before the approach of the Russian armies, Eichmann — still determined to eradicate surviving Jews — ordered the atrocious winter death march of Jews from Hungary to Austria. This was such open and appalling murder, for everyone to see, that Himmler finally commanded Eichmann to stop it. Wallenberg drove beside the stumbling column of people and distributed food, blankets, medicines. He was a fanatic too, on the side of the angels. The Russians captured Wallenberg in Hungary, and he is dead. It passes understanding how the Russians, who had themselves suffered so fearfully from the Germans, could have harmed this noble man.

The Nazis swooped fast in Norway, but even so, the Norwegian underground managed to lead half of Norway's Jews to safety in Sweden, over terrible mountain country in sub-zero weather, past a dangerously patrolled frontier. The Dutch staged general strikes, in protest against the treatment of Jews; the strikes were repressed by the usual German firing squads. The Nazis raised the bribe for betraying Jews; the Dutch continued to hide Jews; always more Jews were found. Grumbling documents from Eichmann's office discussed this maddening attitude of the Dutch, who refused to "sympathize" with the German policy. There are countless examples of Italian humaneness which neither a Fascist government, nor war, nor defeat (twice defeated, by the Germans, by the Allies), nor the incomprehensible official silence of the Pope could weaken.

An Italian Jewess, the daughter of a university professor, found herself alone (the rest of her family lost, caught) with five small children, her own and her missing brother's: "I wish to add that I saved my children by handing them over to Christian families whom I did not know before — different strata of life of the gentile population. . . . Each child with another family. My children and my brother's children. . . . I was helped by the clergy and also the lay population — laborers and others, in the city of Rome, the intellectuals. . . . The goodness, the kindheartedness I met with on my way. Every Italian Jew owes his life to the Italian population."

The gates of Luxembourg were open to all fleeing Jews. There, in that tiny defenseless country, they could rest, hide, remember — in the kindness of the Luxembourg people — that they were human beings, not hunted animals; and with time and luck, some could obtain visas to safety in neutral territory. Under the moral leadership of Elizabeth, Queen Mother of the Belgians, and with the support of the Primate of Belgium, the Belgian underground aided groups of Jews to escape and managed to derail several death trains.

There were these brave, isolated acts of humanity, and for them we must be eternally grateful.

There were more, in all the German-occupied countries, nameless individuals who protected their fellowmen against the savages. The penalty for helping Jews was death. Everyone who took the risk, rather than aid barbarism or watch from a safe distance or close his eyes, bought back a piece of the honor of mankind. And they were effective; they did save lives; they did cheat Eichmann and his servants of their prey. If there had been many many more, millions more, could Eichmann have succeeded as he did?

The Jews themselves were not sheep led to the slaughter. They were too civilized to believe that Germans, a reputedly civilized nation, could behave as these Germans did. The Germans tricked the Jews, lied, raised hope and destroyed it, mocked, lied again: the soap in the Auschwitz gas chambers, where the people expected a shower bath, was made of stone; on death trains the people were given picture postcards of an imaginary place, "Waldsee," and forced to write cheerful news back to the Ghetto. No ruse was too mean if it served to lull the Jews and keep them from acts of desperation. There were not so many troops to allot to Jew-killing, despite the bureaucratic mania of Eichmann.

And yet, broken in health, starving, and helpless, the Jews revolted, even in Auschwitz and Treblinka and Sobibor. The revolts could not be more than acts of undaunted defiance; few people survived. The uprising of the Warsaw Ghetto re-

mains a monument to courage; and twenty people live to tell the tale, out of half a million. Jewish partisans, escaped from the massacre, fought in the woods of Poland, in Hungary, in France.

The little man sits in the dock and listens, day after day; and he alone is unmoved; he alone is not burdened by the weight of grief and shame and outrage which we all carry. He proved this, without knowing what he did, on the first day of his testimony in his own defense.

On the morning when we would finally hear the silent man in the glass dock, the courtroom was packed. Dr. Servatius, Eichmann's German lawyer, presented his client and his case. Dr. Servatius' voice had changed, he became a quavering elderly gentleman, beseeching these honorable strong judges of Israel to pity an insignificant underling. All during the Trial, the Court treated Dr. Servatius with the most benign courtesy: one had the impression that everyone in the streetcar was rising to give his seat to an old lady. Dr. Servatius is the good, fat, honest German — a pre-war figure of affection or caricature, depending on taste. He could come here (fee of \$25,000 paid by the Israeli government) to defend Eichmann because his own record is clean: he was lucky enough to be in a Wehrmacht regiment all during the war, and so had no hand in the horrors committed by and in the name of Germans.

Eichmann looked different, yellowish-gray, afraid at last. His voice was low when he began to speak, telling us the story of his life and times. A modest young man, he saw an opening in a little-known field — the problem of the Jews. He chose this career, but he was nobody important; he just happened to have taken up Jews as his specialty. Nazism wasn't primarily against Jews, that was the second issue: Nazism was against Versailles, against the democracies. He was far too obscure to foresee where all this would lead; though, for himself, he went straight as an arrow into the SS.

Recounting his early struggles to get ahead in life and the SS, Eichmann said that he desired to learn Hebrew and this provoked the ridicule and even the suspicion of his superiors. But he had seen a Hebrew newspaper published in Riga, and he thought if he could learn the language, he would get much useful information. He wanted to take lessons from a rabbi; his superiors feared that in close contact with a rabbi he might be influenced and talk of other things than the Hebrew language. Finally he overcame their doubts: "It would have been easy to say, let's grab a rabbi and lock him up and he'll have to teach me; but no, I paid three marks per hour, the usual price."

Eichmann was so startled by the low wave of sound this statement evoked from the courtroom

that, for the first and only time, he turned his head, and stared in an instant's bewilderment at the public. How could he know, this hollow man, that what seemed to him a natural phrase exposed wastelands of feeling to people who, under no circumstances on earth, would have imagined that you could "grab" an innocent scholar and jail him in order to get lessons for nothing. After all the years in hiding, the weeks in this court, Eichmann was the same SS officer; he regarded Jews as objects, still. Being an honest man, he had treated an object correctly, though under no obligation to do so. He paid the object three marks; he refrained from seizing and locking up the object. The reaction in the courtroom was spontaneous and complex; disbelief, revelation, disgust — a groaning murmur. As time went on, we realized that Eichmann would never know why or how ordinary people reacted to him or his crimes.

Hourly, Eichmann grew surer of himself. His grasp of the complexities of Nazi bureaucracy was dazzling. He never faltered when explaining a machinery which seems too involved to have been workable; but it was, it was. The workings of his own department — RSHA IV B of the Gestapo, charged with the "Final Solution" — were so efficient that Eichmann stands out as the greatest organization man of all time. One branch of the Nazi government, dedicated to the extinction of one branch of the population of Europe, killed six million civilians, of whom one million were children, in six years. In World War II, spread over the entire globe, the total of the dead combatants of twenty-four nations was 14,700,000.

Eichmann's memory was fabulous, when he so desired. It gave out, when expedient. And even replying to his own lawyer, he would not speak to the point. It took him five minutes of double-talk not to answer a simple question as to whether he had, or had not, been in Berlin on a certain date.

Dr. Servatius fumbled; he mixed documents; he could not find the paper he wanted. Eichmann, in control of all papers always, sent the required document from his glass dock to his attorney's desk. Very soon, he was conducting his own defense, saying, "The assertions I am making will be proved in later documents."

His voice is ugly, with a hard *R*, a sound that makes one think of a hammer and a knife. Neither by voice, accent, nor vocabulary is he an educated man. As Dr. Servatius fumbled, Eichmann's voice sharpened: the cold snarl, the bark that many of the witnesses remembered was there, one tone beneath what we heard. From the first day of his testimony, we could imagine Eichmann clearly as an old Hungarian Jewish aristocrat had described him: "an officer in boots, with one hand on his pistol, in all the pride of his race."

On the second day, Eichmann established his line of defense and stuck to it until the end: "I had no special positions or privileges — they gave me instructions." Furthermore, he was exclusively concerned "with matters of pure transport." This is the reverse of Goebbel's Big Lie; this is the Little Lie. He was not unnerved by the testimony of witnesses who knew him and dealt with him in his years of power, or saw him on his concentration camp visits, nor by the avalanche of documents showing that he commanded the fate of the Jews as no general was able to command a whole theater of war. He wriggled, he talked a great deal; he returned again and again to the same lies. He was only a minor bureaucrat. It is possible that the outside world — lazy, busy with other things, glancing briefly at headlines — will believe him. Should the State of Israel execute this man, there may well be an outcry in the unharmed, spectator countries, and the adjective "vengeful" will be applied to the Jews. I am not inventing this peculiar if not perverse line of thought; I have already heard it bruited about. People who are forever opposed to the death penalty, anywhere for any crime, have the right to this opinion. Others should study the entire trial, as a moral obligation, before they dare to condemn the punishment meted out to Eichmann. In that courtroom in Jerusalem, there could be no doubt as to Eichmann's guilt, nor the immensity of his guilt. We were not impressed by the Little Lie.

It was no small railway clerk who dealt directly on the highest level with foreign governments. Again and again, through diplomatic channels, Eichmann was requested to locate and spare one Jew, or two or three, by name. For some reason, these individuals troubled the conscience of Germany's allies. Again and again, Eichmann replied icily that these Jews could not be found; his local representatives were instructed to discourage "on principle" such time-wasting demands for mercy. If the named Jew or Jews were not already dead, Eichmann ordered immediate deportation to the gas chambers, thus closing the file against future intrusion on his work.

The Laval government tried to save one Jew — a man whose gallantry in the French Army could not be forgotten. Eichmann answered officially that the whereabouts of this hero was unknown, but arranged for his instant, secret removal to Auschwitz and Cyclon B. Admiral Horthy, the Fascist dictator of Hungary, directed his police to stop a death train of 1200 Jews and return the Jews to their camp near Budapest. That night Eichmann sent buses to collect these reprieved people and drive them to rejoin the train far from the capital. Horthy's interference annoyed and hampered Eichmann; soon Horthy was deposed

and a thoroughly cooperative puppet was installed.

The duties, the authority of a minor bureaucrat? A new emotion spread and became common to us all: flat contempt for the man who had valued no other lives but so shamelessly cherished his own.

Eichmann knew what was happening; he states this himself in his deposition — a four-volume document, covering months of questioning during which the Israeli police superintendent acted as a gently prodding psychiatrist and Eichmann talked and talked. He deplored what he saw: he found the screams of people strangling in the gas trucks in Poland unbearable; a fountain of blood, which gurgled up through the ground of a mass grave, revolted him. Specifically, somewhere near Minsk, he saw naked Jews moving forward to the edge of a pit where the SS riflemen shot them; some shots were sloppy, the half-dead squirmed, so they fired into the heaped bodies as well. Eichmann reported this scene to an SS leader in Lemberg. " 'Yes, that is horrible,' I said to him. 'There the young people are being educated to become sadists. . . . How can you just bang into a pile of people, women and children, how is that possible!' I said. 'This can't be. The people must either turn crazy or become sadists. Our own people.' " Everything about this man is the stuff of nightmare: he never thought of the murdered; he thought of the effect they made on him, and the probable bad effect on the nerves of the young SS.

He said he was too squeamish for this sort of thing; "people have told me I could never have been a doctor." So, instead of watching exterminations, he increased the range of the operation, speeded it up, wove a net meant to catch every living Jew, and sent them to what he knew but really could not bear to look at.

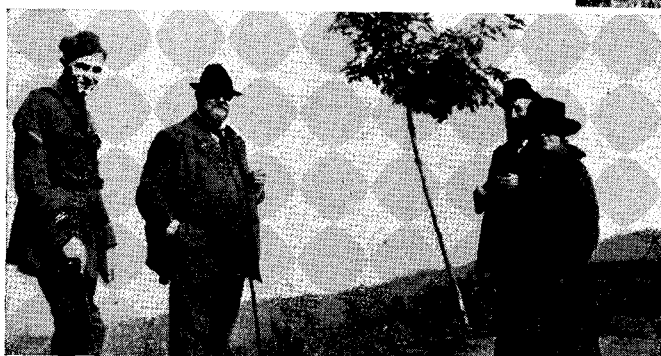
In a single sentence, Eichmann divided the world into the powers of light and darkness. He chose the doctrine of darkness, as did the majority of his countrymen, as did thousands throughout Europe — men with slave minds, pig-greedy for power: the Vichy police, the Iron Guard, big and little Quislings everywhere. He stated their creed in one line: "The question of conscience is a matter for the head of the state, the sovereign."

Absolved of thought, of responsibility, of guilt, and finally of humanity, all is well: the head of the state thinks for us, we need only obey. If the head of the state happens to be criminally insane, that is not our affair.

The purpose of all education and all religion is to fight that creed, by every act of life and until death. The private conscience is not only the last protection of the civilized world, it is the one guarantee of the dignity of man. And if we have failed to learn this, even now, Eichmann is before us, a fact and a symbol, to teach the lesson.

AT THE HEMINGWAYS

Ernest Returns From War



Ernest with friends in Italy. Fall, 1918.



Marcelline
and Ernest.
Graduation day,
1917.

BY MARCELLINE HEMINGWAY SANFORD *In June of 1917, Ernest Hemingway graduated from Oak Park High School in the same class with his older sister Marcelline. All thoughts of college had been driven from his mind by the war. Ernest's efforts to enlist, what the family heard from him, the wounds which he received in Italy, and the long, sometimes restive convalescence which he submitted to at home are here described in affectionate detail. This is the third installment to be drawn from Mrs. Sanford's family portrait, AT THE HEMINGWAYS, which will shortly be published by Atlantic, Little-Brown.*

WHEN June, 1917, arrived, the boys in our senior class had the war, even more than college, on their minds. President Wilson had given up neutrality in April, 1917. Ernest put off deciding where to go and tried to line up some work for the vacation. Our Uncle Alfred Tyler Hemingway, of Kansas City, was a friend of Colonel Nelson of the Kansas City *Star*, and Dad hoped Ernest could get a summer job on that fine paper. Uncle Tyler made inquiries, but there were no openings on the *Star* until September; the paper would take Ernest as a cub reporter at that time if he was willing to wait, our uncle told Dad. Ernie decided to wait.

Twice before, at the beginning of vacation, Ernest had walked up to Walloon Lake after taking the boat across from Chicago to the lower part of Michigan. Once Louis Clarahan went with him, and the other time, as I recall, Harold Sampson made the long hike — nearly four hundred miles — with him. The boys camped along the way, sleeping in pup tents, cooking their own meals, swimming or fishing when they pleased. They were grateful for lifts they got from passing cars. Our parents admired Ernie's initia-

tive, and perhaps it was his account of his adventures on the way to the cottage that inspired Dad and Mother to make the journey in an open car. Daddy and Mother and Ernest, with baby Leicester on Mother's lap, drove all the way to the cottage in Daddy's Ford touring car — 460 miles from Chicago to Walloon Lake. It took them four days to make the trip over the dusty, rutted roads. (Meanwhile, we girls were going by boat and train.) Part of the way, especially near Traverse City, Dad told us, was only a sand track. He had to use the shovel they carried along for emergencies on several occasions.

Dad brought a tent for camping, and some of the party slept in the car on their way north. He took pictures of Mother and Ernest frying eggs over a campfire as they all breakfasted along the route toward Petoskey. When our parents and their two boys finally got to Windemere, they were as proud as if they had discovered a new continent. Dad was right. It was an achievement in that year to drive so many miles with a two-year-old along. Hotels were found only in the larger cities, and they were many miles apart in 1917.

All that summer Ernest worked with Dad on our

Longfield farm across the lake from Windemere. With the help of a farmer, Warren Sumner, and Warren's mule, they moved off the old tenant farmhouse on a stoneboat. Under the apple trees, they built a new icehouse, which Warren promised to fill during the winter. He said he would cut the ice after Walloon froze over and store it between layers of sawdust until we were ready to use it the next season. Daddy and Ernest took care of a big vegetable garden on Longfield, and they both cut the hay on about twenty acres of hilly land on the farm. They also put in more fruit trees. It was not all hard labor; Ernie had some boys come up from Oak Park to visit him, and I had quite a special party.

I met a wonderful crowd of new friends in Bay View, a mile from Petoskey, that summer, among them Sterling Sanford, a senior at the University of Michigan. Red-haired Frances Butterfield from Louisiana; the Grundy family, Bill, Lillian, and Mary, of Louisville, Kentucky; and the Gregory girls, Ruth and Alice, also from Kentucky, joined with Owen White and his little brother, Kenneth, and others in picnics at Menonaqua Beach, swimming parties, and trips to the roller-skating rink. I hated having to leave all this when it was time for me to go home. At Walloon that August, Mother agreed that I might return the Bay View hospitality by asking the whole crowd to a potluck picnic at our cottage.

Ernie was delighted they were coming. When we talked over plans for the party, he offered to take our open launch down to the foot of the lake to meet those guests who would come by train from Petoskey. It was a windy day, the lake was very rough, and most of the guests Ernest transported were damp from the splashing by the time they landed at our dock. The rest of the Bay View group had crowded into Sterling Sanford's Buick. They drove the ten miles over the sandy hills and arrived in time for lunch.

Ernest enjoyed my new friends, and he showed the boys around and was pleasant to the girls as he acted as host in Daddy's absence. The Bay View crowd had brought sandwiches and potato salad with them, and I had fixed a huge hot meat and macaroni casserole and made two chocolate mahogany cakes. Just as we were finishing dessert, another boat drew up at the dock, and Ernie and Sunny hurried down from the screened-porch dining room to see who had arrived. To our delight, it was Dad, the busy doctor, back from delivering a baby in Chicago. He was whistling as he walked up the grassy slope from the dock to meet us.

"Just in time for dessert, I see!" said Daddy gaily. "My, but it's good to get back in God's country after the heat of the city. Feel that breeze!

Does anybody care if I peel my coat off and roll up my sleeves?"

In less than a minute Daddy was chatting with our guests, and in less than an hour he was a friend of all of them. Daddy had a gift for friendship. When he was not in one of his stern moods, Daddy was a "real charmer," as Mother said.

Sterling Sanford had brought his camera along, and he and my father took snapshots of the group. Later, these pictures became especially valuable to us, as they were some of the last ones taken of Ernest, with all of us, before he went to Kansas City a few weeks later to start his first job as a reporter on the *Kansas City Star*. The legend has it that Ernie ran away from home, but this simply is not so. Daddy bought him his ticket and saw him off, and during his first weeks in Kansas City, Ernest stayed with our Uncle Alfred Tyler Hemingway. The pictures meant a lot to me for another reason, since Sterling Sanford went into the Army soon after that, and exchanging pictures of that picnic with him led to a correspondence and eventually to a love that has lasted all our lives.

That fall I entered Oberlin Conservatory, and besides my musical studies I took dramatic reading and English composition and audited a class in sociology. I got no credit for it, of course, but I found that I liked sociology even more than piano and violin, and I enjoyed my brief experience writing for the college paper.

While I was away at college, Ursula was starting high school, where she made excellent marks and never had to be tutored in anything. Sunny was in the sixth grade of the Holmes School, and little sister Carol entered kindergarten that fall. Ernest was earning his own living for the first time in his life. So Mother and Daddy had only one baby left at home, little Lessie, who was then two and a half.

ERNEST liked Kansas City. His letters to me and the family that fall told of his excitement at being a real reporter on a real newspaper at last. He covered, as he told us, fires, fights, and funerals, and anything else not important enough for the other, more experienced reporters. Ernie was learning a lot; he told us about his new friends on the paper, many of them men who were years older than he. He met a movie star, and he wrote me three pages of raves about her.

Although at first Ernest stayed with Uncle Tyler and Aunt Arabell White Hemingway in their house on Walnut Street, he soon found a room of his own nearer to the *Star* office downtown. He was feeling very grown-up at being so independent. My letters to him seemed kiddish by

comparison, as all I could write him about were my activities at Oberlin. Instead of feeling older than he, I now felt younger, because his new experiences made him seem so much a man of the world. Like father, he had a rare talent for friendships. He had the ability to be congenial with people of all ages and from all backgrounds.

Underlying all Ernest's pleasures in his new experiences and his work on the paper was his great, compelling desire to get into the war. He had tried to enlist in all the services, he wrote me. He told me that the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps had all turned him down, not for being underage, since he was past eighteen, but he could not pass the physicals because of his inherited bad eye.

"We all have that bad eye, like Mother's," I remember he wrote in one letter. "But I'll make it to Europe some way in spite of this optic. I can't let a show like this go on without getting in on it. There hasn't been a real war to go to since Grandfather Hemingway's shooting at the battle of Bull Run." That Grandfather Hemingway served at Vicksburg and wasn't in the battle of Bull Run did not affect Ernie's point at all. I sympathized.

Ernie wrote that he liked newspaper work. Then, early in 1918 came a letter full of jubilation. He told us that he had been assigned to interview a group of Italian Red Cross officers who had come to the United States to recruit volunteers for the American Red Cross Ambulance Corps in Italy. When he interviewed them for the *Star*, he learned that the Red Cross was accepting men who were in general good health but who were unable to fulfill the physical requirements of our own country's armed services.

Ernest was delighted. At last he had found a way to get to the war in Europe. He signed up at once and was ordered to report to Ambulance Unit 4 for Italy, and he called several of his friends — men who had also been turned down by our Army or Navy for one defect or another — to tell them about the opportunity.

Ernie's own enthusiasm was contagious. Theodore Brumback, son of a judge in Kansas City, was one of several who joined the Italian Ambulance Corps with Ernest. Charles Hopkins, a city editor of the *Star* from Muskogee, Oklahoma, wanted to go with them too, but he was not exempt from the draft.

Ernest wrote us in the spring of 1918 that everything was set for him and his buddies to come to Oak Park for one final fishing trip to the North Woods. The American Red Cross, Ernest told us, would send a telegram to our house to notify the boys when to be in New York to sail for Italy. They were sure of at least three weeks' notice

before sailing, they had been told, and Ernest assured our parents that the telegram would come in time to provide a good seven days' notice of the actual sailing day on the *S. S. Conte Grande*. Dad and Mother and all of us were tremendously pleased that the boys were coming to Oak Park.

The group of five or six young men had a regular house party with our family late that May. Daddy took lots of pictures of Ernie and the gang, and he was thrilled that Ernie was finally getting to do what he had so longed for. My father would mention at this time how he himself had longed to serve in the Spanish-American War, but because he was married and the first baby had just arrived, he did not get a chance to be active in the Army Medical Corps, as he had hoped to be. I think, however, that Daddy was secretly relieved that Ernest was to be in a noncombatant branch. Dad himself was a medical examiner for the local draft board in Oak Park.

I had come home from Oberlin at Christmas, following an attack of appendicitis. But when the question of my returning for the second semester came up, Daddy and Mother announced that I was not going back; it had cost them a good deal more than they expected. So, at the time Ernest and his friends visited Oak Park and sailed for Italy, I was nearby at the Congregational Training School on Ashland Avenue in Chicago, and, of course, I was with the family in Oak Park every weekend.

WHEN Ernest left for the Red Cross service in Italy, he expected to be behind the lines. But after he landed and had driven an ambulance for a few days, he and his pal Bill Horne found the place where they were stationed too safe and rather dull. They heard there was a chance to volunteer for a special branch, the Red Cross Rolling Canteen Service, which operated right up to the front lines. It was early July, and Ernest was excited and happy when he wrote us that he and Bill had managed to work their way forward, where things were going on. He had volunteered to be one of the bicycle riders who distributed mail, chocolate, and tobacco to the soldiers in the trenches at the front. The attack on the Piave had started, and the Austrians were shelling the Italians only about fifty yards away, across the Piave River.

Dad and Mother lived for Ernest's letters. He wrote only once, and briefly, as I remember, those first few days. Dad had always loved Ernest especially dearly, and he missed him and prayed for him daily. Mother prayed too, and felt sure Ernie would be protected from harm. Mother

had a calm faith, but Daddy was very tense, worrying about Ernest's safety. All the while, Dad continued his heavy schedule of medical calls, visits to the hospital patients, and long hours of work as an examiner for the draft board.

On July 8, 1918, while Ernest was on his bicycle, delivering mail and chocolate — it was seven days after he had transferred to the Rolling Canteen Service, and less than ten days after he had gone to the active front in Italy — he was handing chocolate and a cigarette to an Italian soldier when a trench-mortar shell hit and almost buried him. It knocked him unconscious and filled his body below the waist with over two hundred pieces of shrapnel. When he came to and went to the rescue of a wounded Italian, he was hit again, with a machine-gun bullet, below the left knee. Ted Brumback wrote us about it from Milan, and my father later gave Ted's letter to *Oak Leaves*, the local newspaper, which printed it on October 5, 1918. This is what Ted told us:

I have just come from seeing Ernest at the American Red Cross hospital here. He is fast on the road to recovery and will be out a whole man once again, so the doctor says, in a couple of weeks.

Although some two hundred pieces of shell were lodged in him, none of them are above the hip joint. Only a few of these pieces were large enough to cut deep, the most serious of these being two in the knee and two in the right foot. The doctor says there will be no trouble about these wounds healing and that Ernest will regain entire use of both legs.

Now that I have told you about his condition, I suppose you would like to know all the circumstances of the case. Let me say right here that you can be very proud of your son's actions. He is going to receive a silver medal of valor, which is a very high medal indeed and corresponds to the médaille militaire or Legion of Honor of France. . . .

A bicycle was given him which he used to ride to the trenches every day laden down with chocolate, cigars, cigarettes and postcards. The Italians in the trenches got to know his smiling face and were always asking for their "giovane Americano."

Well, things went along fine for six days. But about midnight on the seventh day an enormous trench mortar bomb lit within a few feet of Ernest while he was giving out chocolate. The concussion of the explosion knocked him unconscious and buried him in earth. There was an Italian between Ernest and the shell. He was instantly killed, while another, standing a few feet away, had both his legs blown off.

A third Italian was badly wounded and this one Ernest, after he had regained consciousness, picked up on his back and carried to the first aid dugout. He says he did not remember how he got there nor that he had carried a man, until the next day, when an Italian officer told him all about it and said that it had been voted to give him a valor medal for the act.

Naturally, being an American, Ernest received the best of medical attention. He had only to remain a

day or so at a hospital at the front when he was sent to Milan to the Red Cross hospital. Here he is being showered with attention by American nurses, as he is one of the first patients in the hospital.

I have never seen a cleaner, neater and prettier place than the hospital. You can rest easy in your mind that he is receiving the best care in Europe. And you need have no fear for the future for Ernest tells me that he intends now to stick to regular ambulance work which, to use his own words, "is almost as safe as being at home. . . ."

By the time this letter will reach you he will be back in the section. He has not written himself because one or two of the splinters lodged in his fingers. We have made a collection of shell fragments and bullets that were taken out of Ernie's leg, which will be made up into rings. . . .

In a postscript, Ernest added, whimsically:

DEAR FOLKS:

I am all O.K. and include much love to ye parents. I'm not near so much of a hell roarer as Brummy makes me out. Lots of love.

ERNIE

Sh — Don't worry, Pop!

It wasn't until late September of 1918 that Ernie wrote us at length about his narrow escape. This letter was also printed in *Oak Leaves*, at my father's suggestion. The article in the paper was headed "Wounded 227 Times," and the editor said: "Dr. C. E. Hemingway, whose son, Ernest M. Hemingway, was the hero of a fine Red Cross exploit in Italy, as told in a recent issue of *Oak Leaves*, has received a letter from North Winship, American Consul at Milan, Italy, praising the courage of the doctor's son and announcing his intention of keeping an eye on him."

Daddy, who was so devoted to Ernest, seemed greatly relieved when he was safe in the hospital and having the best of care after his disastrous experience. Ernest wrote Dad in detail about the silver plate the Italian surgeons had put in his kneecap, and he went into medical detail in later letters telling how the doctor removed the shrapnel pieces from his feet and legs. He made light of his pain.

One night late that fall, Marion Vose and I decided to go to a movie near our school in Chicago. By accident, after the feature, we saw a newsreel about the work of the American Red Cross in Italy. The new Red Cross hospital in Milan was described and shown. Suddenly, in the silent film, Ernest appeared. He was in uniform, sitting in a wheelchair on the hospital porch, being pushed by a pretty nurse. Over his lap was spread a robe of knitted wool squares. He smiled at the camera and waved a crutch for a second. I was hysterical with excitement. At the end of the regular picture, I waited for the newsreel to come on again. They didn't run it. Marion

Vose and I went to the manager and asked if we could please see it again. We told him why. He was kind and said if we wanted to wait until the theater was empty, he would run it once more, just for us.

Later the manager came over and sat with us as we saw Ernie smile once more. Then the manager gave us the name of the next theater where this same newsreel would be shown. Even though it was midnight, I stopped in at a drugstore to telephone the family in Oak Park to tell Daddy and Mother where they could see Ernest in the movie the next day. My parents went to that theater the following night, and I joined them. We all wiped away tears of joy while we watched Ernest smiling as he sat in his wheelchair on the hospital terrace, wearing his military cap and overcoat. We had not seen him for almost six months.

Mother told me later that Daddy followed that newsreel all over Chicago. Mother saw it twice more herself, and I caught it again at another neighborhood theater. No film ever did a family more good. It was as though Ernest had died in battle, and we had mourned him, and now he had come to life again on celluloid. We wrote Ernest to ask if the nurse who wheeled him in the film was the same pretty one called Agnes he had told us about in his letters.

She was not, he wrote back.

"Ag is prettier than anybody you guys ever saw," he informed us. "Wait till you see her!"

IT was early January of 1919 when we finally received the long-awaited word that Ernest was about to sail home from Italy. Even before we knew the hour of his arrival in Chicago, Dad had heard about a newspaper interview with Ernest, at the dockside in New York, which was printed in the Chicago *Evening American*, January 21, 1919. The newspaper correspondent in New York told of the landing of the *Giuseppe Verdi* of the Transatlantic American Line; the ship had sailed from Genoa and Gibraltar bringing four hundred officers and men — the entire U.S. naval aviation unit which had been stationed at Porto Corsini, Italy, on the Adriatic shore. One of the sixty-eight cabin passengers on board was "the worst shot-up man that had come home from the war area, Ernest M. Hemingway, of 600 North Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois. Hemingway," the newspaper article went on, "was the first American to be wounded on the Italian front and the King of Italy awarded him a silver medal for valor and the Italian Croce di Guerra."

Dad received a telegram from Ernest in New

York saying his train would be in Chicago that night. Daddy picked me up at my school downtown and took me with him to the La Salle Street station. It was a cold, snowy January night, and when we got to the station, Daddy asked me to stay up at the head of the stairs in the train shed and wait there, while he went down to the train platform. He wanted to meet Ernest alone. Mother, of course, was waiting at home in Oak Park with the other children. I could hardly bear the suspense as I stood there in the chilly air. I peered down the stairway toward the trains. I heard the puffing engines coming and going. Each time there was a new sound from below I felt sure it was Ernest's train.

Suddenly Ernie was there. He had on an overseas cap and was wearing a British-type khaki-colored uniform, partly covered by a long black broadcloth cape flung over his shoulders. The cape was fastened at the neck with a double silver buckle. He was wearing knee-high brown leather boots, and he was limping a little and leaning on a cane. He climbed up the stairway slowly toward me, one step at a time. Dad was trying to get Ernest to hold onto him. At last Ernie was at the top of the stairs.

"Hello, Ivory! How's the old keed?" he said as he kissed me.

I dissolved in tears. Ernie was home again, looking older and more tired but as pink-cheeked and as dimpled as ever. His thick brown hair gleamed under his overseas cap.

Dad was moving about nervously. He was excited, and eager to help Ernest to get out to the car.

"Here, boy! Here, lean on me!" Dad urged, as we started out of the station down another long flight of steps toward the waiting Ford.

"Now, Dad," said Ernie, "I've managed all right by myself all the way over from Milano. I think I can make it OK now." He gestured toward Dad. "You and Marce go ahead to the car. I'll follow down the steps at my own pace. I'm pretty good with this old stick." He was. But we both waited and walked slowly with him to the car.

Dad dropped me off at my school on the way out to Oak Park, and I didn't see Ernest again until I got home that weekend. But he wasn't the same old friend and playmate I had known. Though much less than a year had passed since he had gone to Europe, and only a year and a half ago we had graduated from high school together, a lifetime of new experiences — war, death, agony, new people, a new language, and love — had crowded into Ernest's life.

Morning after morning he lay in his big green-painted iron bed in his third-floor room. He rarely stayed in bed all day, but it seemed to help his

aching legs if he was not up and walking for more than half the day. I can vividly remember the sight of his brown hair dark against the white pillows. Usually he had his Red Cross knitted cover spread over him on top of his other bedclothes — the same one we had seen in the newsreel, with its gay green, red, black, yellow, and white squares. He didn't like to be without this cover somewhere around. When we asked him why, he said it kept him from being so homesick for Italy.

Ernie was remarkably uncomplaining about his suffering from the festering places on his skin. Tiny shrapnel bits kept working their way out of his legs and feet. He had visited Oak Park hospital, where Daddy and his doctor colleagues had examined him carefully. He didn't have to have any more operations, as I recall, but he needed constant medical care. Often he was in real pain, but usually by the time he came downstairs he was quite cheerful. He wrote lots of letters to Italy, and he read for hours at a time in bed. He read everything around the house. All the books, all the magazines, even the *American Medical Journal* from Dad's office downstairs.

Ernie also took out great numbers of books from the public library. Though he rested most of the mornings when he first came home, by lunchtime he was usually dressed in his good-looking Red Cross uniform and his high, well-polished brown cordovan boots. He was proud of these boots and shined them daily. After lunch with the family he would put on his overseas cap, and, taking his cane, he would start out for a walk. He tried looking up his old friends, but few of them were around town or free during the daytime, as he was. Most of his pals now had jobs or had gone back to college after their demobilization. So he began going to the high school in the afternoons; it was a place where he felt at home.

Ernest was soon in demand as a speaker. Various organizations around town wanted him to speak on his war experiences. I remember one talk he gave at the high school in March of 1919. The headline in the *Trapeze* of March 21 refers to "Lieutenant Hemingway." "That was a quick way to get promoted," he said to us afterward, and we all laughed. (He had been an honorary second lieutenant while in the Red Cross.)

Ernest also talked informally to the visitors who came to the house to greet him and to see his souvenirs. He had shipped home a trunk full of weapons and many types of uniforms. Some of the latter he had won in strip-poker games, he told us. Among his souvenirs of the war were a captured Austrian automatic revolver, a gas mask, and his punctured trousers. The bloodstains were still visible on them, and Ernie took this

garment with him to show his audiences. Ernie enjoyed showing his trophies, but actually it was Dad who invited most of the friends and neighbors to see Ernie shoot off his star shells in our backyard — brilliant signal lights my brother had managed to bring home with his other baggage.

IN BETWEEN these extrovert activities, Ernie had quiet, almost depressed intervals when he retired to his room away from the well-wishers and curiosity seekers. It was during one of these quiet times that I was very upset about something not connected with Ernie in any way. I think this incident happened about a month after he got home from Europe. I remember I had climbed the stairs to his room that evening to bring him some mail or magazines. He noticed that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, Mazaween?" Ernie asked kindly. "Something got the old sistereen down?"

We talked for a few minutes, and I let off steam to Ernie just as I used to before he had gone to Kansas City.

Then Ernest said, "Here, take a nipper of this, Mazaween." He held out a bottle marked kummel. Hesitatingly, I tasted the warm, sweet, anise-flavored drink. I rolled it on my tongue, but I didn't drink it.

"Don't be afraid," Ernie said, "drink it up, Sis, it can't hurt you. There's great comfort in that little bottle," he told me, "not just for itself. But it relaxes you when the pain gets bad. Mazaween," he said, "don't be afraid to taste all the other things in life that aren't here in Oak Park. This life is all right, but there's a whole big world out there full of people who really feel things. They live and love and die with all their feelings. Taste everything, Sis," he went on. "Don't be afraid to try new things just because they are new. Sometimes I think we only half live over here. The Italians live all the way. What some of those guys I got to know in the hospital had been through! I could tell you stories, Maz —" I begged him to tell me. Ernie said he didn't want to shock me, but some of the stories came out, bits at a time.

Ernie said that, as he picked up more colloquial Italian and understood all the words, he had heard some pretty raw tales. He told me a few of them, though I suppose they were well expurgated. In all the stories he told the family, Ernie was careful not to shock the sensitivities of our Victorian-trained parents. For Ernest it must have been something like being put in a box with the cover nailed down, to come home to conventional, suburban Oak Park after his vivid

experiences. I wondered after that night if he would ever again be happy living at home.

Naturally, Ernie made some new Italian friends, who lived nearby in Chicago. The Italian vice consul, Nicki Nerone, was a great friend of his. It was through the vice consul and the Italian-American organizations, whose members knew of Ernest's medal and honor, that a group of Italians organized a wonderful party which they gave for Ernest at our home. A committee called on my parents to present their plan. At first, Mother and Dad didn't understand. Why should all these people want to come out to our house and bring their own food? It didn't seem reasonable. But Ernest explained.

"Let 'em come, Dad. What they are saying is that they want to bring everything. They'll bring all the food and an orchestra and opera singers, drinks and the whole works."

"But the expense! We couldn't accept all that," Daddy protested.

"They like to do it, Pop. You only hurt their feelings if you don't let them come. They love fiestas, and they want to show that they love Americans too. Just relax, Dad, you'll enjoy it."

So it was arranged. We were to invite as many of our friends as we wished. The Italian hosts would bring their friends, and refreshments for at least fifty people. Our house could easily accommodate them all. That was the beginning of the fabulous Italian parties at our home.

True to their word, on the appointed Sunday — it had to be Sunday, as most of the people in this group worked six days a week in their jobs — out to Oak Park came cars full of voluble, laughing, black-haired people, carrying huge hampers packed with rich foods. When the Italians unloaded their hampers and boxes, the spaghetti and meat dishes were arranged in the center of our big dining-room table. These were surrounded by platters of roast chicken, strange, delicious fish salads, plates of small, sweet pastries, and other dishes of tasty tarts, filled with highly seasoned ground meats and cheese. Near them stood frosted cakes, long loaves of crusty Italian bread, and gallon jugs of red and white wines.

Three members of the chorus of the Chicago Grand Opera Company were part of the group. Several others, on weekdays chefs in some of the best restaurants in Chicago, put on their aprons and went right to work in our kitchen. They took charge of everything.

The musical members proceeded to give us a

concert of opera arias sung with all the volume and gestures they used on the stage. One of the Italians had brought a guitar, another had his violin, and still another played the trumpet. These musicians accompanied the singers with gusto. The concert took place in Mother's music room.

Even Daddy, still rather dubious about the whole affair, especially since it was held on Sunday, finally entered into the spirit of the occasion. It was impossible to resist the friendliness of these generous people who had come to do honor to his son.

At last the Italian photographer, a professional, arranged the whole crowd, the chefs, the musicians, and our family in a group. We all stood just under the balcony in the music room. The photographer ducked behind his camera, put his black cloth over his head, and sang out, "Geeve a smile, please!"

We all grinned. The resulting picture showed us a very happy group.

We Hemingways loved every minute of the party, even when we understood only part of what was being said by our Italian host-guests. But we realized how sincerely they meant it when they told us how happy and proud they were to be able to celebrate Ernest's return from Italy with this fiesta at his own home.

One thing, however, seemed to disappoint them. We had not invited enough guests of our own to eat up all the food. The Italian group would come out soon again, they told us. Such a beautiful house, they said with feeling, should be filled with many friends.

For days Ernie had been watching the mails. He was irritable and on edge with the waiting. Then the letter came. After he read it, he went to bed and was actually ill. We didn't know what was the matter with him at first. He did not respond to medical treatment, and he ran a temperature. Dad was worried about him. I went up to Ernie's room to see if I could be of any help to him. He thrust the letter toward me.

"Read it," he said from the depths of his grief. "No. I'll tell you." Then he turned to the wall.

Ag, he told me, was not coming to America. She was going to marry an Italian major instead.

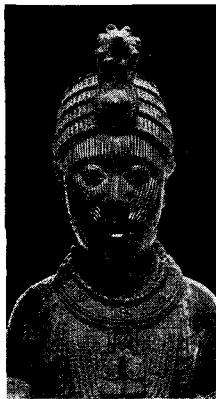
In time Ernest felt better. He got out among his friends again. I have thought many times that the letter from Agnes may have been the most valuable one my brother ever received. Perhaps without that rankling memory, *A Farewell to Arms* might never have been written.

An Atlantic "First"

O. K. BALOGUN

BY VIRGINIA BROWNE-WILKINSON

The daughter of the Canon Residentiary of Chichester Cathedral, VIRGINIA BROWNE-WILKINSON has taught at an English university and, very recently, at a university in Nigeria. She is now at work on a novel and has given up her lecturing in order to devote full time to writing. This is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.



I FIND my teeth gritted together, my face set hard. Yet I am only reading, something I know and like, alone. What am I resisting?

I am sitting on the balcony outside my bedroom with a tray of coffee beside me. As it is only a quarter to eight, the air is still cool. Probably the sun won't make itself felt before ten o'clock, when I begin teaching, so I'm free of both duty and discomfort for more than two hours.

The small sound of bare feet on the concrete floor causes me to raise my eyes. The boy stands there, bowing slightly, his huge black eyes fixed on my face. He doesn't mean to be ingratiating, and I should be thankful that he likes being polite, an unusual taste among local servants.

Has Madam finished with the tray? Yes, thank you.

A few minutes later I hear the swish and sing of the mosquito net being drawn back on its runners over my bed while the water runs into the bath from the electric geyser, ready for him to wash the "clots," as he calls them. It's wonderful to have them washed and ironed every single day, to cook only when I want to, to have the whole background of my life so completely taken care of that I can give all my time to reading and writing. And all at a cost of about 5 per cent of my salary.

I bend my eyes again to my book, *Middlemarch*. I like long, solid Victorian novels, especially the witty and critical ones, and especially in this most unsolid environment, where everything seems about to blow away at any moment out of the

perpetually open windows. A little breeze stirs the pages. I look up for a moment at the white block of flats opposite. Nothing but open windows, with a flutter of curtain here and there, and a sound of saucepan lids.

Under the ragged palm trees strolls the garden boy, his long, dangerous-looking machete dangling from his hand, his chewstick dangling from his wide, thick mouth. He has a shallow, impertinent face, as if someone had put his chin on the table and hit him hard with a mallet while his bones were still soft, leaving him short from crown to jaw and wide from cheekbone to cheekbone. When I meet him on the stairs at midday, I myself hot and tired from a paltry two hours' teaching, he sheltering from the heat and performing his daily task of sweeping the staircase, he will get imperceptibly in the way, so that I have to pass close to him while he looks me up and down with a hundred thousand years of male dominance in his subhuman stare and exudes with his reek of palm oil and historic sweat a drawled, "Good uffernoon, Madam."

Out in the garden, he asserts the right of even a bandy-legged little man without property, authority, or any predictable future to take his time over whatever they pay him five pounds a month to do. Above his full-skirted khaki shorts, discarded by a master four times his size, and the grimy singlet, more holes than substance, a little round yellow hat like a scone perches in happy defiance of the impressive native robes that sweep slowly by on the bicycle of a chief clerk.

By the time I have to go and teach, it has begun, quite suddenly, to be hot, and though the sunlight is not bright there is a glare that makes me put

Photograph of Ife Yoruba memorial figure from THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA by Eliot Elisofon.

on my sunglasses as soon as I leave the house and take the path to the garages. It seems silly to get the car out for a journey of less than half a mile, but the way home will be uphill and the temperature will be between eighty and ninety. I drive past the boys' farms and their quarters, which I try not to see. They are smaller than the garages, more like pigsties than anything else. The women, cooking on their open fires outside, wave to me as I go past, and now the road, developing a tar surface, quickly becomes suburban. There is a notice on the wide grass verge saying "No Farming."

In the distance I can see the bush receding from green to blue, but on either side of me the neat white houses owe more to English ideas of respectable comfort than to any tropical needs, and each tries to hide behind a high transparent hedge. One of them belongs to friends of mine. He lectures in accountancy, she helps me with my dressmaking. I turn into their drive in the hope of finding her at home.

She comes out at once with her great coronet of red-gold hair glittering in the sun.

"Talk of the devil! Can you come in before lunch and see those new dress patterns I got?"

I say I would love to.

"Sorry I can't ask you in sooner, but I've got ever so many things to do before then. I must see that the boy polishes the floor, and then go into town and get my bitties — you know, just a few frozen vegetables and some pickles. I got what I call the big things on Monday, as usual. And then I've the lunch to get. I don't know how I'm going to manage it all."

I nod. The engine is still running.

"Right, then," she says. "I'll expect you half twelve, or more like one."

I drive on to the Arts Block, where I find my class waiting for me, glumly.

I say good morning to them as I take my place at the table they are sitting around, but their six black thick-featured faces just stare toward the center without a reply. The girls always look a little uncomfortable under the stress of this ungracious custom. They come from good families and from boarding schools, run for the most part by nuns and missionaries. The men, in many cases, have been clerks and teachers for some time and have gained the necessary qualifications for entry to the University College by correspondence. Even those who have come straight from school will have led a free, assertive life in the holidays at home, where they will have been regarded as the pride of the village and will often have been made village elders at the age of fifteen or so.

Two and a half years ago, when I first came,

this deliberate lack of response used to rile me. It was as insufferable as the jeering, prurient stare of the big class of general students, who used to lean back on their benches eying me insolently while I tried to make Milton's theology intelligible to them.

From Anglophobe, Afrophil English people they had gleaned the idea that everyone who came from England to lecture to them was a deadbeat who couldn't get a decent job at home and came to Africa to earn three times what he was worth and find out what it was like to have servants and a car. Against the background of this treasured conviction, one lectured to a small group of people who knew themselves to be true intellectuals and the future leaders of their nation, a small group of people who had read about as much as one had read oneself at the age of fourteen and who had never seen another country.

But, happily, this stony beginning is only an external survival from the bad old days. Since then, an unchallengeable testimonial has been found in the person of an Englishman with a large car and a highly paid job with many allowances who was once my pupil in England. Informal relations have been established between me and the individual members of the honors class, who have been several times to my flat for a little of that blend of cramming and light refreshment that all leaders of student opinion claim as the right of every student. It is only in certain circumstances that they feel it necessary to re-erect a foot or two of the old barrier.

The circumstances are, in fact, only one circumstance — the presence of their hero, O. K. There he sits, his oddly pointed head and vivid, vindictive little face bowed toward the table, sending forth waves of prohibition that prevent them from returning my greeting or raising their eyes.

The students are reviewing for their final examination. This morning I tell them to spend twenty minutes planning an answer, which should take forty minutes to write out in full, to some question that I dig out from the back of a notebook. Instead of writing it out, they will spend the forty minutes discussing their notes.

After a short period of doodling, five pencils begin to work steadily. O. K. Balogun, without any hesitation, takes a fountain pen from his pocket, unscrews the cap, writes four half-lines firmly on a large sheet of paper, which he then pushes away from him into a conspicuous position in the middle of the table, screws the cap on his pen again, clips it back in his pocket, looks at me for a moment through his round spectacles, and then, leaning back with folded arms, stares out of the window.

As he did at the moment of the first flare-up,

two and a half years ago. I was new then and coming up to the peak of my disillusionment. In my first few weeks, the questions I had been asked about everything I lectured on or tried to discuss were, "Is this relevant? Shall we get this in the exam?" While the questions implied by the up-and-down look were, "What makes you think you're fit to teach us? What guarantee have we that your information and opinions are sound?" — meaning, acceptable to the London examiners.

On the day O. K. Balogun folded his arms and jerked up his chin at me, I boiled over. I had been lecturing on Matthew Arnold. They wanted me, I imagine, to tell them when he was born and whose influence "we may discern in his work." What I was in fact doing was trying to show where the skin of his poetry fitted and where it hung loose. It interested me; I was enjoying something for the first time in weeks.

When I had finished, I asked if there were any questions. It was then that O. K. barked in his high voice, "Yes, I disagree entirely with what you say. It's entirely destructive, you see. It's easy enough to tear a great writer to pieces —"

He speaks very fast, and his pronunciation of English (possibly for political reasons) is even worse than the average Nigerian's, so I couldn't understand much of the ensuing *accelerando*.

I hung onto the last shreds of self-control long enough to say, "Well, in the first place, Mr. Balogun, you've either not understood me or not listened to much of what I've been saying if you suppose that I'm trying to tear Arnold to pieces. In the second place — well, what's *your* opinion of these two poems?"

Silence.

"Tell us what you think of them and why."

We had the same speech again, faster and longer this time, and while he delivered it, he glanced around the table at the faces of his disciples. At the end something clearer did emerge. His remarks tended toward certain conclusions which, though they were very vaguely defined, I recognized as deriving from an essay by T. S. Eliot.

My anger began to find its way to the surface like scum when I reminded Mr. Balogun that it was his own opinion I had asked for. He cut in with a remark of which I remember only the insolent tone. Before I knew where I was, I had jumped to my feet and banged my books together with all possible force, and exclaiming something preposterous about the impossibility of attempting rational discussion with people who had no idea what it was, in a loud and furious voice, I dismissed the startled class. Startled and, I imagine, delighted.

When they had gone, I found I was sweating and shaking. So much bewilderment, contempt,

and indignation, suppressed for five or six weeks, had burst forth in that unfortunate moment that I was rocking like a steel-framed building in an earthquake. I sat down with my head in my hands and more or less thought about it. "Ignorance . . . bumptiousness . . . pigheaded incompetence" were the words that ricocheted from wall to wall of my mind for uncounted minutes before they fell as dead leaves do when the wind drops and allowed one clear thought to emerge: What a relief to have stopped the farce of polite interest in opinions that were worth nothing. From now on I would not attempt university work anymore, but teach as if this place were a cram school. It was what they wanted and the only thing they had the mental equipment to take in.

My display of thoroughly unacademic feeling gave me many pangs of discomfort, of course, and I felt guilty at having made such a definite contribution to the prevalent atmosphere of antagonism. Diffused throughout the university since long before I arrived, it came to a head a week or two later in a riot that resulted in the students' being suspended in a body for the rest of the term, after destroying several hundred pounds' worth of university property. For all that, my explosion was a good thing for me personally: realism began there.

SEVERAL months later I was irritated to find myself sitting next to O. K. Balogun at a supper party. Our host was a young history lecturer who, unlike the majority of our colleagues, was actively interested in his work. He gave his spare time not to dawdling by the dirty little swimming pool up at the staff club but to the pursuit of his great love, anthropology, spending all the time he could on preparing a survey of the creeks of south-west Nigeria. O. K. came from this area and had given him a lot of help in tours that he had made by canoe and on foot during the vacations.

I was annoyed with Clifford for inviting me without warning me that O. K. would also be there. It was the sort of thing he would do. I liked him, but he shared the touch of self-righteousness common to all the Afrophil members of the English community. It was hinted in the sandals, the beard, and the strictly local decor of his flat.

There were two other students there, a historian and a scientist, both, it soon became clear, to be numbered among O. K.'s disciples. Clifford talked easily to them about student politics, which he evidently knew as intimately as they did. O. K. spoke little. The position he had made for himself among his fellow students had taught him early in life the value of unexpected, cryptic utterance. When he spoke, it was in that rapid machine-gun

mutter I knew so well. At every short burst the other heads turned in his direction, and there was a pause afterward for him to continue if he would. The exaggeration of his usual manner was easily explained. He had just failed his finals. His immediate circle had received their degrees, and he was having to accept the intimacy of the outer ring.

When they had gone, Clifford filled up my glass and said, "I know you don't like him, but it's stupid of you, you know. He's bumptious, of course, but he's got spunk. And which of the others have? Perhaps half a dozen in the whole nine hundred. All the rest amble like sheep toward the fold, where they hope to 'satisfy the examiners,' so that they can go straight into a government post with two thousand a year and a big car. Poor devils, I don't blame them. Every one of them has got his whole family's savings invested in him. But that's all the more reason for cherishing someone who's got here without involving himself in all those obligations and can spare the mental energy to read for the sake of reading and talk for the sake of waking the others up. He has a lot of influence, you know."

"I know," I answered gloomily.

Clifford crowed with rather boyish laughter. "Why do you think that's such a bad thing?"

"You seem to think any influence is better than none, but I don't. He likes them to come to him with all their questions instead of asking themselves. And the answers he gives them are always secondhand, and garbled at that. People who should know better, such as you, make me want to spit — encouraging him to think that sort of thing is brilliant."

"I don't think he's got ability only. I admire him for overcoming great difficulties to get here. I think he deserves encouragement."

"What difficulties?"

"His father died when he and his brother were very young, and an uncle brought them up. He didn't really want to be bothered with them and was pretty unkind to them. He even stood in their way when they tried to win scholarships to school and university. Finally, they ran away and haven't been home since."

"What's the brother like?" I asked.

"Oh, steadier, duller. In government service by now. He'll persuade O. K. to come back."

"Something tells me he will — just," I said, feeling I could foresee the long period of uncertainty and beseeching that the demands of fate would necessitate. O. K. had broadcast far and wide his intention of going straight into journalism.

"Leave the poor little blighter alone!" exclaimed Clifford. "I can't think why you've got your knife into him like this. I suppose it's his nationalism. You're like the rest of them; you hate these people

to show us they've got brains and are willing to fight to re-establish their own ancient culture."

"Good God!" I shouted. "Where's this 'ancient culture'? At Ife? Twenty good bronze heads, probably Portuguese. A few dancing masks. Traditions of human sacrifice and the exposure of twins. And fight? Who's had to fight? 'Don't cant in defense of savages' — Dr. Johnson."

All the same, I had to admit to myself as I drove home that all this put O. K. in rather a different light.

A DAY or two after Clifford's supper party I flew back to England for three and a half months. I was pleased on my return to find what a difference even one leave could make. It had been possible to see one's life here in perspective for a few weeks and to reassure oneself that other things continued to flourish elsewhere and would always be waiting to be taken up again. Besides, one thing that Nigerians enjoy and do tremendously well is welcoming people they know. They beam as they say, "Wel-come!" They inquire after your family, of whom they know nothing. They make you feel that you have been not home but away.

I faced my classes cheerfully, with a firmly planned program and the idea that I could keep everyone up to the mark quite gently and avoid battles. Last year's irresponsibles of the second-year honors class now wore the supercilious looks of the final honors class, and among them sat O. K., wearing a slightly adjusted version of his old leadership, a sort of distinguished rogue-elephant visitor air. I made no comment on his presence. I simply told them what my lectures would be about and on what dates I would expect essays to be handed in.

The first was within ten days. On the eve of the day in question, O. K. presented himself at my front door at 9 P.M. I was surprised.

All he said was, "Good evening," and waited to be asked in.

When I'd given him a glass of beer he unbent so far as to tell me what he had come to see me about, his essay. He couldn't possibly hand it in yet.

"The subject interests me so much, you see. I want to make a big job of it."

If he could treat the subject on a large scale, I said, so much the better. "Then you'll just let me have it as soon as you can?"

"Yes."

There was silence. His glass was empty, and I hoped he would go. But he didn't move, and I thought I had better offer him more beer, which he accepted. Under its influence, he began to talk at some length about himself and his hopes for the future. He meant to return to writing leads for

the *Nigerian*, which he did every vacation, as soon as possible.

"I'm glad you decided not to at once," I said. "Much more sensible to take your degree first."

"I don't think so," he said, his full, reticulated lips pouting more than usual. "It was my father who insisted."

"Your father?"

"Yes. I was working on the *Nigerian*, and he heard, back in the village, that I didn't mean to come back here, you see, and he came to Lagos and followed me to work every day, telling me I must try for my degree again. Every day when I came out of the office, there he was waiting for me, and he followed me home through the streets talking at the top of his voice. He did that every day for a month until I turned around and said, 'All right. I'll go. Now go home.' But he stayed and watched me and came with me in the lorry right into the college compound to make sure."

O. K. told this story with the utmost gloom. Perhaps that was why I laughed. Clifford had been sold a pup, but, after all, I had always known he was the sort of person who would be, simply because he was the type of Englishman who *wants* to be sentimental about Africans.

"Your father won't object to your working on the *Nigerian* once you've got your degree?" I asked.

"Oh, no. It's a good job. But I don't think he'll like my next move."

I tried not to rise to that, but when the pause had become embarrassingly long I felt obliged to say, "And what will that be?"

"Well, when I've saved enough money, I want to start a paper of my own."

After another pause, he went on. "All the newspapers we have in this country are in the pocket of someone or other, you see. We haven't a single independent paper. And they're all hopelessly Europeanized, you see. They talk about England as if it was the most marvelous place, where everyone wanted to go."

"Well, don't they? Why does everyone clamor for scholarships to go to England?"

"They oughtn't to. They all want English art, English books, English pictures, and so on, you see. My paper will teach them to know they've got a far greater culture of their own."

"But do you really *know* your own national art, Mr. Balogun? Do you really do anything about it? Did you go to Fakaye's exhibition in the town last week?"

He looked blank.

"It was arranged by the British Council," I said.

"Oh, yes, I heard," he said. "I was too busy. Anyway, I don't think he's very good."

"If you'd ever seen any of his work, you would,"

I said. "Would it surprise you to know that very few Africans went to the exhibition and that not one bought anything? Everything was sold — to Europeans. And as much more commissioned — by Europeans."

"Fakaye's no good," said O. K., grimacing and tossing off his beer. He got up and helped himself to another cigarette. I looked around for my lighter but found that he had it already.

"Anyway," he said, "before I start my independent paper I think I'd better get some experience in the other parts of the newspaper business, and for that I suppose I'll have to go to England. Could you arrange for me to join the staff of a good English newspaper, say the *Daily Mail* or the *Times*, for a year?"

I told him just what it was he was asking for. He was not a bit abashed. He sat looking at me intently through his spectacles, his sharp, avid face set upon his ambition.

"I do know someone who runs an interesting monthly on his own and is very much interested in Africa," I said at last. "I could ask him if he'd take you on for a year, if you like. Would that do?"

"Yes," he said.

"I can't promise anything, of course."

He nodded, apparently not taking it in. "I think he'll get his notions about Africa straightened out when he knows me," he said.

In the night I woke, and a breath of wind brought the African night sounds into my room. For the first time I didn't feel the lurch of homesickness but a sort of reproach, as if the endlessly urgent shrilling of the cicadas, the raucous complaint of the bullfrogs, and a faint, distant drumming from some village came before me in the ghostly folds of the billowing mosquito net as the face of someone who wanted to like me and be liked in return but had no natural grace. The alien country didn't claim me, but it did, in a surly way, need me.

The essay, of course, never came, but that was a long time ago.

TIME's up," I say. "Now let's hear what you put down."

I go around the table clockwise, beginning with the girl on my left, who reads her notes out in a soft voice that I can hardly hear. This is part of the mannerliness of the well-brought-up Nigerian girl and cannot be cured. She has quite sensible things to say, but rather tame. While she speaks, the slim fingers of one hand move expressively, with a flutter of pink palm. When she pauses here and there I nod, and each time she supplies the assent — "*Uhu!*" — for me.

I ask for comments from the others, which come fiercely. Their idea of a discussion is an indignant debate in which the speaker must be slapped down. Every contribution begins, "I disagree," or, "The previous speaker has said — but —" Time being short by now, I take a reef here and there in arguments we have wound our way through on too many other occasions and pass on to the next man, knowing how long he is going to take.

He can't get going at once or speak quickly. He has to shuffle his papers, moisten his lips, look at me, look back at his notes, and then begin ponderously, "We have before us the question of —" Sooner or later he will say, "Before we can answer that question, we must define poetry."

"No, Mr. Esua," I interrupt quickly, when we get there. "I shouldn't do that if I were you."

It takes him some seconds to get his bearings again, but he eventually goes on. "In order to see how far Hopkins succeeds in fulfilling his aims, we must first ask ourselves what those aims were."

At last we reach O. K., who has listened, or not, with his head bowed over his pages, inscrutable. He now holds up his four lines of notes and from them makes a long, rapid, largely unintelligible speech. What I can gather of the argument is circular, and is designed to contradict a number of my own most frequently repeated opinions.

When the class breaks up, he stays behind to ask if he may speak to me. We sit down again. I gather it is James Joyce we are discussing to begin with, but after about three quarters of an hour we reach the expected account of the forces that will certainly prevent O. K. once more from passing finals. In one category we can place the deficiency of the examination and the prejudice of the examiners; in the other we have his nervous temperament, his constitutional inability to settle down to anything that seems to him a waste of time, his feeling that he *ought* to be writing short stories, and his complete indifference to the fashionable ideal of success. What is it all *for*? Does it make people happy? The sort of people who admire a degree and a big car fill him with a contempt that simply paralyzes his faculties.

I agree that he would certainly do better to enjoy his reading and writing and his life as a student for their own sakes, but I also mention sour grapes.

O. K. either does not know what they are or is just waiting for another chance to speak, for he breaks in: "All the fellows keep bringing me old finals papers, and I have to answer all the questions for them. My essays are out all the time, being read by one fellow or another."

"Look," I say. "This is where the success ideal comes in. If you weren't so anxious to have the fellows sitting at your feet, you'd take finals in your

stride. You're imitating the civilization you despise; that's how we get our nervous breakdowns."

"I laugh," he says (laughing), "because you think I'm neurotic."

I rise to my feet and say wearily, "I wasn't talking about you. But that's the trouble, isn't it? You can't take in anything that isn't you."

I walk to the door, and he follows, chuckling to himself.

"By the way," I say, "I hear you didn't reply to that newspaper offer from England. Why was that?"

He gestures, and sighs for words. "Nigeria's the place for me. England just corrupts Africans. I shall wait for something bigger. One of the leading newspapers would be different — more cosmopolitan. That's what we need, now that we're becoming a world power."

On the way home I stop at Linda's, as bidden. She's sitting at her dressing table, pinning up her lovely red hair, which she has just washed.

"These awful boys!" she says as I enter. "Do you know what *it* did this morning?" — nodding toward her steward, who is sweeping the balcony with his bunch of twigs.

She tells me what he did while I sit on the bed and smoke a cigarette. Mostly I think about O. K., but occasionally sentences get through to me of the sort I collect.

"Well, at length an exhausted Linda dropped into her chair. I had to be revived with strong liquor, I can tell you."

Fortunately, she doesn't need any comments from me; she's too busy with her hair.

"My mother always used to say to me, 'Linda,' she used to say, 'I've given you one wonderful thing and that's — I may not have been able to give you riches,' she used to say, 'or very good health, and you'll find life hard, you take my word for it. You'll have your little ups and downs. You'll have your little weepies, and no one will know, because you're my daughter and you'll face the world with a brave smile. But I have been able to give you *one* thing, and that's your hair.'"

She puts the last clip in place and pats it. "You're very silent. A drink's what you need. Come on down with me, and I'll fix one for each of us. Look at that!" she adds, her voice changing suddenly to scorn. She points out of the window to a long, straggling line of students meandering along the road in the hot sun. They have spent the morning in the chemistry labs and are going back to their halls for lunch.

"Just look," says Linda. "Can you see that lot turning into scientists? What they need is a good stiff dose of England, only they wouldn't appreciate it. They can't *take in* civilization, so what's the use?"



Administrative trust officer from "Financial Cabinet" helps plan family finances



Here an old friend of the family is paying a visit and helping to work out certain vexing financial problems. The couple are beneficiaries of a trust established many years ago by the wife's grandfather. Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company was named as Trustee back around the turn of the century. Over the years we, and the Trust Officers involved, have become close friends and valued counsellors of several members of the family. ☐ Now an emergency has arisen and the group above is discussing the wisdom of expending part of the principal sum of the trust. The facts will be weighed carefully, and as in the

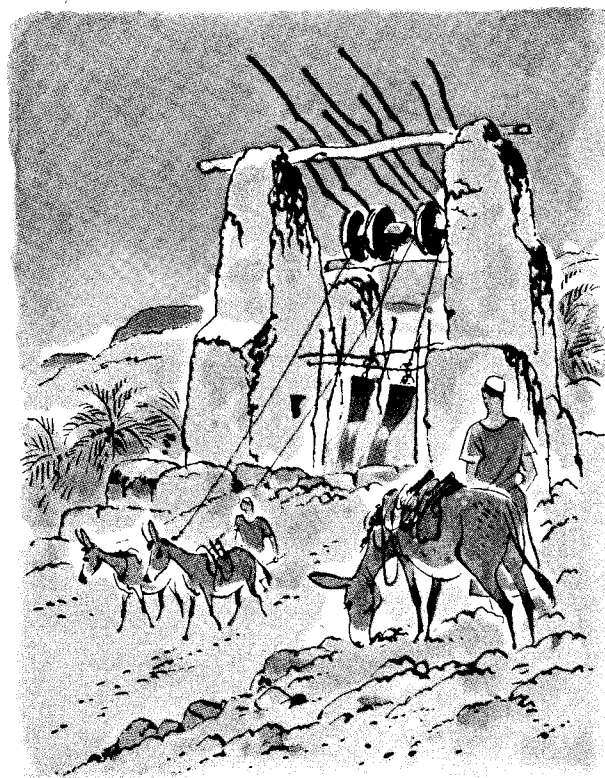
past, the judgment and authority of the Trustee respected. While impartial and fair, we at Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company always take the human side of things into consideration. ☐ Efficient, highly personalized service is a tradition here. A suggestion: write for our complimentary Trust booklet. Our address: 100 Franklin Street, Boston 6, Mass. Telephone Area Code 617 L12-9450.©

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How minding
our own
business
gets a lot of
other things
done

Making the Oasis
Green Again

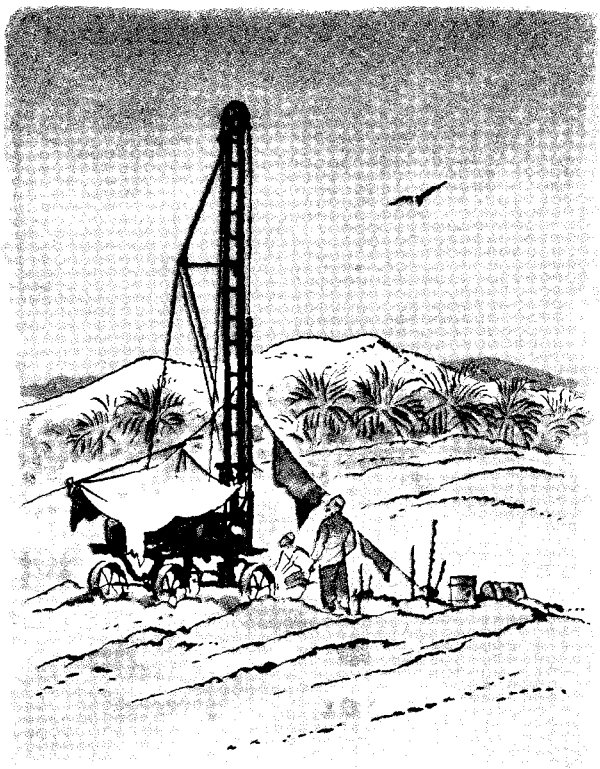
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)



To desert Arabs water is so precious that they say, "Allah made all things of water." From ancient times water from hand-dug wells was meted out with care. ➡



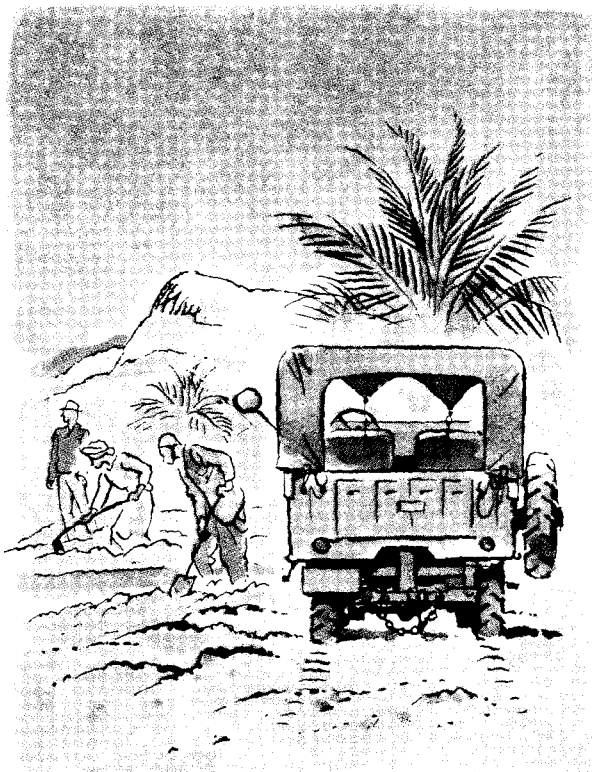
One such area was Qatif Oasis near the Persian Gulf. Formerly a fertile food producer, it had become a brackish swamp. Our affiliate in Saudi Arabia...



Recently, emulating the oil man, the Arabs turned to power-drilling in their search for water. The water became plentiful but it also brought problems.



Without proper control and drainage, it flowed too freely over the land. Evaporating under the hot sun, it left behind harmful salt deposits that fouled the soil.



experienced in engineering and needing fresh produce for its employees, joined with the Saudi Arabian government to work out a water-control program.



Today that program is in effect, and much of Qatif is again green and productive. *Business, conducted with imagination, can produce unexpected benefits.*



LOVING CARE IS NEEDED when you're driving, too!

There are so many ways to express your love for a child—amuse him, caress him, understand him, protect him from hurt and harm.

Because drivers kill and cripple more children than any disease, a car is potentially one of the most dangerous places your child can ever be. So protect him whenever he is in the car—with a seat belt.

If every car owner in America had seat belts in

his car—and used them—we could reduce severe injuries by one-third, deaths by 5,000 a year!

It's terribly important to drive with loving care, always. And to support strict law enforcement in your town, for where laws are strictly enforced, accidents and deaths go down. But can a parent who wants to protect his loved ones and himself possibly overlook the protection afforded by seat belts?



Published to save lives, in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the National Safety Council



There is every evidence of an increasing interest in ATLANTIC poetry. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, twice a year we set aside a number of pages in the ATLANTIC to be devoted to the work of young poets.

THE YOUNG POETS

SAINT JOAN

BY ROBERT NYE

A thing in the form of a woman,
By name of the Pucelle,
Was burned by the soldiers at Rouen
After a proper trial.
She was a relapsed heretic
And excommunicate catholic,
Apostate, idolatress,
Divineress and sorceress;
A devil from Lorraine
Whence devils come
In the dress of women,
As everyone knows.

At Orleans' siege
She blessed and was blessed
In the name of the fiend
That is Messire:
A virgin yet
By cruel desire
A virgin whore
Whom men died for
And she forgot,
Suckling Messire
At her left breast
On their red wounds.

Together they seemed
The siege of Orleans,
The devil and she.
That may as be —
No needy crown,
Devil nor down,
Rainy or kiss
Pucelle is this
Orleans we are
At peace in war:
For I have served a devil well
And shall I serve you ill?

DEATH OF A WAR DOG

BY NEIL BRADFORD OLSON

He lies down to die, his white muzzle
Pointed away from peace, away from the house.

The children will cry, refugee neighbors replace
Their bombed-out tulip bulbs and speak fondly

Of his Stuka cry in their flower beds, the shreds
Of sound wailing down his diving hail of the dead.

I distrusted him, and for his part, he tolerated
Me; we burned together only as the scars in frost.

I was host to his old hostage years, they close
And he shivers his bared fangs at the phantoms

Finally coming clear again in their German-green
Walking coats. To their throats goes the shepherd

Of the nonwag tail. In unfettered flight he
Goes free of the bright and murderous mailman.

Dog dying; strange to the children; eye-glazing —
Waiting after twelve years padding for the shedding

Of his obsolete shell, he hears the hounds of hell
Baying, their belling after proud bones of heroes,

Anciently the dogs of war are running in Argos.
Away from us now, he hears their full crying; yet

It is the generation that is dying! My lingering
Hatred hears his cry, and with the dogs of war,
Goes down to die.

TO LANDLADIES IN GENERAL

And Mine in Particular

BY BRIAN OTIS

You tribes of fury, cardinal in guile,
You horrid, wrangling hags, go threaten hell
With rent; give Lucifer your crocodile
Attentions; lease your fires to him, you fell,
Dread shrews and scolds. What vicious wombs expelled
You here? What breasts have nipped you with gall
And bane to set you stinging; who withheld
The needed growth and harshly farrowed small,
Malignant minds? Your tyrannies are skillful;
Coached in rancor, drilled in grievance, cold,
Tenacious, shrill, you machinate your willful
Harms and claw the helpless world, for gold.

Go deep to die; the grave's a crowded place
Where worms make rooms of you and rent your face
To other worms.

THE BODY OF A MURDERED WETBACK IS FOUND BY CHILDREN IN AN ORANGE GROVE

BY NANCY ISAAC KURILOFF

The smell of violence and oranges hangs
On air and sound. The sibilance of wasps
Aroused by heavier scent than honey sings.

The children found the body. They had planned
Adventures in the hills beyond the grove.
A stream to pan for flecks of fool's gold lured
Them there, and blood-warm garnets, tourmaline,
And veins of chalk to mine until the blue
remorseless granite flinted sparks from spades.
The handle of the knife was pearl, and gay
In sunlight, caught the children's eye. The blood
Hung pendant from the stings of slumbrous wasps.
Although his flesh is darker than their chalk
The children know how knives slip through and glance
From stony ribs: this spark ignites and burns
The heart. His fool's blood glistens through the fear
That sounds and splits the morning. But the adults

Who will run to comfort them will find
The children quiet in the lull of wasps
That clustered, close the dark metallic eyes.

THOUGH I AM ONE

BY PAUL GREENE

*In honor of Imre Nagy, executed
for treason against the state*

Though I am one, and you are many;
Though you are sane, and I am mad;
Though you have analyzed my every secret
And proved me bad:
Because of those you could not cure before me
I laugh in darkness, and do not submit.

Though you have tortured me to make me sane,
Yet I am what I am.
You dub me "Halfwit,"
And I mock you "Man";
So, in your ruthless clinic I remain,
And still I am, and I do not submit.

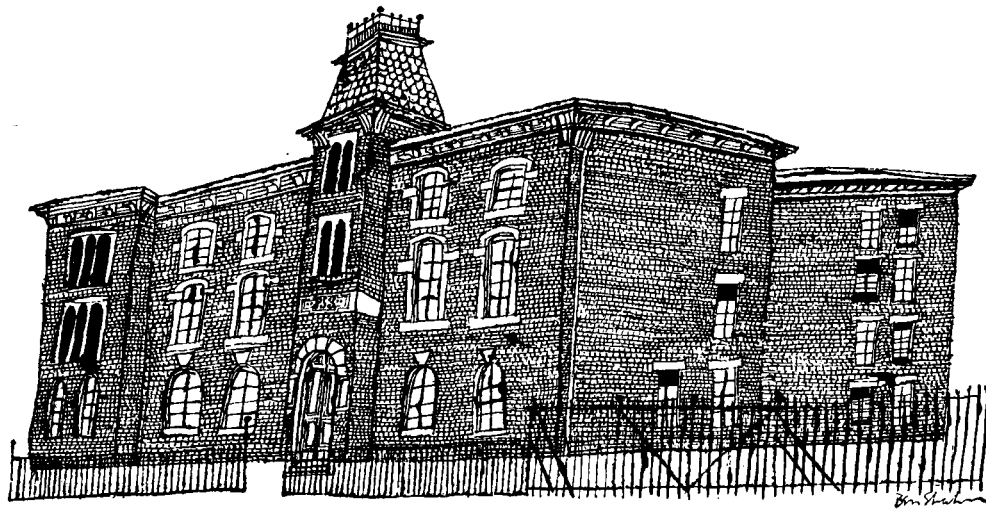
Though you have slain your God and soiled your country
And reasoned reason out of credit,
Trundled from ward to ward, such things shall be
Safe in a halfwit's head; they shall remain
To cheat you, though you change my very brain —
For I am I, and I do not submit.

No, I do not submit, though you change all.
Resume the torments,
Ply the instruments,
Dismember me, bury me bit by bit;
I tell you, fools, I am incurable;
For I am Truth, and I do not submit!

IN THE YEAR OF THE DROUGHT

BY JAMES T. CRENNER

And still no rain. That storm was blown to sea,
West of us, by a nameless wind we could not hear or see.
Clouds in all the shapes of the zoo went by,
Darkly gesturing to us of danger; or perhaps, merely, of good-bye —
They left a smell of moisture clinging to the air,
Vaguely, as though someone had passed a window whistling a familiar air,
One we could not guess. Stiff as wood
We watched, and would have given an arm for rain, or thought we would,
Until evening found us still at the dry well,
Feverish, thinking: what's the use? and: perhaps it's just as well.
And so we stood, all night, embarrassed, in the wind;
And in the empty light of morning we watched a swallow circle and circle.



SLUMS and SCHOOLS by AGNES E. MEYER

Dr. Conant's New Report

While he was still president of Harvard University, James Bryant Conant took an active interest in improving our public schools. His latest book, SLUMS AND SUBURBS, is his best and most courageous, and for an evaluation of it we turn to AGNES E. MEYER, herself a staunch defender of public schools.

IN HIS study of education in American high schools, entitled *The American High School Today*, Dr. James B. Conant encountered the wrath of the teaching profession, largely because he proved that our bright students were not working hard enough. With his latest book, *Slums and Suburbs*, in my opinion the most important of Dr. Conant's reports on education, he has brought down upon himself the wrath of Negro leadership and that of our sentimental liberals who, with more heart than head, favor desegregation of our public schools regardless of its effect upon the education and the welfare of Negro children. In addition, he has shocked those who wrongly believe that the Supreme Court decision of 1954 makes all segregation in our schools illegal.

I have long admired Dr. Conant's courageous defense of our public schools and his insight into their fundamental importance to the future of democracy. We met on various occasions many years ago, when he was president of Harvard University, sometimes at huge national conventions of teachers, sometimes at small suburban gatherings, and in the halls of Congress, where we were both arguing for higher standards of public education and for federal aid to the public schools. It was heartening to me that the president of

Drawing by Ben Shahn.

Harvard University, who, as a distinguished chemist, was also deeply involved in the development of atomic energy, could find the time to take an active part in the struggle to improve the schools and to express his conviction that higher education could not be improved unless the foundation of our educational system, the public schools, was strengthened throughout the nation.

Let me confess that his initial report was a disappointment to me, largely because the title, *The American High School Today*, promised too much. Obviously, Dr. Conant was obliged to set limits to his task. He chose the comprehensive high schools, which enroll a third of the high school population and exist chiefly in smaller cities, of ten to sixty thousand inhabitants. I rebelled against Dr. Conant's arbitrary figure of 15 per cent of the student body as comprising the gifted ones who alone should be encouraged to pursue an academic career. The other 85 per cent were brushed off as fit only to be trained in "marketable skills" with as much academic work as such a vocational curriculum would permit. The Council on Basic Education has just issued a report that 35 per cent of our schoolchildren are seriously retarded in reading, and 40 per cent more are not reading as well as they might. Surely

these children, with remedial-reading lessons, could learn even in high school to prepare themselves to cope with academic work instead of being relegated to Dr. Conant's 85 per cent who are to be excluded from the elite.

I agreed enthusiastically, however, with Dr. Conant's just criticisms of the curriculum in our large high schools, his insistence on continuity of study in the fundamental academic subjects, his accusation that our bright boys, and especially our bright girls, are not encouraged to work hard enough, and instead of doing homework are allowed to fritter away their energies in senseless afterschool activities. These accusations, made by so distinguished an educational authority, stung the pride of the teaching profession. Instead of admitting these shortcomings, the educators pounced on Dr. Conant's call to greater excellence and greater student motivation by denouncing his program as "aristocratic," because he insisted that any bright high school student could readily carry five, rather than the traditional four, academic subjects a year.

IN HIS new book on schools in the metropolitan areas, *Slums and Suburbs*, Dr. Conant fills the lacunae of his first volume and, by citing the records of six so-called lighthouse schools, confounds the critics who maintain that his demands on American youth are too severe. For these six high schools, and he could have cited more, prove beyond doubt that five academic subjects can be carried successfully by any bright boy or girl without undue tension and strain.

His latest volume has met with sharp criticism from another direction. It has aroused the indignation of Negro leadership. Since the education of Negro children should progress with all deliberate speed, their parents ought to realize that Dr. Conant's advice for the improvement of education in the large Negro ghettos of our big Northern cities is sound. In fact, of his several valuable treatises on American education, *Slums and Suburbs* is the most important one Dr. Conant has written.

He points out that the prime responsibility of schools, instruction and learning, is hampered if students — white or Negro — are disturbed, sick, or hungry and their parents are irresponsible or, worse, in prison or on probation. Dr. Conant dismisses as irrelevant the academic curriculum demanded of the comprehensive high schools. "The nature of the community," he says, "largely determines what goes on in the school. Therefore to attempt to divorce the school from the community is to engage in unrealistic thinking, which might lead to policies that could wreak havoc with the

school and the lives of children. The community and the school are inseparable." Given the unavoidable social responsibilities of the urban slum school, what becomes of our democratic boast of equality of opportunity when the wealthy suburban communities spend \$1000 a year per child and the large cities less than half that amount?

Dr. Conant's book is thus a powerful appeal to the American conscience, an appeal for justice to our Negro fellow citizens all the more effective because it is based on his scientific analysis of grim facts. But the calm objectivity of the scholar is shaken by the shock of discovery, of his exposure to the sordid living conditions in the slums and their effect on the process of education. As a result, he makes a passionate appeal for equality of opportunity for the Negro child, which brings into sharp focus the heights and depths of American culture.

"I have walked through school corridors in slum areas and, looking into classrooms, have seen children asleep with their heads on their hands. Is this situation the result of poor teachers without either disciplinary control or teaching ability? No, the children asleep at their desks have been up all night with no place to sleep or else have been subject to incredibly violent family fights and horrors through the night. Checking into one case, a principal told one of my staff that after climbing six flights of a tenement he found the boy's home — one filthy room with a bed, a light bulb, and a sink. In the room lived the boy's mother and her four children. I might add that it is not unusual for teachers in these schools to take home with them children with no place to go at night." Seeing through Dr. Conant's eyes, I felt as if I were being confronted with such misery for the first time. I share his indignation when he adds: "It is after visits to schools like these that I grow impatient with both critics and defenders of public education who ignore the realities of school situations to engage in fruitless debate about educational philosophy, purposes, and the like. These situations call for action, not hair-splitting arguments."

The actions he prescribes are definite and salutary.

The most acute problem in Negro slums is unemployment of youths between sixteen and twenty-one. It ranges from 17 per cent on a nationwide average to 70 per cent in some areas. This is social dynamite, says Dr. Conant. It is not the sole cause of delinquency and crime, but it is a major contribution to them. The educational experience of youth should fit their subsequent employment. Vocational training should be upgraded. One solution lies in study and work programs. An auto-mechanics shop for boys

should exist in every metropolitan high school. But the best vocational training does no good whatever when it prepares boys and girls for non-existent jobs. Indeed, highly trained Negro boys and girls who cannot find a market for their skills are apt to become all the more embittered.

Racial discrimination now makes unemployment chronic for the Negro male, North and South. In the largest cities, the employment of youth is literally nobody's affair. Discrimination extensively practiced by employers and unions is a serious roadblock. Effective placement services and the cooperation of labor-management committees are essential; the obligation of the school should not end when the students drop out of school or graduate. Guidance officers ought to be given the responsibility of follow-up from the time pupils leave school until they are twenty-one years of age. This total program will cost money for additional staff. Not only more guidance officers but more teachers, and higher salaries for them, are necessary, as well as special training programs for teachers in slum schools. They must enlist the interest of parents in the slum areas through adult-education programs.

Indeed, the whole problem of financing public education in the large cities is a major national concern. Federal aid to improve education in our urban slums is essential if we are to avoid serious social unrest. For a mass of unemployed and frustrated Negro youth in congested areas of a city may be compared to the piling up of inflammable material in an empty building in a city block. Potentialities for trouble are surely there. What can words like "freedom," "liberty," and "equality of opportunity" mean to these young unemployed Negroes? How well prepared are they to face the struggle with Communism, which shows no signs of abating? Our success against the spread of Communism in no small measure depends upon the successful operation of our own free society.

Dr. Conant makes it crystal clear that he is much more concerned about the plight of urban parents whose children drop out of or graduate from school without prospects of further education or employment than about the plight of suburban parents whose chief ambition is to enter their children, regardless of intellectual qualifications, in prestige colleges. Moreover, he urges suburbanites to take an active interest in improving urban education.

"I have sought to create anxious thoughts in the minds of the conscientious citizens who, while living in the suburbs, work in the city," declares the author. "To improve the slum schools requires an improvement in the lives of the families who inhabit the slums; but without a drastic

change in the employment prospects for urban Negro youth, little can be accomplished. We need to know the facts of urban educational problems. When these facts indicate a dangerous social situation the American people should be prepared to take prompt action before it is too late."

WITHOUT becoming an alarmist, Dr. Conant, in *Slums and Suburbs*, makes a most ardent and effective plea for equal educational opportunities for Negro children and for their parents. Nevertheless, he has been severely criticized by Negro leaders, by "professional" friends of the Negro, and by many other advocates of school desegregation who feel that he has hurt their cause by his treatment of this stormy, emotion-laden problem. What does Dr. Conant actually say? First, he makes the point that the Supreme Court decision declared "the segregation of children in public schools *solely* on the basis of race" illegal. In other words, *de jure* segregation as practiced in the South is condemned by the Court, but *de facto* segregation, which is unavoidable in huge Negro ghettos, is a very different situation. "The justices," he points out, "appear to have expressed no view as to whether the pupils in a completely Negro school are deprived of equal educational opportunity if they are not assigned solely because of their race. In short, if one group of children is separated from another group because of the neighborhood in which they live, the fact of this separation is, of and by itself, no evidence of an inequality of education." Whether the facilities and instruction are equal is to be determined by examining the schools. To assume that Negro education can be satisfactory only if in each schoolroom there are some white children is, in Conant's opinion, to take a defeatist view of Negro education in our large cities. I agree with him in his belief that a sense of inferiority can be removed by the expenditure of sufficient money to augment staff and facilities and by an integrated staff of white and Negro administrators and teachers.

The situation in New York City, where Negro children have been transported by bus to distant white schools, has proved that this is a trivial, costly, ineffective solution to desegregation, and in the case of the elementary-school children, may even be detrimental. There are in the New York City school system about 170,000 Negro children in the kindergarten and grades one to eight. Of these, slightly more than 6000, or a little more than 3 per cent, are transported to white schools. How was this token group chosen? I do not know, but if such an experience is essential for all Negro children, it seems a great injustice to the vast majority,

since tossing 170,000 children around the city is impossible. Why make an exception for a handful? Why not use the money, instead, for improving the schools?

Moreover, is it not too great a strain for Negro children to have to journey every day to a remote white school for a few hours, and then return to their Negro neighborhoods? I discussed this procedure with some Negro high school students in another city, who, after attending a distant white high school, had returned to their Negro high school, and I am convinced that artificial desegregation is harmful. "When I left my friends and went to the white high school," said one tall young athlete, "it made me so nervous to compete with white children who are strangers to me that my hands would sweat." What, then, does being tossed between a strange white school and a familiar Negro neighborhood do to a little boy or girl?

Another point is of major importance. How can the teacher in some remote white school know the imported Negro child's home and background? Yet, without such knowledge, she is handicapped in teaching the child. No, the little elementary-school children are much better off in their community schools, with their friends, in a familiar background, even though it may be a slum.

Take, for example, the situation in Washington, D. C., where *de jure* segregation used to exist. The schools have now been integrated as far as this was possible. But the Capital still has, and always will have, all-Negro schools, because 81 per cent of the children are Negroes, and their ratio to white students has been increasing annually. Many schools cannot be desegregated except as to the teachers, since there are not enough white students to make it possible. This does not mean that these Negro children are receiving an inferior education. More of them go to college every year. This fact proves Dr. Conant's point that the Negro child in an all-Negro school does not suffer from a harmful sense of inferiority, provided that the children and their parents realize that they are not segregated on the basis of race, but out of sheer necessity.

The attacks on Dr. Conant's position are unjust. He is as much opposed to *de jure* segregation as any other law-abiding truly democratic American. Gerrymandering a district is just as abhorrent to him as *de jure* segregation. But I agree with him that "it would be far better for those who are agitating for the deliberate mixing of children to accept *de facto* segregated schools as a consequence of a present housing situation and to work

for the improvement of slum schools whether Negro or white." This is in the best interests of the Negro and of the nation. It is, indeed, the only hope for upgrading the education, both academic and vocational, of the total Negro population in our Northern cities.

Since these cities contain almost half of our Negro population, the improvement of Negro education and job opportunities is the quickest route to raising the economic and social status of the race.

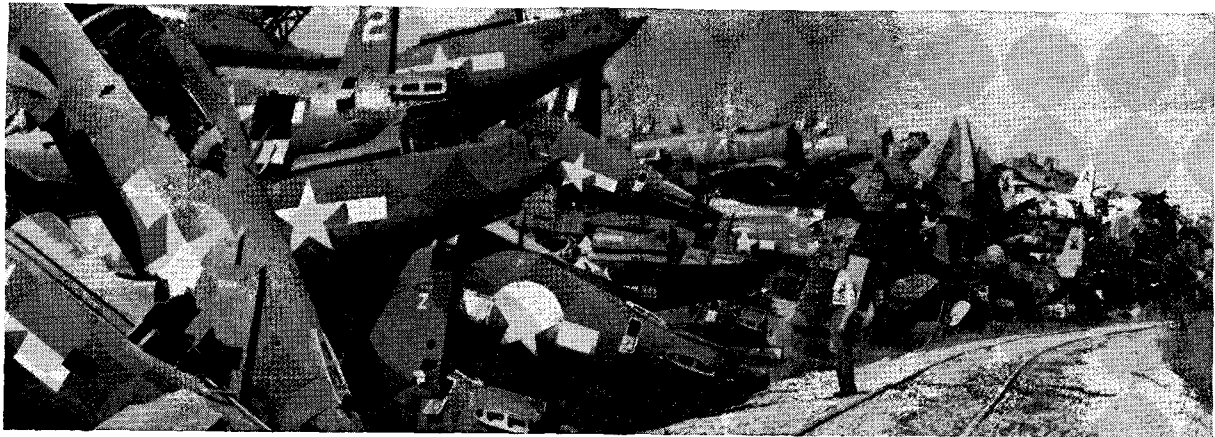
These improvements cannot be achieved as rapidly as they should without federal aid. The Negroes should not be afraid to use their considerable political power to urge passage by Congress of a bill for federal aid to public schools. Nor should they fear that segregation will be strengthened in the South if the all-Negro schools benefit by federal assistance. If the segregated Southern schools were made wholly equal in the quality of staff and facilities, white children would not travel for miles to go to a white school. They would go to the nearest Negro school and thus contribute in many areas to a voluntary process of desegregation.

But Negroes should insist that federal aid be refused to all private and sectarian schools. For nothing would segregate the Negro more effectively and permanently, both in the North and the South, than the proliferation of private schools, which are free to select their student bodies, and which, in any case, most Negroes cannot afford to attend. If the federal government should yield to the pressures, now heavier than ever before in the nation's history, for the support of private schools, the public schools would become pauper schools in our large cities, attended only by Negroes and poor whites.

The struggle to improve education of the urban slum schools, Negro or white or desegregated, will triumph more quickly if Dr. Conant attains his goal of arousing the conscience of our country.

Equality is the moral imperative of our era. The problem is how best to achieve it. If Negro leaders and Negro parents accept Dr. Conant's sage advice, I am convinced that his latest book, *Slums and Suburbs*, will prove to be a turning point in the history of their race, and eventually they will be grateful to him.

Not satisfied with the wound stripes he has already earned, Dr. Conant is now engaged in a study of teacher education and training. Other people have been known to step into a hornet's nest, but not deliberately. I can only say with more devoutness than I usually feel: I pray the Lord his soul will keep.



Photograph courtesy of Press Association, Inc.

THE LIMITS OF DEFENSE

by Arthur I. Waskow

The arms race with nuclear weapons is the central and most terrifying reality we live with today. What are the true limits of our national defense, and what hope is there for a rational alternative to war? A graduate of Johns Hopkins, ARTHUR I. WASKOW served as legislative assistant to Congressman Robert W. Kaslenmeier of Wisconsin from 1959 to 1961. The following study will form part of his new book, to be published by Doubleday.

UNTIL recently in our national history, Americans believed that when wars were thrust upon us, the United States could win them, or, at the very least, could successfully defend its basic interests. But since 1945 we have discovered limits to our own defense. The impact of the atomic bomb and its successors has persuaded many makers of military policy that a modern war could not be won, and that in such a war defense of American interests might well be impossible.

If victory and defense were both outmoded, policy makers asked themselves, what goal could there be for American military power? They decided that our military power must be so disposed as to prevent wars from beginning. The new goal is deterrence.

Adopting deterrence as the key to policy has, however, opened the door to a vigorous debate over how deterrence should be carried out. Some thinkers argue that comparatively controlled wars are still acceptable possibilities. These might range from a thermonuclear attack on military targets instead of people down to a small-scale rebellion in some nation on the periphery of American interest and alliance. For such lesser wars, defense is, therefore, still important, according to this group of thinkers. Others disbelieve that any thermonuclear war can be a controlled or limited war, and insist that defense applies only to nonthermonuclear, or only to nonatomic, wars.

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The debates over deterrence are also concerned with how best to preserve both life and liberty. Americans, as Patrick Henry once pointed out, should hold liberty more dear than life and be ready to die to protect liberty. But a nation of corpses is not free. Today life and liberty are opposite sides of a coin. Deterrence must protect them both. That means it must prevent war, prevent our conquest by foreign tyranny, and prevent our surrendering liberty to homegrown tyranny in a mistaken belief that such a surrender would protect liberty.

Both domestically and internationally, the technological and political heat and pressure of the twentieth century have welded together the means the American people use and the ends they hold. Only a defense made up of peaceful acts can protect the peace, since warlike acts, even done only in self-defense, are so highly threatening as to start a spiral of more warlike acts. Only a defense based on continuing democratic decisions can protect democracy, since the time span of thermonuclear weapons rules out appeal to the people or their representatives even on the most basic issues of life and death.

THE COUNTERFORCE THEORY OF DETERRENCE

One theory of deterrence argues that it is still possible to fight a counterforce thermonuclear war

against the enemy's military forces. Much of the population, and with it the fabric of society, of the warring powers would be allowed to remain intact.

Counterforce theorists argue that if such a war were fought, American society could face the prospect of survival and renewal, regarding it as unappetizing but acceptable. They admit, however, that damage to the United States would be unprecedentedly great, and therefore they sometimes refer to prevailing, rather than winning, in such a war. "Prevailing" essentially means the bare defense of vital American interests.

This theory is most strongly and widely held by officers in the Air Force, though some officers in the other services accept it.¹ The Air Force has possessed atomic weapons much longer than the other services. Its theorists have become habituated to the concept of atomic warfare and skilled in its potentialities. They react to the Soviet thermonuclear capability not by deciding that thermonuclear war is too dangerous for the United States to consider, but by working out a refinement of thermonuclear war which they hope will not be too dangerous. The Air Force has constructed various models of what several possible wars might be like. The dominant characteristic of these models is that they require intense self-control from both sides in such wars, self-control based on a coldly rationalistic analysis of self-interest.

The Air Force suggests that war is most likely to start through the Soviet bloc's launching a major atomic strike at the United States, which would knock out as much as possible of the American atomic striking force. With what was left of its atomic forces, the United States would have to return the blow. The major decision would be whether to retaliate against Communist cities or forces. But an attack against cities would leave enemy atomic forces intact for a second blow, and this blow would come against American cities in revenge for the annihilation of Communist cities. Since American cities cannot be adequately protected against H-bomb attack, such a return blow would destroy American society. For that reason, the Air Force would aim the American retaliatory attack at Soviet atomic missile and bomber bases, hoping to smash as much as possible of the Soviet thermonuclear capability without destroying Soviet society.

Counterforce theorists argue that the initial Communist attack would be directed at American forces, not cities, for reasons that are a mirror

image of American reasons for striking back at forces, not cities. Each side would thus find it to its own interest to restrict its attack extremely carefully.

This belief in self-control leads counterforce theorists to their second major point, that American society would not be absolutely destroyed by such a war. These theorists estimate that up to thirty million Americans might die, but they believe that after absorbing the first blow, the United States (and Communist governments also) would continue to act by carefully rational calculations, in an attempt to minimize destruction. They believe it likely that neither side would try to destroy the other's capital and government, since each side would want to have the other's authorities intact, able to negotiate or surrender.

What basic requirements would our weapons systems have to meet in order to be able to fight a second-strike counterforce war? American thermonuclear weapons would have to be made relatively invulnerable in order to survive the first enemy attack, and be powerful and numerous enough to destroy enemy atomic forces that would be similarly protected. The American population would have to be separated from American forces, so that it would sustain as little damage as possible. This separation could be accomplished partly by physical distance between cities and missile or airplane bases, but people in the cities would also have to be protected against radioactive fallout.

The Air Force can also imagine a second kind of war, one beginning with a major Communist attack upon some area less crucial to American defense than the United States itself — for example, an invasion of western Europe, or a take-over of West Berlin, or even a Communist revolution in a strategic Latin American country. In such cases, the Air Force argues, the United States should threaten to use its thermonuclear power in order to make the Communists back down, and then strike first to punish them if they refuse. The American threat or attack could be scaled according to the size of the Communist provocation — perhaps ten Soviet cities as punishment for invading western Europe; perhaps a single city for capturing Berlin. This American punitive strike would have to be directed against the enemy's atomic forces also, in order to prevent his retaliating. Fallout shelters would be no protection against direct H-bomb attack, and therefore, the United States, before attacking, would have to evacuate Americans from the large cities to huge blastproof and fireproof shelters previously dug under rural areas.

In this counterforce-plus war, as well as in pure counterforce theory, the crucial belief is that

¹ Wherever "Air Force," "Army," or "Navy" is used to identify a strategy, the theory so identified is not necessarily the official view of that service but is the leading opinion among its officers.

H-bomb wars can still be made to follow the nineteenth-century rules: Wars can be won. Predominant fighting force is necessary to win the war. Fighting forces can be kept distinct from the nation. The nation can with self-control use the fighting forces to thrust and parry, as a duelist can use his sword.

OBJECTIONS TO COUNTERFORCE THEORY

That a thermonuclear war would actually be fought in the fashion counterforce theorists suggest seems impossible. The key factor, the separation of atomic forces and the population, is most doubtful.

A close look at the present deployment of Air Force missiles shows that in practice our forces, including anti-aircraft installations, have not been separated from our people and probably could not be. Nor does separation through civil defense seem workable. Evacuations to blast shelters would actually encourage the enemy to attack pre-emptively.

The proponents of fallout shelters assume a two-week stay and never explain why an enemy confronted with a defense based on this assumption should restrict himself to a two-week war when he could easily nullify the shelters by reserving some weapons to fire at the end of two weeks. A difficult and expensive program of civil defense can be rendered useless as an element in counterforce strategy by relatively easy and inexpensive actions on the part of the enemy.

For other reasons as well, the enemy will be tempted to increase the power of his attack. As our missiles are made harder to find and destroy, the Soviets might decide to take no chances on distinguishing forces from population, but, instead, to attack at one stroke the whole of American society, both forces and population, using high-burst pattern bombing across the whole American continent or extremely dirty radioactive H-bombs. The suggestion that trying to build a sophisticated counterforce system would merely bring about an increase in violence should not be surprising. Certainly the history of twentieth-century wars is that, as either side diffuses its armed might more effectively, the other side's reaction is to raise the ante. When this process shocked us in World War II, we learned to call it "total war." In the final step toward making war total, forces and population would be inextricably mixed as the victims of attack.

The second premise of the counterforce theorists is the belief that rational control over the fighting of a thermonuclear war will be possible after that war has begun. But rational control must rest on extremely effective communications,

and communications would surely be one of the first casualties of a thermonuclear war. There will be extreme difficulty even in assessing the damage caused by the first exchange of strikes. Any American government that is still functioning after the attack will have to give orders without knowing its own surviving defenses, the power left to its own striking force, or the targets still requiring destruction in the enemy's territory.

In fact, a government may have great difficulty in delivering its orders at all. Electric-power, radio, and telephone lines will be down. Jamming devices will be used by the enemy to prevent orders to fire from reaching their destinations. Small groups of atomically armed forces will have to make their own decisions about what kinds of attacks to mount against the enemy. Meanwhile, some American cities would have been destroyed, either because they were too close to missile bases or because of inaccuracy in aiming and firing. Some field commanders without orders and surrounded by chaos might succumb to insane fear and hatred and end up firing H-bombs at everything in sight. The same process would be taking place on the enemy side, and attacks might be deliberately made on American cities. In short, a counterforce war would probably result in the collapse of both nations involved.

The most serious doubts of all are cast on counterforce theory by the likelihood that, far from deterring war, it would actually tend to bring war on. Counterforce strategy would almost inevitably reward the nation that struck first. The nation to absorb the first strike would have great difficulty in finding enough weapons to outweigh the enemy's strength. When a crisis begins, each side will try to discern that moment at which the enemy intends to fire, and each side will try to anticipate that moment. And each nation will realize that the other is trying to do this. With the pressure so enormous and the stakes so high, there can be little doubt that each side would be forced to try to fire first, pre-empting the other's attack.

Finally, counterforce theory would endanger our liberty because it would require an endless arms race. We would try to discover and build new weapons that could destroy the enemy's forces, and he would be accelerating his own arms program in the attempt to keep up with our improvements. We would be building more and deeper shelters in a desperate race to keep ahead of his new weapons. In constantly increasing taxes, in constantly proliferating controls over raw materials and labor, in constantly harsher attacks upon minority dissent, in constantly more severe restrictions on publication of government information, the costs of counterforce strategy would

mount forever. Free enterprise and free speech would probably be early victims.

THE THEORY OF THE BALANCED DETERRENT

The second major theory of deterrence is built on the belief that any thermonuclear war may easily become a total thermonuclear war, and that all thermonuclear wars must therefore be prevented. Supporters of this view have concluded that to win or to lose any thermonuclear war is inconceivable, and any such war will end in the destruction of American society.

These theorists believe in deterring war by making it absolutely clear to all the world that war could not possibly have any result but disaster. They propose to do this by deliberately increasing the terror of war to the nth power, by deliberately aiming our H-bombs at the cities of Communist nations. Their hope is that the result of making thermonuclear wars irremediably disastrous will be the elimination of all but limited wars fought with tactical atomic weapons or with conventional weapons. They believe that such wars can be won if American and Western capabilities for fighting them are strengthened.

Because this program requires the creation of a thermonuclear deterrent on the one hand and of a limited-war capability on the other, it is often called the "balanced deterrent." The theory of the balanced deterrent appeals especially to the officers of the older services, the Army and Navy. In those two services a strong attempt has been made to keep war within the limits of traditional military and naval tactics.

Theorists of the balanced deterrent first examine how to deter thermonuclear war as completely as possible. They conclude that if both the United States and its chief enemies have great masses of citizens open to atomic attack — in a sense, being held as hostages — and that if on both sides the atomic forces to mount an attack are themselves invulnerable and are powerful enough to destroy enemy cities but not the protected enemy forces, the attack will never be mounted. The theory is that any nation which struck first under such circumstances would be condemning its own people, its economy, its government, its very existence to death. For its attack would not be able to destroy its enemy's invulnerable atomic force, and the enemy would then strike back at civilians.

The Navy believes that the invulnerable deterrent is to be found in its Polaris submarine, driven by atomic motors and armed with thermonuclear missiles capable of destroying cities but not hardened missile sites. The argument runs that the Polaris can cruise the oceans in secrecy, ready to strike but with every incentive not to do so

unless the United States is struck first. Always at sea, the Polaris would avoid attracting an attack against the continental United States. For an attack would have no purpose if it left the Polaris still capable of striking.

To deter or answer provocations less than all-out war, balanced-deterrent theorists look to modernized tactical forces able to fight limited wars, ranging from the scale of World War II down to a Laotian-style infiltration. In limited wars, the Army and Navy would use foot soldiers on the spot and the fleet to support them. But four important factors compel modernization of these old-style warriors: the numerical advantage in population of the Sino-Soviet bloc over the United States and its military allies; the totalitarian organization of the Communist states, which permits them to conscript greater proportions of their men and resources for military uses; the far-flung frontier from which Communist tactical attack might come at any moment; and the development of a new Communist tactic of combined infiltration, subversion, and guerrilla warfare.

The Army and Navy feel that these four factors require increases in the mobility and numbers of Western tactical forces. They demand an airlift capability that could transport infantrymen to any part of the world in sizable force within hours. They urge that sizable fleets, floating off the shores of critical areas, be ready to deposit American Marines on land at a moment's notice. They believe that every attempt should be made to increase the numbers of allied soldiers available to integrated Western commands. This last requirement has emphasized the need for building a strong German army and for increasing military aid to nations on the Communist periphery that cannot afford to support large armies.

Recent Communist successes in areas like northern Laos have persuaded some theorists of the balanced deterrent that a new component is needed for our limited-war arsenal: commando fighters and specialists in infiltration, to combat internal subversion and revolution.

The one matter on which the theorists of the balanced deterrent disagree is the question of increased firepower for tactical forces. Some believe that the West will find it extremely difficult, despite added mobility and increased military aid, to catch up with the Sino-Soviet bloc in the number of available soldiers. They therefore insist that the West's presumed technological superiority must fill the gap, and that atomic or chemical or biological weapons must be placed in the hands of Western armies to be used against hordes of Sino-Soviet invaders.

Other balanced-deterrent theorists believe that atomic, chemical, and biological weapons would

spread tactical war into general war. These men argue that the only observable limits are defined by the so-called conventional weapons, that once war goes beyond this limit, there is no way of stopping either side from employing still more powerful weapons, including the H-bomb.

Theorists of the balanced deterrent believe that their system would prevent thermonuclear war and make possible American or Western victory in old-fashioned wars.

OBJECTIONS TO BALANCED DETERRENCE

The doubt is whether any weapon can be made permanently invulnerable, as the balanced deterrent requires. In fact, even now the Polaris is probably vulnerable. The range of its missiles is so short and many Communist cities are so far from navigable oceans that to be capable of hitting them, the Polaris submarine must circle quite close to Communist coasts, within easy range of enemy planes. To launch its missiles, the submarine must release enormous and easily detected bursts of energy. The firing of just one of its missiles may immediately alert enemy aircraft to the position of the Polaris submarine and cause it to be destroyed before it releases more than a few of its sixteen missiles.

Refinements of the Polaris may, of course, add to its range and to its ability for self-concealment. But there will undoubtedly also be refinements in ways of detecting and attacking submarines. The same problem would apply to other supposedly invulnerable weapons. The invulnerable deterrent cannot stand still, it cannot halt the arms race. It can only give rise to a slightly different kind of arms race.

Understanding among some theorists of the unstable effect produced by the research race has led to suggestions for combining the balanced deterrent with international inspection of laboratories, factories, and weapons. This approach is what may be called "arms control only" — keeping the existing weapons, but inspecting them to prevent their improvement. The amount of inspection needed would be as great as that needed for total disarmament, and the atmosphere for inspection — because the weapons and their threat would still exist — would be far more inimical to effective control than the atmosphere obtaining under total disarmament. For this and other reasons, most military supporters of Polaris think it is more sensible constantly to improve the invulnerable deterrent than to seek inspection to freeze further research.

By its nature, the Polaris would add to, rather than reduce, the so-called nth-country problem. Silent underneath the ocean, the Polaris subma-

rine is unidentifiable. As nuclear knowledge spreads across the world, no one will ever be sure what nation might order a thermonuclear blow — scarcely a stable situation.

The other element of the balanced deterrent, tactical readiness, is also open to severe criticism. High firepower in terms of atomic, chemical, or biological weapons is clearly capable of leading to a thermonuclear war. To defend Europe by firing tactical nuclear weapons the size of the Hiroshima bomb at invading armies would leave little of Europe to defend, and Europeans would be certain to demand that the war be ended by using thermonuclear weapons against the enemy.

Those who have proposed paramilitary, or guerrilla, warfare by the West have been extremely naïve in their understanding of guerrilla warfare. Those theorists who emphasize the role of paramilitary forces seem to think that American commandos can operate as guerrillas in other countries in the same way that North Vietnamese Communists act as guerrillas in South Vietnam. Successful guerrillas are not merely underground soldiers in an alien land. They need the support of the population and get it by demanding, or pretending to demand, social and economic reforms that would benefit the population around them. If the United States is prepared, with huge amounts of economic aid, to support social revolution even against Western business and political associates in the local governments, it is not necessary to send commando fighters. If we refuse to support basic social changes, sending commandos will not stop Communist guerrillas, because our commandos will not get popular support.

The military-aid aspect of balanced-deterrent strategy has tended to prevent the United States from supporting the needed social changes in many underdeveloped countries. Armies aided by the West, since they use up, for noneconomic purposes, whatever wealth might be available for economic development, ally themselves with the status quo of poverty and ignorance. Armies built on this basis can only try to hold down the violence born of desperation. When their holding action fails, the Communists benefit from the identification of the West with the repressive army.

Tactical readiness leads to a dilemma. Depending on increased firepower, and therefore on tactical nuclear weapons, makes too easy the expansion of the conflict in area and its increase in violence. But not depending on increased firepower would force the West in underdeveloped areas into either a useless attempt at quasi guerrilla warfare or a self-stultifying attempt at arming Asian, African, and Latin American ruling groups. The dilemma leads on the one hand to thermo-

nuclear war, and on the other hand to the continued Communization of the uncommitted world.

An attempt by the West to meet this dilemma by matching the Sino-Soviet alliance in sheer numbers of men under arms would be disastrous. The effect would be that of permanent limited wars, like those in Korea and Algeria, limited in the amount of violence allowable, so that no victory could be won, but seemingly unlimited in the length of time they might last. During these wars, the United States and France each experienced great pressures at home against keeping the war limited, and also great pressure against democratic civil liberties. During the three short years of the Korean War, the United States had to deal with MacArthurism and McCarthyism. What would be the effect of twenty-five or fifty such years?

In the very short run, the balanced deterrent would undoubtedly be safer than a counterforce strategy, but it would only be useful as a way of getting the time to move to new solutions.

THE MIX: STRATEGIES CONFOUNDED

Another theory is that the existence of potentially unstable and unpredictable situations may guarantee actual stability. If a would-be aggressor does not know what might happen, he will stay his hand and nothing will happen. On this belief there has been constructed the theory of the "Mix," calling for the simultaneous existence, side by side, of all the weapons and strategies involved in both the counterforce and balanced-deterrent theories, all of them available for use in order to confound prediction.

Support for the Mix is closely connected with particular interests inside the Defense Department. Officers connected with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the central Department of Defense, in trying to understand and reconcile the conflicting claims of Air Force, Army, and Navy strategists, often come to the conclusion that all the services are right and that all their strategies and weapons deserve support.

In addition, some officers in each of the particular services actually believe in either one pure theory or the other, but think they must support the Mix in practice. They fear they would hurt themselves, their own careers, and their own ideas by demanding exclusive support for their own position. Many officers, therefore, publicly support the Mix while working to incorporate into it as much of their own program as they dare.

Like any mixture, this compromise strategy can be made up of varying proportions of the ingredients. Although the Mix has for many years been the actual makeup of our defense, its composition is probably changing. The Kennedy Administra-

tion is emphasizing the balanced-deterrent component of the Mix by stressing Polaris production and tactical readiness. The Kennedy Administration is also, however, stressing one element of counterforce theory — civil defense.

OBJECTIONS TO THE MIX

Insofar as the Mix actually preserves both counterforce and balanced-deterrent theories, the objections which apply to each of them separately apply to them in the mixture. The Mix, however, is not merely a mixture of the two pure deterrent theories but is actually a chemical compound in which the best aspects of both disappear. They disappear because an enemy would view the American military system as a whole. He would doubt that a balanced-deterrent policy or a counterforce policy had been clearly adopted if weapons systems alien to one of these were continued.

For example, the chief advantage claimed for the balanced deterrent is that it would slow down reactions during a crisis and make surprise attack unlikely. But if, alongside weapons intended for city-busting, second-strike use, the United States were to build counterforce weapons that might be used pre-emptively, the enemy would fear surprise attack and himself consider pre-empting. Conversely, if, next to counterforce weapons, we insist on building weapons that can only be used effectively against the civilian population rather than forces, we will make impossible the development of a war according to counterforce theories. Once the enemy fears we will go in for city busting, the most rational course is to attack our capital, leadership, people, economy, and industry, as well as our striking force.

Confusion between the two strategies would also arise if a major civil defense shelter program were to be built alongside the second-strike deterrent. The theory of the invulnerable deterrent works, if at all, only if populations are vulnerable. If the United States were to start building blast shelters, the Soviets might fear such shelters would free our hand for a punitive first strike against their cities. Building fallout shelters in cities would seem to an enemy to fit into counterforce strategy, and the fear of pre-emptive attack might disturb him. Either blast or fallout shelters would contribute greatly to the instability that the invulnerable deterrent is supposed to alleviate.

For all the reasons suggested, the counterforce or the balanced-deterrent theory must be pure to be in the least effective. A choice would have to be made between them for either to be believable. It is conceivable that the Mix might for a time freeze the world in its tracks, making every state

fearful of the slightest move. But when one nation did finally act, the results might well be extremely dangerous. A rapid series of jumps from one war level to another would be extremely easy under Mix conditions, because all sizes and types of weapons would be available to whatever side was losing any particular conflict.

ESCALATOR TO OBLIVION

The Mix is a disguise behind which adherents of counterforce and balanced-deterrent strategy continue to battle. The Mix blurs any understanding of the two pure theories, and also hides the fact that they are actually not alternatives but merely alternate steps on a rising escalator of destructive capacity.

This escalator to oblivion is powered by the pursuit of research in new military technology. The first step on the escalator is a period of high instability, tied to a counterforce strategy. Then, as one side or the other catches up in the techniques of making its weapons invulnerable, there would be a second period of moderate stability, and the dominance of balanced-deterrent strategies. During this period, continuing research would tend to nullify weapons invulnerability, increase the power of the weapons, and make the population less vulnerable. When one side or the other had achieved a breakthrough in one of these techniques, a new period of extremely high instability would result, and again the counterforce theorists would dominate. But in the third period, the destructiveness of the weapons, the hostilities of the peoples, the speed of reaction would all have been heightened.

On every step of the escalator, an intense political crisis could dissolve all rationality. Fearful of unprecedented catastrophe in the offing, men and nations may react so unpredictably that deterrence would disappear when most needed. That is what happened in the summer of 1914 when the Allies and Central Powers tried, by mobilizing their armies, to deter each other from going to war. But under the pressure of their own preparations, decision makers in every great power became unable to pay attention to the warnings, the threats, the deterrents of their potential enemies. When attention could no longer be fixed on the threat of retaliation, deterrence failed.

All the theories claim to provide a deterrent that is either stable or rational. But the stability claimed by balanced-deterrent theorists and the rationality claimed by counterforce theorists are true only on a superficial level. Short-run stability would lead to long-run increases in the chances of war. None of the three theories meets the requirement that deterrence work in a crisis, that it eliminate the need for trusting the enemy, that it

preserve liberty in the United States and advance it in the world, and that it allow us to take the initiative. We need a new and more workable deterrent.

A WORKABLE DETERRENT

A workable deterrent must operate in three ways: It must make extremely likely the punishment of any preparations to use violence on the international scene. It must make available to every nation many avenues of obtaining the desired national goals through other than violent means. And it must make it practically impossible for those who do resort to actual violence to obtain any rewards, to achieve any of their goals by doing so.

The first requisite, that of making punishment sure, has been from ancient times the function of the police and the courts. But the basic assumption of the police force as deterrent does not exist in international relations. In international life there is no agreement as to who are the cops and who the robbers. That agreement could be based on totally excluding violence from the range of techniques available to the various nations in their conflicts with each other. The abolition of violence would be enforced by police. Where the clash of individual and group interests can find other outlets, there need be no resort to violence. Where such avenues are closed — where the economic system will not give people bread, or where the political system will not permit them a hearing, or where the prestige arrangements afford them no chance at dignity — men will appeal to the sword. We must make such adjustments in the international field that no nation need feel that its progress is impossible.

This means that ways of protecting and expanding the area of liberty must be developed that do not depend on the use of violence. In our arsenal must be dozens of techniques, some open and some secret, some gently appealing to the best in men and others toughly attacking evil men and ideas when they appear, speeches where possible and bribes where necessary. The only technique to be excluded is the possibility of using violence. Meanwhile, other nations will possess the same wide range of techniques and the same absolute prohibition on violence. Fighting for freedom in a disarmed world will require brains and stamina, but free men can fight without guns.

We know that even in societies with effective laws, a vigilant police, and many nonviolent avenues of action, criminals are not always deterred. Crime is sometimes attempted when would-be criminals expect great rewards if they succeed. Where the would-be criminal sees that even suc-

cess will not bring him any rewards, he will not risk the criminal act. The safecracker who knows for sure that the safe is empty will not take the chance of capture in order to crack it. We must work out a way of making sure that in the international field no one who takes up arms can profit. Such an arrangement would act as an ultimate deterrent, the final plus in the whole system of Disarmament-Plus.

THE PATH TO DISARMAMENT

Effectively policed disarmament is now so distant from international realities that it may weary those who want to take practical action. But it is possible to work out practical steps along a path that would lead to Disarmament-Plus.

In working out practical steps, several cardinal principles must be kept in mind. The first is that of experiment and open-mindedness. The United States has done little research on and has little experience with international inspections and policing. Expectations of what is likely to happen may not work out, and therefore a constant check on the effects of each act must be part of the progress toward disarmament.

The second governing principle on the path to disarmament is that each step must provide some way for the United States to take a clear initiative. If, to the uncommitted world, it looks as though the United States, kicking and screaming, is being dragged into a disarmament agreement by the force of Soviet initiative, the political impact can only be disastrous for democracy. The same kinds of pressure to imitate the leader can be built up when the leader is taking peaceful initiatives as when he is taking warlike initiatives, as psychologist Charles Osgood has pointed out.

A series of initiatives could be planned, starting with minor acts that would mean only a tiny peripheral loss to basic American security. Each act would be immediately followed by worldwide publicity for a request that the Communists reciprocate. Reciprocation would not have to be in precisely the same form, but the reciprocal act would have to be of approximately the same magnitude as that of the American initiative. The program as a whole would be explained from the start, but particular American steps in the program would be made public only one step at a time, so that the second, and third, and every succeeding initiative by the United States might come in almost any area of world tension. Essentially, the United States would be waging a "peace of nerves," keeping other nations off balance as to what they could expect for the next act aimed at reducing tensions.

Sooner or later, actual enforceable agreements

with the Communists will have to be attempted in order to see whether such agreements will work. Though not necessarily on matters of central importance at first, each agreement would certainly fit into the notion of constant experiment, as more important agreements were reached. The necessity of some type of mutual agreement at some stage is the third cardinal principle.

Finally, the steps we take must not be restricted to the sphere of armaments. Although our goal is a disarmament agreement, some reduction in political and economic conflicts will probably be necessary in order to allow the conclusion of a disarmament agreement. Certain of these reductions may well be only temporary, and the conflicts may be renewed in a new form, with new techniques, and at a higher pitch after the accomplishment of disarmament. But the fear, hatred, and distrust in the world today are not simply a result of the possession of ultimate weapons by a number of different nations. Many intense clashes of interest are also involved, and some softening of these clashes will be necessary to reduce fear and hatred to the point at which disarmament will look attractive to all.

Some American initiatives could be taken in purely domestic spheres. Among these, the first should be a great expansion in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, now operating on a \$2 million budget. Enormous advances in weapons technology, medicine, and agricultural productivity have resulted from massive organized research. Only on an infinitesimal scale is the United States applying research to the question of how to achieve disarmament.

Also, the new officials of the agency should be carefully chosen from men dedicated to universal disarmament, men who question not *whether* to try for disarmament but *how*. ACDA must speak wholeheartedly to the President in favor of disarmament in order to be useful to him in weighing the contrary opinions sure to come from other agencies.

In addition to its research and policy functions, ACDA should be responsible for training Americans designated to enforce a disarmament agreement or any agreements leading up to it. In this way, ACDA could make use of the manpower and the knowledge, and perhaps even some of the particular individuals, that would no longer be used in various areas of the defense effort as disarmament progressed.

As soon as possible, and without waiting for other governments, the United States should begin to plan for the fiscal and economic changes that would result from a disarmament agreement. The President should submit an alternate federal budget that would include programs for trans-

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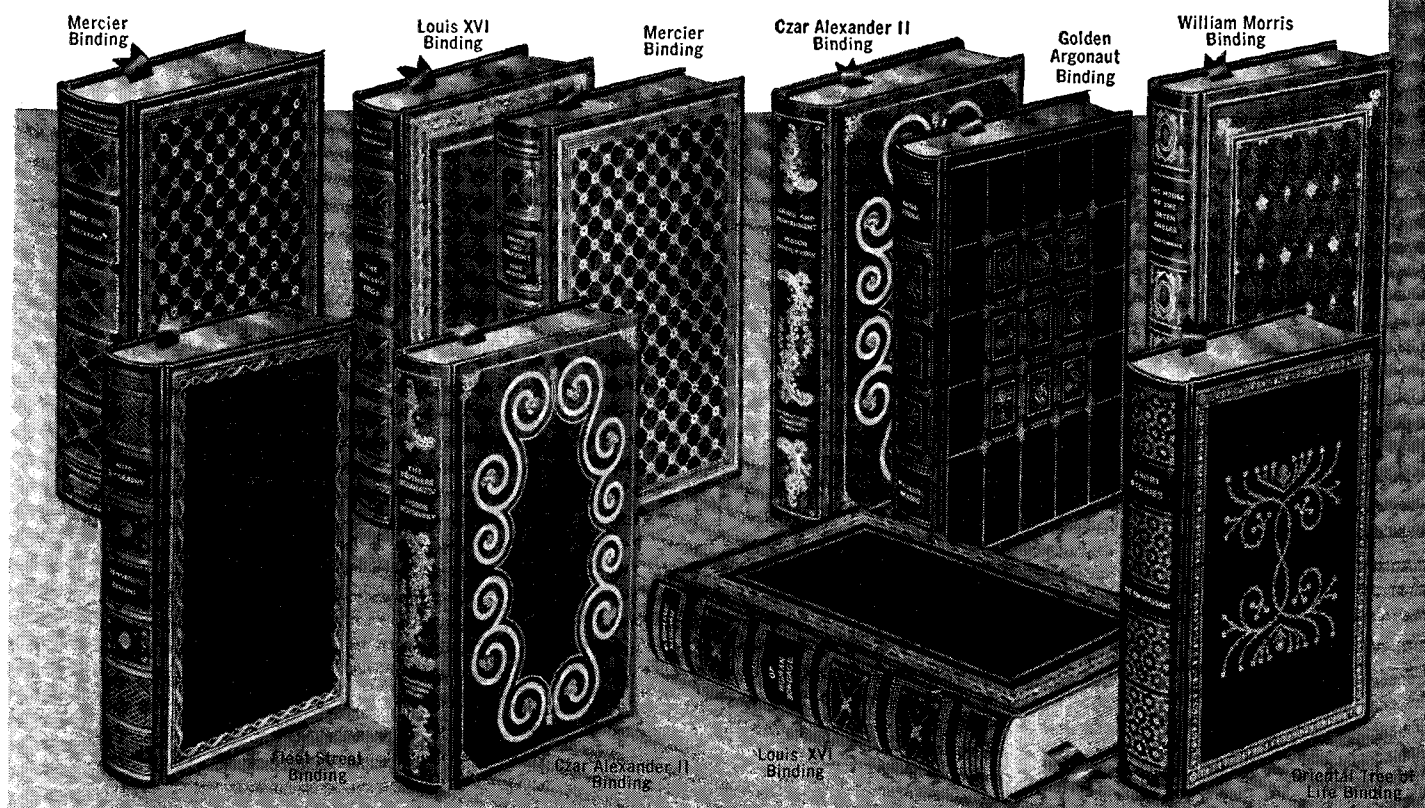
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ferring funds from the Defense Department into tax reductions, urban renewal, foreign economic aid, loans to small business, aid to education, and other such areas of the economy. This budget could seek congressional approval for particular changes in federal spending, to go into effect upon the President's proclamation of an international agreement to reduce armament spending.

Even assuming present levels of spending on defense, the United States could choose particular ways of spending for defense that would actually constitute steps toward disarmament. The President and Congress should bring into effect the balanced deterrent. The weapons systems necessary to do this should not be added to the present Mix, but should instead be substituted for the weapons of counterforce deterrence. Having moved from the Mix to the balanced deterrent, the President and Congress should then use the balanced deterrent as an avenue toward arms control for ourselves, regardless of Communist acceptance of arms control. Without our reducing expenditures or abandoning any security whatsoever, this kind of arms control could greatly enhance the stability of the world and the safety of the United States. By inviting external inspection of the size and nature of its arsenal, the United States could establish its intention never to strike first, without giving up its capacity to strike second until a disarmament agreement had been reached.

THE DEW LINE

Internationally, the United States could take an initiative that would not injure American security but would reduce the fear all over the world of accidental warfare. The United States could simply invite Russian military experts to sit in on the Distant Early Warning Line of radar stations across northern Canada, and we could thus turn the DEW Line both ways. The DEW Line could warn the Soviets of any flights north by American missiles and bombers, just as it now warns the United States of flights south by Soviet missiles or bombers. Since we do not intend to strike first at the Soviet Union with thermonuclear weapons, turning the DEW Line in both directions would not in the least impair American strategy. It would, however, convince the Russians that we were serious about our intentions not to strike first. Again, we would urge reciprocity through some similar action by the Russians.

Since the Russians evidently do not have a DEW Line like ours, they might reciprocate with some action of similar magnitude and quality but with different arrangements. They might be persuaded to invite Western observers into their Army camps

in East Germany. Such observers could verify Soviet claims that they are not planning an invasion of western Europe. A demonstration of the Soviet unwillingness to invade western Europe would seem a reasonable reciprocation to America's demonstration of its intention not to strike first against the Soviets. But it is important that the United States act, not on condition of reciprocity, but regardless of response. Only on such terms would the initiative actually have the effect of reducing tensions and inducing reciprocation.

RED CHINA

Of all the world powers, China is probably the least amenable to peaceful initiatives. Nevertheless, the United States might take several actions that would not damage our security and might persuade some Chinese leaders to reduce their pressure on surrounding areas. For example, the United States might withdraw the Seventh Fleet from its present position in the Formosa Strait to a position that would be close enough for a return if hostile actions by the Chinese began, but far enough away so as not to seem a constant threat. Reciprocity might be urged upon the Chinese in such a form as withdrawal of their troops from the disputed areas of the Sino-Indian border, the border to remain demilitarized pending a judicial solution by a referee agreed to by China and India. If the Chinese responded by demonstrating some willingness to take peaceful actions that would not cripple their own security, it might be reasonable to test out still more important actions, such as the demilitarization of Quemoy and Matsu, an invitation to the Chinese to send cultural and scientific visitors here at our expense, or a change in our embargo to permit trade in all but strategic items.

Through this whole process of initiatives and reciprocity, the United States should keep in mind that what it actually wants is an effectively enforced agreement eliminating the weapons of war. The experimental, step-by-step approach would still apply. Agreements in peripheral fields could be succeeded by agreements in more and more important ones, culminating in a detailed plan for achieving universal disarmament.

CIVIL DEFENSE

One agreement toward which the United States should make an immediate effort is the joint abandonment of civil defense by both ourselves and the Soviet Union. An expanded Soviet civil defense may well follow the Kennedy Administration's acceleration of the American effort. Since the existence of large-scale civil defense on both

sides would move the United States and the Soviet Union further into the dangerous atmosphere of counterforce strategy, it would be in the best interest of both powers if both abandoned, rather than accelerated, civil defense. Since even casual tourist inspection can detect evidence of evacuation training or shelter building, an agreement to abolish those kinds of civil defense could be easily enforced while more substantial agreements were being negotiated.

ATOMIC TESTING

Renewed effort for a ban on atomic testing might bear fruit if the United States proposed governing the panel of administrators by a method which would take into account the Soviets' distrust of neutral men. But if even that proposal fails, the United States should explore the technical and political possibilities for an international agreement *without* the Communists to set up an inspection system capable of detecting all nuclear tests, even those in Communist states. Then the United States could commit itself to testing only as often as the Communists — and never in the atmosphere, whether the Communists used the atmosphere or not. Such an arrangement might result in a *de facto* halt in the tests, with effective inspection.

AN INTERNATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE

Problems with the test ban should not prevent the United States from making serious proposals on universal disarmament. Such proposals should take into account the two basic disagreements that have so far hampered all attempts at negotiation. The first is the question of neutral men, and all its ramifications. How can we build a corps of men who will be faithful solely to the goal of disarmament, regardless of the social system they believe in? In the context of disarmament, neutrality should be taken to mean not uncaring withdrawal from the struggle of social systems, but a positive commitment to the disarmament goal. "Neutral" will be used here in that sense only.

Premier Khrushchev has said there are neutral nations but no neutral men. This suggests that social institutions can exist that act neutral as a whole, despite the predilections of the individuals within them. Many Westerners believe that individual neutral men can be produced by social institutions that are carefully constructed to train them. In either case, our attention should be on the whole milieu of the corps of disarmament inspectors rather than on the individuals themselves. How the corps is chosen, how it is trained,

how career chances look to its men, how particular units are put together, how it is commanded — all these will decide whether an institution can be built that may itself be neutral in action or may breed neutral men.

One of the first disarmament-treaty provisions to go into effect must establish an International School of Civil Service. Its faculty members would be experts from every nation in the methods of inspection and control approved by the disarmament treaty. In addition, the deepest beliefs of every social system would be examined by the students, in an attempt to have all understand where they could not agree. The entire atmosphere of the school would be directed toward loyalty to the disarmament law and competence in carrying it out.

The school's student body would be the group from which disarmament inspectors and policemen would be chosen. Even on the Khrushchev assumption that no men are neutral, some men are clearly more nearly neutral than others, and every effort must be made to get these more nearly neutral men into the school's student body. A possible system for choosing students might be based on the choice-and-challenge procedure our courts use for picking juries. Each of the Big Six powers might be allowed to nominate a hundred men to the school, fifty of these its own citizens and ten from each of the other five great powers. Each of the other five would then have the power to strike five names from the American list of Americans and five names from the American list of its own citizens. Thus a roster of twenty-five Americans and twenty-five foreign nationals, all reasonably acceptable to the United States and to some degree acceptable to the other five, would enter the school. The same process would also have been going on in Britain, France, Russia, India, and China; and three hundred students from the great powers, selected by a mixture of cross pressures, would begin to learn the loyalties and the techniques necessary to disarmament.

A similar choice-and-challenge procedure among the smaller powers could produce another six hundred students, with the weight going to the smaller powers, because many of them are uncommitted in the Cold War. A student body built up by this process, or something like it, and then taught by men of all nations would make a small but highly capable neutral block of disarmament inspectors.

PACKAGE TREATIES VS. SEPARATE STAGES

The second basic disagreement that has hampered all disarmament negotiations is about whether to write a single-package treaty com-

mitting all states to the whole process or to divide the ten-year process into three or four separate functional stages, committing all states only to one stage at a time. Each stage would take up a new kind or degree of disarmament or a new step in inspection and control. At the end of each stage, the nations would look back over the accomplishments of that stage before working out the next step in detail. The Soviets have favored a package treatment, arguing that a piecemeal approach might turn into arms control only or inspection without disarmament. They fear the West could refuse to continue after the first or second stage. The West, more conscious of the values of social experiment and of playing by ear than the Communists, has preferred the piecemeal approach. The recent proposals by President Kennedy seem to involve separate stages.

Other ways of conducting disarmament experiments would actually tell us more about the process than a series of piecemeal functional treaties. The geographical approach, for example, would enable us to test out the efficacy of inspection in a border area before it had to be tried on the United States or Communist China. Using such areas as proving grounds for disarmament, and subsequently negotiating a package treaty for great-power disarmament, would create a workable compromise between the Western experimental and the Communist whole-step approach.

Central Europe would seem the place to start. Besides the explosive situation in Berlin, the area has spawned crisis after crisis since 1945. It is so vital to both great alliances that each new crisis has borne and will bear the seeds of world war. Joint military withdrawals, beginning in the four-state border area of West Germany, East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia and expanding into a zone embracing all of these four states and the whole of central Europe, would make good sense. If two demilitarized Germanys resulted from such action, West Berlin would be much safer than it is at present, and agreement on unification into one demilitarized Germany might be far easier. The expansion of the process of disengagement into some of the states bordering on Germany would reduce the Communist pressure and fears of Communist pressure upon the newly demilitarized Germans; and NATO guarantees to the West Germans of protection against Communist invasion, combined with Soviet guarantees to the East Germans of protection against Western invasion, could prevent external action while the new Germany was establishing itself.

In a demilitarized zone of central Europe, including Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, all of the techniques of inspection for hidden weapons and police enforcement against the mak-

ing of weapons could be tried out for use later in the rest of the world. Similar operations could be carried out in other tense border areas of the two alliances, such as in the whole Southeast Asian peninsula and the bordering area of China, or in North and South Korea.

Another way of experimenting geographically with disarmament would be to have nationals of the Big Six work together in disarming the smaller states, whole continents at a time, before the Big Six themselves disarmed. For example, Latin America and Africa could be freed of armaments by joint task forces of inspectors from the large powers. In border areas between the two great military alliances, the disarmament inspectors would be nationals of the smaller, weaker countries. After the tense border areas, and then the smaller states, had gone through the disarmament process, a great fund of experience in methods of inspection and control would have been developed for use in the territories of the major powers. At that point, it would be possible to write a comprehensive treaty including within itself a program of phases integrated from start to finish.

There would have to be a continuous shift in enforcement from inspecting to policing, a continuous shift in the nature of the agreement from treaty to law. As an agreed date for the elimination of particular weapons comes due and the inspectors report that they have in fact been eliminated, that particular section of the treaty becomes law enforceable both in a World Court panel on disarmament and in domestic courts. To protect nonviolators, the further progress of disarmament could be automatically suspended for the length of the trial of a violator; but the process could not be permitted to go into reverse and become a rearmament race.

A relapse might well occur sometime during a long process of disarmament if there were not a continuous shift from treaty inspection to law enforcement. If, somewhere along the way, one nation violated the agreement and inspectors reported this fact to the world but could take no action, other nations would naturally fear the violator's intentions and would try to remedy the imbalance of power by hurriedly rearming. The only way to prevent the whole arrangement from collapsing after a violation would be to make the sanctions against violators those of arrest and trial by international institutions, rather than those of national rearmament.

FAVORITE WEAPONS AS A SAFEGUARD

In actually constructing the phases of disarmament, several major principles will have to be observed. Two that might seem contradictory but

could with care be applied jointly are that each great power should keep its own favorite weapon during much of the process of disarmament, as a safeguard, and that each power be permitted to designate which of its opponent's weapons should be eliminated early, as the worst threat to itself.

To cite, first, a case in which the two principles would probably not contradict each other: The Soviet Union claims to be most fearful of our overseas bomber and missile bases, which to the Soviets look like counterforce weapons. But at present we are more and more regarding Polaris as our favorite weapon in the thermonuclear field. We might be able to negotiate on the basis of dismantling our overseas missile and bomber bases early in disarmament while keeping Polaris until last.

What about a case in which the worst threat and favorite weapon probably are identical? The deepest American fear is of Soviet surprise attack, accomplished through the high degree of secrecy in the U.S.S.R. Yet this secrecy is probably the Russians' favorite weapon. Should the secrecy be ended late or early? Here the dilemma might be met by having a neutral nation or an *ad hoc* neutral private corporation inspect Soviet bombers and missiles early in the disarmament process, guaranteeing secrecy concerning their whereabouts and nature but guaranteeing also that any evidence of preparations for a surprise attack would be widely published. Then secrecy would be totally abandoned late in the disarmament process.

The principle of worst-threat-first would also indicate that greater numbers of American atomic weapons would be dismantled early in disarmament, since we start with higher numbers in this field, and that greater numbers of Communist soldiers would be demobilized early in the process, since the Communists start with more soldiers.

The use of sampling techniques will also be of great importance in phased disarmament. The great land masses of the major powers might make an adequate inspection extremely difficult at any phase of the process. Louis Sohn has met this objection by proposing that each great power divide its area into regions—for example, six in the Soviet Union and six in the United States. At the point in disarmament at which all biological weapons were to have been destroyed, the United States would designate any Soviet region it chose to be searched for biological weapons. The impossibility of guessing which region was to be designated would prevent concentration of all BW weapons in any one region, but searching one region would be much easier than searching the whole Soviet Union. This sampling principle, with the particular sample to be inspected to be chosen by one's opponent, could be indefinitely

expanded for application to disarmament inspection generally.

Only the basic principles and the flavor of the disarmament process, not its details, can be described in advance. The procedures of choice-and-challenge, worst-threat-first and favorite-weapon-last, sampling, geographical experiment, contracts with third parties, and the continuous shift from ephemeral treaty to institutionalized law all suggest what a workable disarmament treaty must include. Keeping the goal of enforceable total disarmament in mind, competent and imaginative experts in various political, military, and economic specialties can bring Disarmament-Plus into being.

DISARMAMENT AND LAW

The primary goal of American policy should be the adoption by the joint consent of all nations of a world law against the making, possession, or use by an individual of any weapon above the level of small arms.

Such a law would in no sense bring into being a world government. The operation of the law would be restricted solely to armaments, since at present the only consensus on which all societies might conceivably unite is the fear of armaments. American policy should therefore concentrate on the achievable goal of total disarmament, enforced by the processes of a court and a police force designed solely for that purpose. The police should develop out of the corps of inspectors who would oversee the process of disarming. The police force would be drawn from all over the world, and its units would be mixed rather than national. Its training and command would aim at creating in it a loyalty directed solely at the lawful punishment of the making, possession, or use of arms.

The chain of command of the police force would be made up of civilians. At least during the early years, most or all of them should be from nations neutral in the Cold War. They should also be chosen from among the graduates of an International School of Civil Service, created during disarmament.

Actual choice of these officials should be made upon unanimous nomination by the four atomic powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France—and the two powers of enormous population—Communist China and India. The nominations would be confirmed by a two-thirds vote of the rest of the national states. Command would last a fixed term of years, perhaps five, and the terms might be staggered.

Once the chain of commanding officials had been chosen, authority over the force and its operations would be put in the hands of its commander

in chief. He and he alone could remove his subordinates before their terms of office were completed. The way in which he was chosen would ensure the commander's acceptability to all major interests in the world, but he would be free to act if the government of one or several powers were to come under the control of a group bent on rearmament. Neither a veto power nor majority control over any particular action of the police force would be possible.

To this point, the command plan sounds much like the present arrangements for choosing the Secretary General of the United Nations. Indeed, with a few modifications the Secretariat could well become the command organ for the disarmament police. But the Soviet Union has, both at the UN and at the Geneva talks on the atomic-test ban, firmly rejected the notion of a single administrator.

Here is one possible solution to this difficulty: Instead of one police commander in chief, twenty-one reserve commanders might be named, of whom one would be chosen by lot to begin serving the five-year term as commander in chief. If, at any time during the term, any of the six great powers decided the commander was acting with partiality, it could, by challenge, remove him from office. His successor would immediately be chosen by lot from the panel of the remaining reserve commanders. Each of the six powers could be limited to two such removals during the five-year term.

The effects of such an arrangement might well ease Soviet fears while keeping the system wholly palatable to the West. In the first place, all twenty-one reserve commanders would have to be as nearly neutral and as dedicated to disarmament as is humanly possible simply for them to be nominated and confirmed. Second, if the actual commander began to act with favoritism, the victimized country would not have to wait out his term, all the while suffering from his favoritism, but could remove him immediately. Yet he would not be able to placate an unjustly indignant power by acting in *its* favor, for he might then be removed by one of the other nations. Nor could a removal be unjustly used in order to get a more favorable successor, since the successor would be chosen by lot from the panel of men already approved by all. Thus, the pressure upon any commander would be to act with all the fairness he could possibly devise. Third, the choosing of twenty-one men, rather than one man, as possible commander might ease the enormous task of choice, since no man would be irrevocably responsible for protecting the world from war.

Normal powers would be granted the police to investigate and publicize any instance in which

the disarmament law was being broken and to arrest and bring to trial any individuals who violated it. The police force should be extremely mobile and should possess the world's only meaningful weapons. The scale of these weapons should be measured solely by the task of bringing individuals to justice, if necessary, against the power of a local or national constabulary. The police force would not be intended to wage war against a whole nation but to nip in the bud any preparations that would enable a nation to make war. In no case would the police have at their disposal such weapons of mass annihilation as nuclear bombs or biological agents, since the use of these against any population would be total war in a new guise.

The police force should be capable of discovering in an early stage any violators of the disarmament law. To that end, it would need technological experts, trained in the detection of atomic tests, chemical-warfare production, and other violations. It would need production engineers who could analyze manufacturing data to spot unexplained processes or flows of raw material that might reveal weapons development. Budgetary experts would keep a close eye on peculiar items in national budgets.

When violators were brought to justice, they would be liable to trial on two levels. In the international sphere, a special panel of the present World Court should be instituted to deal especially with questions of armaments. It could well be set up in such a way that two of its members would be from Communist states, two from the West, and three from neutral countries. But its members should sit as individuals not accountable to their governments, and their decisions should be by majority vote.

In bringing about disarmament, national as well as international loyalties must be mobilized behind the law. National loyalties are too ingrained and too important to be ignored in enforcing disarmament. Violators of the disarmament laws should therefore be liable also to trial before their own national courts, under their own national law. The loyalties now commanded and sanctioned by laws against treason could be extended in this way to crimes against the peace.

Neither Western nor Communist states will find it easy to accept universal disarmament with absolutely effective inspection and control. The open societies of the West will much more readily accept intensive inspection in the first place, since our societies are already much more inspected than those of the Communists. But once accepted, the order to disarm may be much more easily carried out by the Communist states, with their greater power to control any pro-militarist minorities. In every state, internal political opposition could only

be answered by a demonstration that other states were serious about disarmament.

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM IN A DISARMED WORLD

In a disarmed world, all the energies and imagination of free men could be directed in new and unexpected campaigns for liberty. In an all-out economic competition with the Communists, the ability developed throughout the West in the fast-and-loose mixed economy of private, semipublic, and public enterprise should be a great advantage. In our own past, our flexibility under new conditions gave birth to family-owned department stores, General Motors, the Tennessee Valley Authority, farm cooperatives, the regulated public utility, chain groceries, the Federal Reserve banks, labor-union pension funds, city-owned transit systems, and a multitude of other economic forms and techniques. That flexibility is precisely the quality needed for effective competition with the Communists' centralized economic system under the new conditions in Africa, Asia, and Latin America.

Freed from the burden of arms expenditures, the Western economies — far more advanced than even the most highly productive Communist states — could be turned to demonstrating the economic progress possible under private and mixed enterprise. The United States now spends over \$45 billion for its military establishment. Those billions, some of them returned to private hands by way of tax cuts and some channeled into desperately needed public improvements, could wipe out the pockets of ugliness and poverty that remain in our own society and stimulate inventive private enterprise to new adventures. Part of the money, along with funds from western Europe and Japan, could supply capital for the dams, roads, and schools necessary to help hungry nations achieve scientific agriculture and industrialization.

In a disarmed world, the West and the United States could make vigorous use of international exchange of persons, an able press and radio, and educational aid to make available to the underdeveloped countries the ideas and the skills by which free societies operate. Subtle and flexible use of political, economic, and public-information techniques upon the present Communist states might well encourage either their liberation from below or their liberalization from above. In all these ways, the West and the United States could promote the extension of liberty in areas where it either does not now exist or exists only precariously. The suppression by dictatorial regimes of people who wish to be free would become much more difficult, and at the same time the desire and need of governments to suppress freedom for external reasons would be much lessened.

Advancing freedom would not be simple. All the brains and toughness available in the Western world would be needed in order to, let us say, free Hungary from dictatorship by nonviolent means or reduce the influence of the Communist Party in Indonesia. Undoubtedly, in a disarmed world the Communist states would be trying to sell their own ideas and system of government, but we start ahead in this race, for we want only to help others to make their own free choice.

Competition in the spheres of ideas and economics could be paralleled in many other fields. For example, the exploration of space, under careful controls to prevent space technology from being turned to military ends, could provide a major challenge to all nations and societies. Economically and psychologically, the human voyage into space calls forth all the best qualities of the war spirit without war's dangers to mankind. Space exploration requires the same kind of nonproductive expenditure that military systems demand, and for countries that can afford it, this may be a positive good. Yet the hardware produced is not destructive of human life. The astronaut, like the soldier, is required to face danger, to abandon comfort, to undergo discipline; yet the psychology of space will not demand the surrender of our liberty. No more perfect challenge could be imagined for the energies, talents, and courage that now go into the stultifying profession of improving war.

For Disarmament-Plus to be established as a workable deterrent, it is absolutely necessary that the West and the Communists come to a clear understanding that international violence alone should be prohibited, and that all other techniques would be freely used in all-out competition.

DEFENSE AGAINST VIOLATORS

What would happen if even elaborate safeguards were to fail to prevent or to reveal someone's producing arms?

At first blush, it would seem impossible to prevent a violator from winning a war against an unarmed world, but the nature of winning must be carefully remembered. First, the aggressor's level of armament would be far lower than any levels we now have to deal with, since his preparations would have been restrained by deep secrecy and fear of punishment. Second, his winning could not consist (as it sometimes has in the past) of knocking out the armed forces of his opponents, since these would not exist. In the post-disarmament world, winning a war would consist of exacting from the defeated nation the other two traditional rewards, economic tribute and political conformity.

The question, then, is how to deny such rewards even to a victorious power, how to make a victory

so costly in blood and money and so unproductive of actual domination that to the victor would go no spoils. Any such denial would have to be based on a defense that would not begin an arms race.

If an aggressor government were to circumvent international controls and begin a war, it would be essential to strengthen the world police into an army that would meet the aggression.

Undoubtedly, this would take time, but the delay could be reduced if careful and detailed plans for expanding the police had been made previously and were constantly kept up to date. Immediately upon learning that the police had been successfully deceived and that the weapons of war were available to some nation, the world police would carry the emergency plans into effect. The world would be warned of the impending danger, propaganda and economic sanctions would be brought to bear on the population of the violating nation, and contributions of men and supplies to the world police force would begin.

Once built, a collective army could punish the aggressor nation even in the unlikely event that its people wholeheartedly supported its government in rearming. But in the interim between discovery of a major violation and creation of the collective army, how could the aggressor be prevented from invading, occupying, and subduing other nations and achieving a swift victory?

Giving the collective army time to gather would have to be the responsibility of individual nations that were attacked. Each would have to work out its own program for national protection, subject only to the requirement that its program must not involve the nation in making armaments before the world police proclaimed a state of emergency. What would be the requirements of a sensible plan for the United States, in particular, to prepare? The deterrent, in our democracy, must depend not on central dictation combined with mass apathy but on committed and intelligent involvement of every individual in the population.

One possible solution would be that the entire population of the United States learn how to resist an aggressor. No arms would be supplied beforehand. The population would learn how to broadcast from clandestine radio stations in the face of enemy prohibitions, how to sabotage industrial plants that were making goods for the enemy's use, how to use ordinary civilian materials to make weapons with which to attack enemy occupation troops. In accord with the world disarmament law, there would be absolutely no secrecy in any of this training, no provisions for production of weapons, and no central institution that might become a separate armed force.

In the past, occupied countries have started popular resistance after their occupation. Such

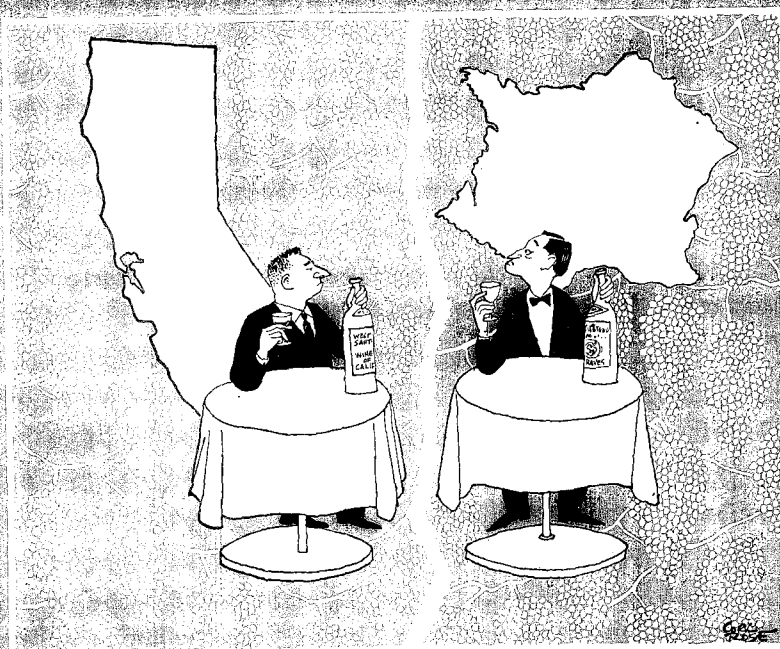
resistance movements encounter enormous problems because most people do not know how to operate them and have not been prepared psychologically to take upon themselves the task of defense after their central government has abandoned it. Creating the civilian resistance ahead of time would again make clear to all Americans their own individual commitment to the protection of their own liberty. It would replace with direct personal involvement in self-defense, as on the frontier, the impersonal bureaucracy and mechanization of modern war, in which the man who fires a missile never sees the millions of people he has killed.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF STRATEGY

The American people must decide clearly what form of deterrence will, at every step and at the end of the road, preserve the peace, and, at every step and at the end of the road, preserve democracy. The question is still open, and decision is still possible — but not for long. The longer we wait before deciding on a policy of disarmament, the more nations there will be that possess nuclear weapons and that have to be persuaded to give them up. We are now at the turning point that will probably decide whether life and liberty survive.

In making that decision, we must keep in mind that deterrence as a military policy both affects and is affected by the broader foreign-policy goals of the United States. If we adopt the counterforce strategy, the temptation will be great to depend wholly on American strength to repel all threats believed to be detrimental to American security. We may then move in the direction of a Fortress America policy in all our foreign relations. If we adopt the strategy of the balanced deterrent, that strategy will press us toward a NATO-centered foreign policy, in which NATO is defined in heavily military terms, so as to provide limited-war support. To most of the world, such a NATO-centered policy would look disastrously like an alliance marked "Whites Only."

Acceptance of Disarmament-Plus as our strategy for deterrence would release the United States and the West from the enormous burden of armaments and would permit the West to lead and support a great renaissance in the underdeveloped world. This third alternative is in the Western, and especially the American, tradition — the tradition of dynamism, of meeting the series of great challenges that have faced us in every century. Adopting Disarmament-Plus as American policy is the only effective way of both preserving human life and advancing human liberty, and the only way of bringing to all people the opportunity for the pursuit of happiness.



Accent on Living

GRAPES IS GRAPES?

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The listing on the dinner menu was stark enough: "Red Wine, \$2.00; White Wine, \$2.00." The restaurant was a hotel roof garden, with water trickling down a sloping awning overhead and evaporating, and the effect on a summer Sunday in Washington was delightfully cool and attractive.

"What kind of wine is it?" I asked the waiter. The question, his manner plainly showed, was much too finical for his taste.

"That's all we got," he replied.

The waiter had no patience with, in other words, the wine snob, the type of customer who pretends to believe that one wine is better than the next. Some of the wine snobs even go so far as to express a preference for imported wines over domestic, an affectation intended merely to irritate their fellow Americans, especially those living in California. A news magazine published an article recently, with full-page color photographs, about a California producer who disdains the wooden vessels, the aging, and other archaic methods used by the Europeans. All the pother about dates and names and places, said this producer, pho-

tographed amid his gleaming stainless-steel apparatus and assorted grapes, is simply the chatter of wine snobs. The same sturdy nationalism was in a restaurant columnist's account of a new place in New York, whose wine list, said he, is "predominantly and gratifyingly American."

At present, the argument of the Californians against the French goes somewhat as follows:

1. French wines are no good, and anyhow, they cost more than ours.

2. French wines are mostly fakes and are simply shipped in bulk from California, bottled and labeled in France, and palmed off on the gullible as the real thing.

3. French and California wines are identical, since cuttings from the California vines replaced those that the phylloxera killed in France a century ago. So the California vines are older, and their wine is really much better than the French.

4. Easterners never get the best of the California wines, which are snapped up and consumed locally by the experts.

5. The very best of the California wines are produced by a little group of multimillionaires solely for themselves, and not even the wine trade ever gets a sniff or a taste of them. No one knows their names or precise localities, but they are better than anything the French ever heard of.

Odd though they may seem in combination, each of these brush-offs of the French has been soberly expounded to me not only in California but also along the Atlantic seaboard and elsewhere. The item about bottling and relabeling California wines in France has been circulating ever since my school days.

A truce might be helpful at this time, before two opposed schools of snobbery are in full conflict. The French may reasonably be conceded their system of vintages and dates, especially in the light of the record-breaking auction prices for the 1961 red Burgundies, which went as high as \$6 a liter for new wine in the cask, implying an eventual price of \$15 to \$20 a bottle for certain examples. The French seem to be getting along well enough.

California wines will continue to flourish, without their backers' having to go so far as to include them in the loyalty oaths exacted from teachers in public schools and universities. Confidence in the dateless labels, as one perfect year succeeds another, will reach serenity. And someday, perhaps, the world will hear that the most illustrious among the old customers at Maxim's was kicking up a frightful commotion at not getting his favorite undated Zinfandel from the Napa (or Santa Clara) Valley.

While I'm Away

BY RIXFORD KNIGHT

RIXFORD KNIGHT, who is now living in Ayers Cliff, Quebec, has supplied many light essays for Accent on Living.

Every year about this time, with the Christmas holidays over and spring still a long way off, I begin to hear talk in the family about such places as Mexico City, the Caribbean, and the Florida coast. Picture postcards sent by friends from town who are stopping at these resorts appear on the living-room mantel. The incomes of the friends' fathers or husbands get a going into. Conclusions are drawn. It is noted how distinguished I would look in a white linen suit.

Now, these gate-wide hints and flattering circumlocutions are not by any means wasted. I, too, at this time of year begin to grow weary of sunless days, frigid nights, and limitless acres of snow. Unless we were gone quite long, I should like very much to take the family to one of those warmer zones. The fact that I don't must make me seem stubborn or stingy. I should like to show myself in a better light, if I can.

The thing that would worry me most, if we went away in the winter, would be the water. Our water comes from a spring in a wooded hollow twelve hundred feet up the hill, and whoever put in the pipe did not have Mexico City, the Caribbean, or the Florida coast in his mind. He drove a furrow six inches deep and stuck the pipe in the bottom. On sub-zero nights, if the water stops running for more than a couple of hours, it stops until June. My most important chore before going to bed is to see that the tap in the kitchen sink is running a stream about the size of a pencil.

Since the water would have to be left running if we went away, there would be no feasible way of draining the toilet tanks, the hot-water boiler, or the plumbing out in the laundry. And anyhow, since, if we left the house cold, there would be problems with house plants and canned goods, the best thing to do would be to keep the house warm. Doing this, however, is also a problem.

Keeping a wood fire going is no great trouble if you are at home. The chimney or stovepipe may catch

fire if the drafts are forgotten, but closing them up slows the fire down, and keeping an eye on dangerous places precludes any serious trouble. But if the person I got to come in and look after the fires left when the trouble occurred, the whole place might burn. I would have to make sure he understood all about those drafts.

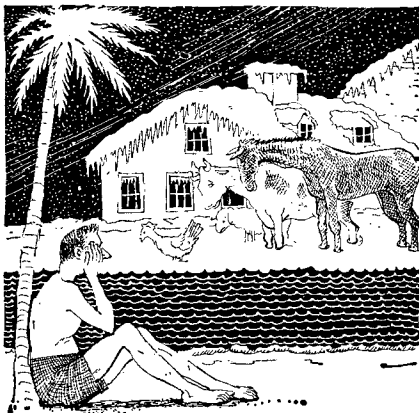
Whomever I got to come in and look after the fires would also have to water the house plants and move them back from the windows on very cold nights. The Christmas cactus, he should remember, is a desert plant and is not to be watered as freely as most of the others. On the other hand, the philodendron takes nearly a quart of water a day. This plant encircles both narrow windows in our front hall, runs through its special thimble into the dining room, and has nearly got around both front windows there. It is seven years old. Since it can't be moved back from the windows, newspapers have to be slipped between it and them on very cold nights. I would hate to come back and find that something had happened to Philo.

With the house's being heated, there would also arise the problem of what to do about the roof. Snow melts on the roof when the house is heated and runs down as far as the overhang, where it freezes again, building up a sort of ice dam, which holds further water back, so it leaks down the walls and onto the plaster and paper. To stop this, I attach a hose to the hot-water tap in the upstairs bathroom and melt channels through the ice dam by squirting hot water at it from the dormer windows. The person who takes care of the place would have to remember, too, to use the *rubber* hose — the water being hot — and not the plastic. I neglected to mention that, when tending the fires, he ought to be sure

the kettles on top are well filled. It gets very dry in the house if this is not done, and the wallpaper cracks. Two kettles boiling with the lids off are none too many to keep the humidity up.

There would also be hens to tend to. We keep only ten — plus two ducks, which I keep because I like to see them swimming around in our pond — so it's hardly worthwhile to put on a new chicken-house roof. I have shored up the old one as best I can, but if snow accumulated on it and then it rained, the whole thing could collapse. What I do is to sweep it off every time it snows, but if whomever I got to come in and look after the place should forget a few times and have to use the shovel, he would tear the tar paper off in a dozen places. I would have to make sure he understood about that. Also, in very cold weather the hens' water freezes solid and splits the pail if left overnight. He would have to empty the pail every evening. During the day, a spot of hot water from one of the kettles will keep it from freezing, all right.

And, speaking of freezing, and before I forget, if the pipes in the cellar should freeze, no harm would be done if they were thawed out right away. The ones which would give trouble would be the ones in the laundry ell, where there is no cellar. To thaw these out, I have rigged up a handle for the gasoline blowtorch, so it will reach the pipes, and the flame can be played on the elbows — the most likely places. Whoever was looking after things would have to watch out for cobwebs and things, however, because there isn't much room to get at a fire if one should start in that place. I would say to keep the water faucets running there, also; though if too much water was run from the spring and the spring got low, then air would get into the pipe and cause an air lock. This would stop the water from running, and whoever was looking after the place would have to hurry and borrow a force pump from someone nearby and force the air out before the pipe froze. The best place to attach the pump is at the turnoff down cellar, but he would need a washtub of water there for this operation, and the water should be lugged up from the brook in a pail. Also, it is quite a trick getting the shutoff back on when the water is running again, because of its force.





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The best way to do this would be to get help: someone to hold the fixture snug to the threads and someone to turn the wrench. Of course, before they could get the shutoff off in the first place, they would have to unscrew the union. They should be sure to stand facing the spring and turn counterclockwise. They would want to remember that, because minutes count when pipes are likely to freeze. And once the pipe from the spring is frozen, the jig is up. After we came back, there would be no water until the ground could be dug in the spring.

I suppose that, really, the best way to manage would be to get a young couple to stay right here in the house and look after things. There is a couple who might be willing to take the job, but the trouble is that they have children, one, three, four, and six years old. I would not want to go to Mexico City, the Caribbean, or the Florida coast leaving children like that in my house. There is an elderly couple we might be able to get, but he has rheumatism and might have a hard time with the barn chores. We only have one sheep, one cow, and a saddle horse in the barn, but the horse ought to be exercised and is rather frisky. Also, the man would have to shovel the mailbox clear every time it snowed. If this was not done, so that the mailman could reach the box from his car, he would just sit there and honk.

Perhaps the best thing would be to have the old couple in and get a boy from nearby to do the running around. Then the old man could supervise things and probably get them done more the way I want. What he would have to watch most about things in the barn would be the cow's ration. We keep a cow because local milk is not pasteurized, and any that is would have to be brought in from town, quite a distance. Also, we like our own butter and cream. However, since we need only one cow, we have the problem of what to do for milk in the couple of months when the cow is dry. I have solved this problem by breeding the cow only every three, four, or even five years, instead of every year, as is customary. To do this, I make sure she gets the best of care and of food in the winter months, so she will not go dry. Her water has to be warmed a little so she will drink all she needs, and she has to be unhitched a good deal of the time so

that she will be happy. On very cold nights, she needs to be put in a closed box stall with the radiant heater overhead plugged in. As the extension cord is not heavy-duty, the heater must not be turned past medium heat. The old man and the boy must be warned about that, and while on the matter of electric current, I ought to mention the freezer and what the old man should do if the current ever goes off.

So far, the electricity has never gone off for more than thirty-two hours. But if a hard blizzard knocked down the wires and they weren't fixed for longer than that, then there could be serious trouble. By Christmas, most all our year's meat and a good deal of homegrown fruit and garden produce are in the freezer. If they thawed out, it would be bad. The old couple would have to be told where to get dry ice and how, as a last resort, to get the

things into the freezer locker in town. If the roads were still blocked, this would be with horses and sled. These would have to be borrowed.

Here's another thing: the steps that go to the cellar are pretty steep, and the treads are narrow. I have tried to figure a way of correcting this, but don't see how it could be accomplished without redesigning the house. I suppose it would be worthwhile to take out some kind of insurance before we left, but that would not help the old couple if they fell down and broke their necks. The old couple would probably spend a good deal of time watching television. If, while they were, the boy came into the kitchen for a drink of water and forgot and turned off the tap, they might not discover this for a couple of hours. By that time, it might be too late. I would have to be sure they all understood about this.

The Indestructible Electric

BY KEN W. PURDY

KEN W. PURDY is widely known for his writing on motoring subjects. His book *KINGS OF THE ROAD* is a standard work on the automobiles of bygone days. Mr. Purdy here presents some technical information about the modern electric automobile, whose other characteristics he reported in *Accent* last month.

The only electric car now on the market is the Henney Kilowatt, which uses the Renault Dauphine body. The units come direct from the factory, less radiators, engines, and drive trains.

The luggage compartment under the front bonnet contains six six-volt batteries, one twelve-volt battery (for lights, windshield wipers, and so on), and two chargers. Under the rear bonnet, where the engine ordinarily is, are six more batteries, the controlling switchgear, and a six-horsepower traction motor. From the driver's seat, everything looks normal except that there is no clutch pedal, and three instruments have been added — a forward-reverse switch, a voltmeter, and an ammeter. The voltmeter serves as a fuel gauge, indicating how much power is left in the batteries; the ammeter indicates the rate at which the power is being used up, serving the same purpose as the vacuum gauges some drivers install to help them operate gasoline-engined cars economically. There's

a key in what looks like an ignition lock, and the accelerator, now called the "power pedal," is in the usual place beside the brake pedal.

When one turns the key, there's a double clicking sound from the switchgear in the rear compartment. The forward-reverse selector makes the same sound as a light switch. Up to this point, no current has been used. The power pedal is now depressed, gently, until one click is heard, and the car moves off at five or six miles an hour with no sound except a subdued whine from the motor in the rear. Depression of the go pedal through five more clicks — the sound of switches cutting in more voltage — brings the car up to 40 miles an hour. The power pedal must be treated gently. A driver who simply puts his foot down will find his head jerking backward as the car jumps ahead; unlike the internal combustion gasoline engine, which produces no power until it is spinning fast, the electric motor develops great torque, or twisting effort, when it is

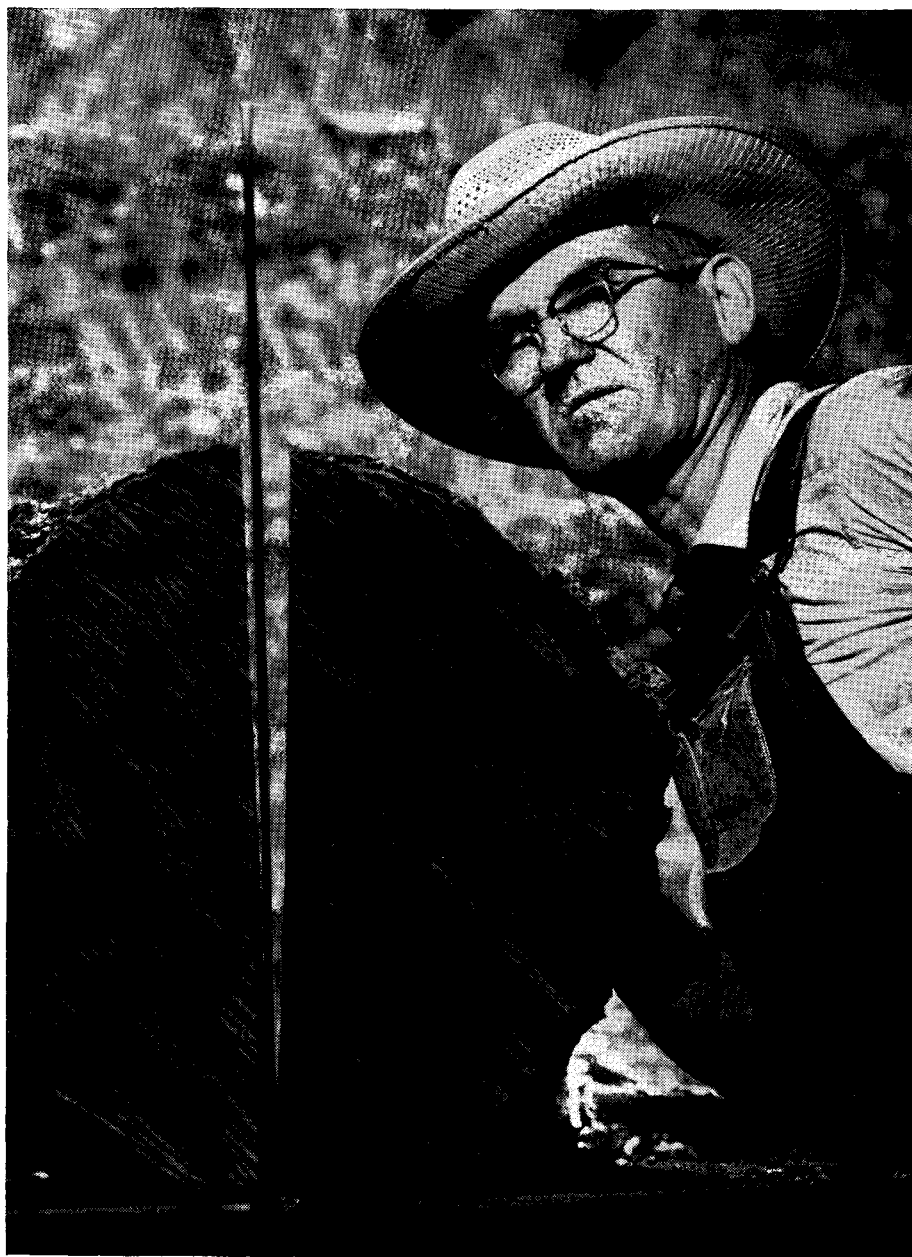
barely turning. (So does the steam engine.)

Once the car is under way on level ground, the pedal can be backed off to the first or second position, and the speed will hold at 30 to 35 miles an hour. Of course, the pedal can be held down hard for greater speed, but at the cost of early battery exhaustion. The car in which Camille Jenatzy made a world's record in 1899 was practically filled with batteries, and he exhausted them in little more than a kilometer.

Driving on country or suburban roads in an electric, one hears a new sound—the pinging of an occasional pebble picked up by the tires and thrown against the fenders. A gasoline-engined car makes so much noise that one hears only stones of some size. Going downhill, with your foot off the power pedal, you hear no trace of mechanical sound, only wind and tire noises. The realization that all downhill going is free, on the house, makes it the more pleasurable.

When an electric car stops at a light or in a traffic jam, everything stops. A gasoline engine still runs, sitting there using up gas and oil, pumping out noxious vapors, and bringing itself to a boil while doing no useful work. In the electric, nothing turns; the car simply waits. Because an electric motor does not produce power by burning anything, it runs cool and doesn't use as much as a teacup of oil in a year. Aside from a periodic check on the water in the batteries, there is almost no maintenance procedure. If the Henney Kilowatt has been run 60 miles an hour in its low-speed range, or 40 at a high rate, the batteries will be low. A lift of the front compartment lid will disclose a long plug-in wire running to the chargers. Stabbed into the nearest outlet, the chargers will bring the batteries up to full power in seven or eight hours, at a cost which can vary from 25 to 50 cents, depending upon locality. It will not be necessary to recharge the batteries every night. The average car runs only sixteen miles a day. Indeed, more than half of the cars in this country do less than five miles a day!

Before World War I, utility companies considered that each electric car would use \$100 worth of current yearly. Since then, the price of electricity has gone down two thirds. The price of gasoline has tripled.



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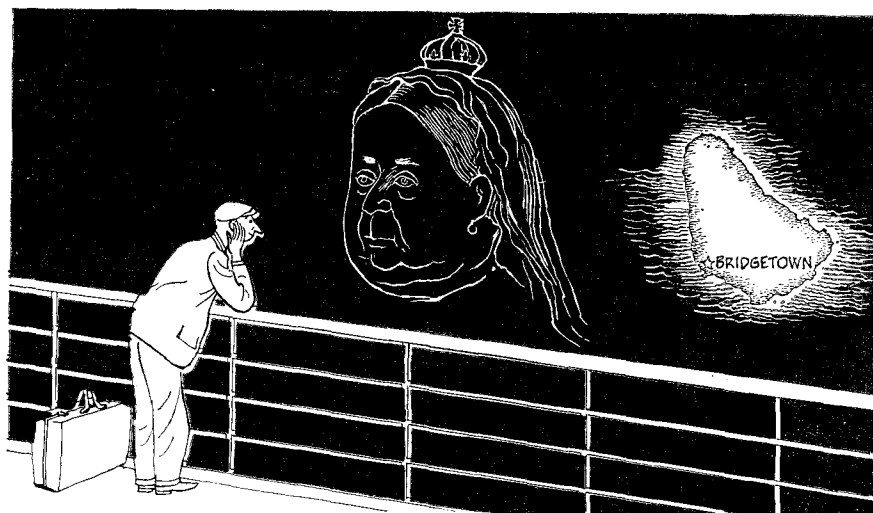


BY DROP

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pleasures and places



BARBADOS

BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

Barbados was my destination. I was in search of an island where tourists and resort life had not seriously disturbed native character and a hostelry something like those made vivid for me when, as a child, I was greeted by my grandparents on their return from the West Indies and heard their reports of idle ambience in the subtropical sun. Doubting that such places were still in existence, I was prepared to find only hotels that had succumbed as a matter of course to the wall-to-wall anonymity of Statler Modern or the streamlined enervation of Hilton International.

As we dropped anchor off Bridgetown early one morning, candy-pink clouds came piling over the island. Except for this tropical flourish, we could have been standing off some British Channel port — Plymouth, perhaps — where downs undulate back from the shoreline. The miniature warehouses along the water's edge were glumly Victorian; the Anglican spires and clock towers rising over middle-class bungalows and villas were as cozy as an etching over a mantel. The cliché that accounts Barbados "Little England" was, I could see, utterly true. But dehydrated Bermuda looks British,

too, just as gimcrack Capri looks Italian, and I was wary of preserved characteristics. I had too often experienced the boredom of places that have become resorts — and merely resorts. To hold my interest for more than a day, resort life had to take place in relation to some vital background.

At the rail of the Sports Deck, I stood watching the swift buglike approach of a half-dozen little flat-bottomed boats. The boys in them were already shouting, "Two bits, mon, two bits!" Beside me, large women in forget-me-not prints and sweaters studded with rhinestones began to pick coins from their husbands' open palms. Inflation had come to the island: the boys ignored nickels and dimes and dived only for quarters and fifty-cent pieces, which they stored in their mouths.

I was anxious to disembark. The nightclub atmosphere that seemed, even in the daytime, to charge to the hilt all of the ship's public rooms had become burdensome, and my attendance at high-noon cocktail parties substituting for breakfast had begun to take a somatic toll. I would miss, of course, the hair-trigger adjustments of the air conditioning in my Boat Deck cabin, the mirrors re-

flecting mirrors that kept my single quarters crowded, the blended pastels, the deep carpeting, and the strains of Muzak that brought me waltzing from the shower.

As the launch took my party ashore, we passed through cool shadows from black hulls and crossed the bows of ships so old they seemed to be rotting into the water. We had come into the marina at Bridgetown, known as the Careenage, and it was like entering a chapter from Joseph Conrad. Pigs squealed on open decks, derricks lifted oil drums with symphonic clankings, cooking smells from one smoking galley were mixed with those from another. Above the confusion, captains in shirt sleeves stood on their respective bridges and with impenetrable remoteness watched our launch and its bulging cargo of bourgeoisie.

A dispirited steel band in T-shirts marked "Pepsi Cola" greeted us with familiar Belafonte airs. Within a few minutes my companions were off to hotels cut to the spit and image of the ship they had just left, and I was on my own. At the customs shed a cockney-voiced lady official dressed like a girl guide accepted my filled-out forms and, with an old dip-and-write pen, approved my sojourn. I carried my bags to a taxi and directed it to a hotel I shall call the Ocean Grand, simply because I knew it was one of the oldest on the island and the most likely to fit my secondhand childhood recollections.

A few miles from Bridgetown, the taxi turned off the coastal road. We came into a circular garden punctuated by enormous clumps of canna blossoms and drew up under a portecochere. My first full sight of the Ocean Grand was as sharply detailed and as unreal as a remembered dream. Had I seen a postcard, or perhaps a snapshot, taken years ago? Or had my childhood's several mental pictures assumed one definite shape? There it was, an old casino in a park, flags and pennants flying over turrets and a dome, baskets of flowers hanging the length of a broad veranda, a blending of patina green and tarnished silver, cupolas with round black windows that might have been made with a biscuit cutter. A strain of outlived gaiety was apparent in the ironwork crenellations and pistachio-colored filigree, and yet the sheer impracticalities of the building gave it a note of expensive dignity that set it apart.

A boy came smartly to take my bags, and I followed him across the grass-matted veranda into a large reception room. Oar-shaped fans whirled and hummed above wicker chairs and wicker tables, on which were scattered copies of the *London Times*, the *Toronto Star*, and the *New Haven Register*. The manager, in a frock coat, escorted me to my room along what seemed a half mile of well-trod carpeting. When we came to my door, he put into my hand a key on a holder as big as a pear and, with chipper politeness, wished me a pleasant stay.

The room was bright, cooled by air flowing from window to transom. Everything in it, even the wicker chairs and towering wardrobe, had been painted a hundred times in one tone of institutional gray. But the gray was made tolerable by warm squares of red, yellow, and blue reflected from a stained-glass border around the window. Over the bed, a vaguely disquieting tent-shaped bower of mosquito netting arched gently from the ceiling. The general impression was one of no nonsense: basic cleanliness, if not austerity, with emphasis on a crispness of linens and a sense of privacy without isolation. Looking out over red roofs to the Caribbean and watching three white cats, directly below my window, solemnly stalking one another in the sun, I felt free at last of the insistent press of the show-window appointments that had surrounded me ever since I had left New York. At least one of my goals in coming to Barbados seemed to have been realized.

Still, the modest "high season" rate of my room and bath — thirteen dollars per day, including three meals — did not lead me to expect the groaning board of exotic fare my grandparents had so fondly detailed.



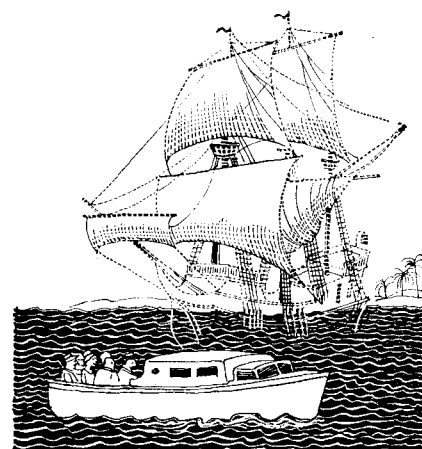
At the entrance to the dining room, other newcomers, who appeared for luncheon in Bermuda shorts, were being gently sent back to their rooms by the headwaiter. I was relieved that I had chosen to wear city clothes. The dining room seemed otherwise informal, except for the obvious fact that most of the guests chose to dine alone, yet within speaking distance of one another, so that inter-table talk was constant. This struck me as an ideal arrangement since it did not enforce togetherness but allowed for its option. The food was simple, good, and, on the margins, imaginative. The Continental bias of the chef seemed a little desperate at times, but menus were resourcefully varied. When one balked at the Gallic listings that masked fairly familiar entrées, one could choose the genuine local delicacies of flying fish and steamed dolphin. The Continental note was also struck in the arrangement of guests: family groups on long stays by the windows; transients like myself amid a cluster of Rousseaulike foliage, where, protectively colored, we could stare without being conspicuous.

The Ocean Grand had no swimming pool, no nightclub, no gambling room, no television lounge. In the absence of these opportunities for entertainment, the only choices were to read in the Reading Room or to write in the Writing Room or to play bridge under Japanese lanterns on the veranda. There was a bar, a small one entirely bare of decorative bamboo and dyed sea fans. Before dinner, its only inhabitant was likely to be the bartender listening to cricket — Barbados versus Trinidad — on a portable radio. After dinner, the crowd would be made up of two gray-haired ladies sipping crème de menthe.

But to wake up to a nineteenth-century morning in the subtropics is a pleasure not to be calculated in terms of the loss of questionable twentieth-century amenities. The English breakfast on a tray is enormously fortifying, and the morning sounds of dishes and silver and singing chambermaids make an appropriate music.

After breakfast, a leisurely walk along walls heavy with bougainvillea brings the guest to the hotel's beach, where he can swim in tides whipped white by the steady trade winds, then dry out on wooden

benches which stand in rows before a bell-shaped pergola. The benches are all but empty now, but it is not difficult to imagine them years ago when the wintering gentry sat here in parasoled rows while a band, befrogged and betasseled, played Strauss waltzes. Attending daylight concerts is no longer the social thing to do, but on appointed nights a firemen's band plays for the natives; and on mornings like this, Negro nannies in peaked white caps



sit in the shadow of the bandstand while they keep an eye on their charges.

Three times every day a Volkswagen bus belonging to the hotel transports its guests to Bridgetown. Driving those three or four miles is like driving along any seaside road in England: a double row of architecturally hybrid villas with names like Supermare, Land's End, Mon Repos, and a procession of bicycles, little cars, and open-sided buses that you cannot believe are going to squeeze by. Dogs and children wander out into the road carelessly with wide-eyed stares; the sense of a street as part of a route between one place and another has taken hold but lightly.

Bridgetown itself is a great warehouse of a place, ugly, loud, smelling of potatoes, grain, beans, and brine. It has a large Anglican cathedral and a post office as elaborate as the House of Commons. The English signature, strongly marked in architecture and general prospect, is even more clearly apparent in the bearing of the citizens. They have the same sort of politeness in the street that one encounters in London and, by and large, the same sense of propriety in dress and public appearance. Local color — the bandanna, the frilled sleeve, and the bongo

I Was Afraid of the Child Stealers

Mr. Challagali, train examiner for the Indian railroad from Calcutta to Madras, reports, "I saw a little girl sleeping under a third-class bench. She could not tell me about her parents as she was only four. I feared the child stealers would sell her to the beggars who cripple the children or make them blind so that they can arouse pity as professional beggars. Her mother must have deserted her because she was too poor to feed her. She looked terribly hungry. I took her to the police, although I did not think anyone would claim her and no one did. As I had brought her, the police made me take her back. So I took the poor little half dead thing home. But it meant less food for my children and I knew I could never educate her on my meager income. I would have liked to have kept her, but took her to the Helen Clarke Children's Home."

Mrs. Edmond, the director of the Home, crowded the child in and named her Prem Leila, meaning kindness or love, because she was saved by a man's pity and kindness. Not only in India, but in a number of countries in which CCF assists children, there are so many thin, sickly, little tots deserted by desperate mothers who rather than continually witnessing their hunger desert them, hoping someone who can, will feed them. While so many of us in America are overfed, half the children in the world go to bed hungry every night. Such children can be helped by any gift or "adopted" and cared for in CCF Homes. The cost to "adopt" a child is the same in all countries listed below—\$10.00 a month.

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Prem Leila

drum — appears on the travel posters and hardly anywhere else. The business day moves briskly, and by midafternoon endless hordes of chic Negro schoolchildren (pinafores, straw hats, and pigtails on the girls; flannel caps, long ties, knickers, and knee-length socks on the boys) traipse from their schools to the midtown point where buses painted like circus wagons bear them to all parts of the island.

The shops are very plain. The two-hundred-dollar linen tablecloth the visitor might buy comes from under the counter and is carried away in a wrapping of butcher's paper tied with a string. Except for tourists who come off cruise ships for a day's frantic search for bargains, the shopping area is given over to the natives, and it is to their tastes that the merchants cater. Luxury items, the same shapes of leather and silk and gold that can be found anywhere from Honolulu to Istanbul, are sold in the small swank boutiques of the deluxe hotels.

The rewarding thing in the teeming port is simply to let the camera of the eye take its snapshots: barefooted women wheeling carts of many-colored soft drinks called "balloon juice"; an old Negro, elegant in white linen and a Panama hat, his handkerchief daintily protruding from his sleeve; the waterfront policemen, dressed like members of Lord Nelson's crew, standing importantly under masts in the Carenage; a ramshackle juke joint with its genteel enticement, "Hot Tea Within"; whole families sitting on their laundry-bag luggage waiting for their schooner to sail; the ballet showmanship of the white-helmeted policeman who keeps traffic whirling around Trafalgar Square; the "sailor hags" in red silk dresses and red satin shoes who hang around the waterfront bars; a youngster of ten who lifts his cigarette and asks you for a "friction" and means, "Have you got a light?"; sentimentally tinted photographs, hung in banks and shoeshine parlors, of Princess Margaret, the island's "cheese girl," or sweetheart.

Beyond Bridgetown, exploration on foot is difficult. Though the island is hardly much larger than Martha's Vineyard, its flatness (the highest point, Mount Hillaby, rises to only about a thousand feet) gives a sense of distance to any prospect. Its huge sugarcane fields tend to

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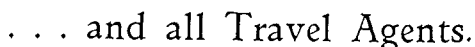
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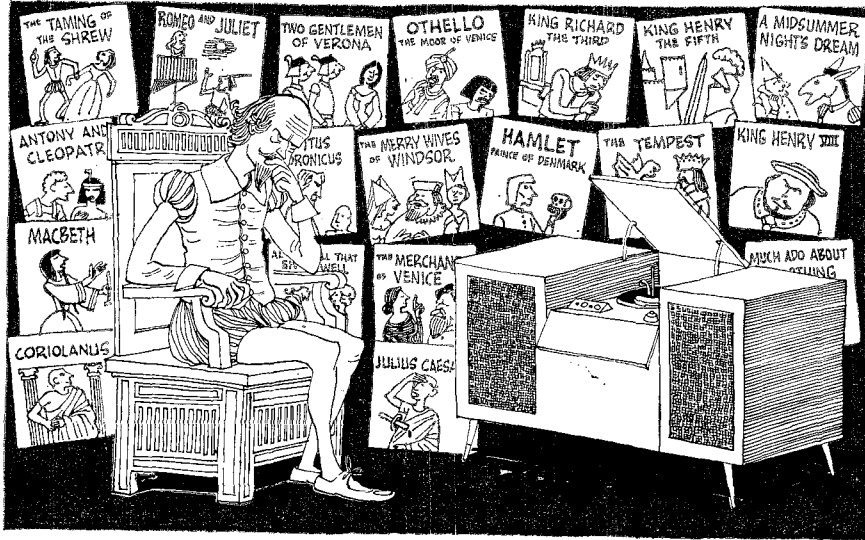
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When it came time to depart, I was the only outgoing passenger on the launch taking me to another ship anchored in Carlisle Bay. I gave my last Beewee dollars to a Negro nun at the entrance to the customs shed, and stepped aboard. Anglican bells were ringing the midafternoon over the flotilla of masts in the Careenage. The gloss of old imperial England had given character to my first impressions of Barbados, and now it was distinctly coloring my last. Yet the gentle bells seemed somehow too foreign, too Christian, too civilized as I watched the commotion of a cluster of natives on one of the docks, where a fisherman was hacking slabs of flesh from the bloody side of a huge dolphin and selling them on the spot to Negro women who bickered and bargained for choice cuts. The creature's face, grotesquely contented, seemed to smile until I was out of sight.



they shall have

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG



In 1964 the world will celebrate — provided it is celebrating anything at all — the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare. Whatever gilded monuments may be erected during the Quatercentenary Year, few are likely to be more imposing or enduring than a memorial built of sound. By 1964 the works of Shakespeare will have been recorded in their entirety for the first time — every play, every poem, every word. Moreover, this marvel will have come to pass not once but thrice, for no fewer than three companies are committed to putting out a complete Shakespeare, and all of them have the work well under way. London has already issued twenty-one albums, The Spoken Word, Inc., fourteen, and the Shakespeare Recording Society, eleven.

Shakespeare's history on records reaches back into the days of hand-winder phonographs. E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe made Shakespeare recordings before 1920, competing (not very successfully) for public interest with Caruso and McCormack records. John Barrymore turned out several Shakespeare recordings in the late twenties, and one of these, a recitation of Hamlet's soliloquy "O, what a rogue

and peasant slave am I," is durable enough to have been re-released by Victor only a few weeks ago as part of a series of LPs called "60 Years of Music America Loves Best."

Extended recordings of Shakespeare plays seem to date from 1938, when Orson Welles's Mercury Theater version of *Julius Caesar* came out on eleven 78-rpm discs. The first long-playing Shakespeare album was *Othello*, starring Paul Robeson and José Ferrer, which appeared in 1948 and is still available. Victor has recorded several Old Vic productions in their entirety, and many labels have issued single discs of excerpts. One of these, Columbia's *Ages of Man*, a collection of passages recited by John Gielgud, achieved best-seller status three years ago.

But there has not been until now a systematic and determined effort to create a spoken Shakespeare library that will be complete, scholarly, and authoritative. Yet that is what the three competing record companies are seeking to accomplish, each along a different path and each with a different type of acting company. The Shakespeare Recording Society, which is a subdivision of Caedmon, pioneer and leader in the spoken-recordings field, uses specially assembled star casts, including Dame

Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Claire Bloom, Siobhan McKenna, Sir John Gielgud, Sir Michael Redgrave, Anthony Quayle, and Stanley Holloway. The Spoken Word, Inc., has entrusted the job to a well-known Irish company, the Dublin Gate Theatre, headed by Hilton Edwards and Micheal MacLiammoir. London Records, in contrast to the others, prefers to leave its performers in complete anonymity, revealing only that they are members of the Marlowe Society of Cambridge, an undergraduate theater group, supplemented by "professional players."

Although all three record companies describe their performances as "complete," the use of the word is somewhat reminiscent of the famous dictum in George Orwell's *Animal Farm*: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." Some of these complete recordings are more complete than others, with those of Caedmon's Shakespeare Recording Society being "complete stage versions" — that is, with traditional cuts observed in some plays. In the case of Caedmon's *Taming of the Shrew*, the entire Induction scene is omitted, and with it the character of Christopher Sly.

Caedmon was founded in 1952 by two girls fresh out of Hunter College in New York who thought that spoken records were being neglected by the big companies. Starting with a reading by the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, they became one of the wonders of the record industry by building up a \$500,000 business in seven years. The Shakespeare Recording Society is their most ambitious venture to date, with its releases available on a club plan as well as in record shops. One of Caedmon's co-owners, Barbara Holdridge, says that the Shakespeare Recording Society concept is to present the plays as "a dramatic entity, not a scholarly reading." Caedmon is proud of the famous names in its casts, makes all its recordings in England, and takes care to dress them up in attractive albums, which include a printed text of the play.

The Spoken Word is a smaller company than Caedmon, operating out of a minuscule Manhattan office. Its prime success to date has been a four-record album of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which, according to its president, George E. Probst, has

met a healthy response in American colleges and schools. Mr. Probst, who ran the *University of Chicago Roundtable* on the radio for twelve years, and who currently is executive director of the Thomas A. Edison Foundation, which fosters science education, says that the Spoken Word's Shakespeare releases have thus far been aimed primarily at the educational market. But they also are handled by a few large record shops, and overall sales have been satisfactory enough to encourage the company to think about recording the classic Greek plays in English.

Unlike the specially assembled Caedmon casts, Spoken Word's Dublin Gate players are members of a repertory company and regularly work together. Their closest approximation to a big name, American style, is Micheal MacLiammoir, who was here recently in a one-man show about Oscar Wilde called *The Importance of Being Oscar*, which drew excellent notices but only moderate audiences. The Spoken Word album decorations are strictly utilitarian, and there is no booklet — the producers evidently feel, with some reason, that anyone who spends \$15 or \$20 for a Shakespeare recording is likely to own a Complete Works.

Of the Shakespeare series now under way, the most unusual in its production method and — at least to one listener — the most successful in its results is London's, which began in 1957 when a Welshman named Harley Usill decided, much as Probst of Spoken Word did, to produce records aimed principally at universities. At the time, Usill ran a small record company called Argo, and it was on that label that the plays began to appear, under the auspices of the British Council, the cultural arm of the British government. But Argo encountered financial difficulties and was taken over by British Decca, which markets its products in the United States on the London label.

The Marlowe Society of Cambridge University, which performs the plays uncut for London, is an acting group founded in 1907 by Rupert Brooke and devoted to Elizabethan drama. Although it technically is an amateur company, there is nothing in the least amateurish about these Shakespeare productions. In the first place, the recording casts have been judiciously strengthened by well-known profes-

sionals, who evidently do not find that appearances with the Marlowe amateurs impair either their dignity or artistic standards. Since the Society's performances traditionally observe a rule of anonymity, no names are listed in the albums. But it is possible to recognize a voice occasionally, and it is also possible, with only a slight amount of arm-twisting, to elicit a few identifications from observers at the sessions. Thus, Paul Scofield plays Hotspur in *Henry IV, Part I*; Miles Malleon is Polonius in *Hamlet*, Trinculo in *The Tempest*, and Peter Quince in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and Irene Worth, who starred in *Toys in the Attic* on Broadway, plays the feminine leads in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Macbeth*, *Coriolanus*, and *Richard II*. George Rylands, the British producer and Shakespeare authority who directs the series, himself performs a variety of roles, most of them small.

Some of the outstanding performances, interestingly, come from the Cambridge undergraduates. Such crucial parts as Coriolanus, Mark Antony, Mercutio, and Hamlet are entrusted to a remarkable young actor named Tony White, who brings to them not only the unmistakable accents of youth but a sensitivity for language and line that turns, for instance, the Queen Mab monologue in *Romeo and Juliet* into spoken music.

Basically, it is the soundness of London's concept rather than the competence of its casts that sets its Shakespeare above the competition. The directors and players have divined the basic truth that playing Shakespeare on records is a different matter from playing it on the stage. The Marlowe Society recordings, more consistently than the others, achieve a balance between acting and reading that recalls Hamlet's famous advice to the players:

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as live the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. . . .

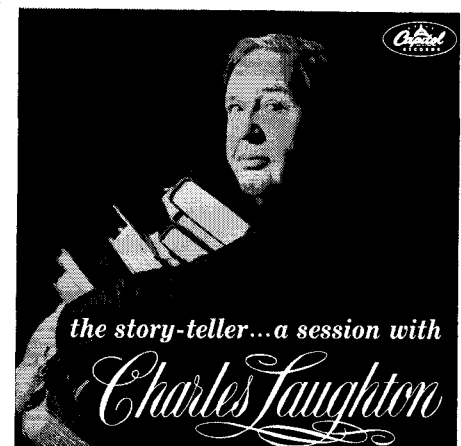
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groundlings are never split, not even when the records come out — as they have been doing lately — in stereo. There is no dearth of dramatic life or characterization, but meticulous care is taken to reveal Shakespeare as a consummate poet as well as a master playwright. The Marlowe performers underplay rather than overplay, and in the quiet of one's living room seem all the more life-like and close at hand for that reason. The sound effects are successful because of their very sparsity, as when Richard II, after his downfall, dashes his mirror to the ground, or when young Arthur in *King John* thuds to the earth from the walls of his prison, or when the clashing of Hamlet's and Laertes' swords tells of the fury of their duel. Music is used only when called for. Acts are introduced and scenes separated by a few trumpet flourishes. One knows what the Elizabethan stage direction "a tucket sounds" means after listening to a few of these recordings.

Not all of London's plays are equally successful. Its *Romeo and Juliet* has dull stretches; its *Henry IV* has a thin-sounding Falstaff; and its *Merchant of Venice* is keyed too low. Caedmon has released a much more strongly performed *Merchant*, with Michael Redgrave as Shylock. Many of Caedmon's other releases are studded with brilliant passages, but their dramatic impact sometimes seems scaled to stage performance rather than living-room listening.

The Spoken Word series has more than one stirring moment, too, although its casts are a bit uneven and its sound effects palpably mechanical. Plays in which Hilton Edwards and Micheal MacLiammoir appear, such as *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, triumph over these shortcomings; those from which they are missing, such as *Julius Caesar* and *King Lear*, are less imposing. For some reason, Anew McMaster's Spoken Word reading of the Sonnets — all 154 of them — imbues them with more beauty and emotion than does a whole team from the Marlowe Society, working in relays.

Both London and Spoken Word acknowledge that record buyers in the United States are not exactly falling over themselves in their eagerness to acquire complete Shakespeare libraries. "The public still isn't responding as we could wish," says Terry McEwen, the manager of London's classical division. "But the

schools and colleges are, and the response certainly is sufficient to make us continue. Our first big seller was *Julius Caesar*, which sold eleven or twelve thousand sets. You have to remember that several of our operas have gone over 100,000, and we hope to do even better with our new *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But in England the Shakespeare albums make good money — and on the Continent, too." As for Caedmon, whose star-name productions have a larger budget than its competitors' series, sales through club memberships are "very good," while store traffic runs more slowly.

Will the response increase as 1964 and its celebrations draw near and as more people become aware of the magnitude of the three recording projects? Naturally, the producers are hopeful. Record collectors may discover that the same joys of revelation and recognition which one encounters in a Beethoven quartet or a Bach cantata or a Mozart opera are also waiting to be found in these 400-year-old masterpieces. Shakespeare needs no encomiums at this late date. I would only depose that his works on records offer rapt and satisfying listening.

Record Reviews

Dvořák: Symphony No. 2 in D Minor

Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2489 (stereo) and LM-2489

Dvořák's Second does not lead any list of the ten greatest symphonies, and its weaknesses are readily apparent — length, diffuseness, and mixture of styles. But it also has the nostalgic lyricism tinged with sadness that is characteristic of Dvořák and that gives so much of his music vitality and emotion. Under the direction of Pierre Monteux, it seems to radiate warmth and color and enchanting sounds. The "No. 2" is deceptive; actually this was the seventh symphony Dvořák composed, and he was a mature forty-three when he wrote it. Monteux, it might be added, was a youthful eighty-five when he recorded it.

Franck: Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano

Mozart: Sonata in E-flat Major for Violin and Piano, K. 481

Erica Morini, violin, and Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Decca 710038 (stereo) and 10038

Music is a science in which one plus one do not always equal two, which is to say that one pre-eminent solo artist added to another in an ensemble sometimes makes for a total rather less than that expected. In this case, however, the sum is not only equal to the parts but greater. Morini and Firkusny, who can shine brightly enough singly, are simply dazzling as a combination. The Franck and Mozart sonatas are not exactly blood brothers, but they seem to share a companionship of the soul in these strong, suave, sensitive performances.

Handel: Royal Fireworks Music (original instrumentation)

Robert Woodcock: Concerto for Recorder in C Major; Concerto for Oboe in E Minor

Richard Schulze conducting the Telemann Society Orchestra and Band; Vox STDL-500750 (stereo) and DL-750

The road to Handel is paved with good intentions. In his labors to produce what he regards as an authentic recording of the *Fireworks Music*, Mr. Richard Schulze has obtained from the Casadesus Collection of Ancient Instruments in Boston and from other sources such quaint devices as eighteenth-century valveless trumpets and hunting horns, oboes and bassoons with old French reeds, a military serpent, and so forth. Even more difficult, he assembled a group of musicians to play these always treacherous and now obsolete instruments. The one trouble with the record is that it sounds awful. By modern standards the players seem hopelessly out of tune, off pitch, and discordant. The suggestion is made that modern audiences may grow more reconciled, not to say receptive, to this type of performance with rehearing. In at least one case, this did not prove to be so. Either this record is wide of the mark in its research or execution, or the glories of music in Handel's day have been exaggerated. Robert Woodcock, incidentally, was a British contemporary of Handel's. Two of his concertos are set forward ably and straightforwardly by the Telemann Society Orchestra, with Richard and Theodora Schulze as recorder and oboe soloists, respectively. And very nice music it is. Lovely, in fact.

More Piaf of Paris

Edith Piaf, chanteuse, with orchestra conducted by Robert Chauvigny; Capitol ST-10283 (stereo) and T-10283

The musical travails of Edith Piaf find their parallels in her own life. In addition to several celebrated *chagrins d'amour*, the diminutive French singer has been plagued by a succession of illnesses and accidents, and recently endured a long spell of inactivity. Is it merely imagination to think that this, her first record in many months, shows a deepening of an art which was always marked by unique qualities of sincerity and conviction? In any case, she has never sounded more passionately involved in her songs. The passage of the years leaves her power to move the listener unimpaired.

The Voice of Joseph Schmidt

Joseph Schmidt, tenor, with the Berlin Philharmonic and State Opera Orchestras conducted by Selmar Meyrowitz; Telefunken 97007 (monaural)

"Wouldst thou hear what man can say, In a little? Reader, stay," wrote Ben Jonson in a poetic epitaph. With like poignancy this record sums up a brief and tragic career. Joseph Schmidt was born in Romania in 1904 and died in Switzerland in 1942, a refugee from Nazi Germany. He possessed one of the most fluent, flexible, and sweet-sounding tenor voices of his generation. But he stood only four feet, ten inches high, and, despite several desperate attempts, a stage career was impossible for him. Radio appearances made him popular in Germany until 1933, when, as a Jew, he was barred from activity; and he also made movies and recordings. This collection is his best-sounding representation on LP records, with the 1929, 1930, and 1931 originals coming through with surprising clarity and warmth. Mostly Schmidt worked in the German language, so we have "*Ach, ihres Auges Zauberblick*" from *La Traviata*, this being better known as "*De' miei bollenti spiriti*," and "*Und es blitzen die Sterne*" from *Tosca*, otherwise "*E Lucevan le stelle*." But there are two arias in Italian, "*Questa o quella*" and "*Una furtiva lagrima*," and selections from Mozart, Halévy, and Smetana, all sung with freshness and ardor by a young singer who had had only a taste of the blows fate had in store for him. The record is part of a series of Telefunken reissues sold here by London Records at \$1.98.



What's New in High Fidelity

by Edward Tatnall Canby
Author "High Fidelity and the Music Lover" (Harper), record reviewer, radio musical commentator.

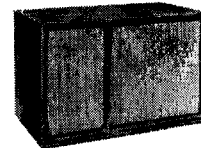
Built-in Obsolescence?

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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

I LIKE islands, small ones, and the more rudimentary, the better. In northern waters, Naushon, the island owned and cultivated by the Forbes family for the past hundred and thirty years, seems to me just about the right size, and its virgin white sand, beech forests where the deer run, and freshwater ponds holding some ancient smallmouth bass make an ideal composite for a tiny rampart breasting the Atlantic. In southern waters, my favorite is Green Turtle Cay.

Green Turtle Cay is a coral isle, the most northerly of the seven hundred in the Bahama group, three miles long and half that at its widest, with headlands rising more than eighty feet. It lies in the trade winds, which is why the self-indulgent of Nassau shun it, but the winds are dry winds, reminding me of those that used to pour over the Barneгат when I was a boy, and they are not agonizing to sufferers who come seeking the sun for their sinus. The sun is very close to you here, and the wind, like a tonic, sweeps away the miasma of humidity.

You reach the cay in an hour's flight from West Palm Beach or Nassau, the plane setting you down on the long airstrip on Abaco, the neighboring big island, whence you and your luggage (and rods) are boated across the choppy bay to the ancient pastel settlement of New Plymouth. The boat trip takes twenty minutes — hold on to your hats, kids — and deposits you in another century.

Those who settled New Plymouth in the 1780s were Loyalists from our mainland who preferred to live under a monarch. The colony, now as then, is predominantly white, towheaded; and the English they speak, with an intonation peculiar to their island, is much as Tony Weller speaks it in *The Pickwick Papers*. The *h*'s are dropped with a detonation, and the *w*'s are all *v*'s. "Papa, Papa," said Captain Joe, in a reflective moment while we were fishing, "ven I consider my remote life —"; and as we went on to compare his remote existence,

and its gratifications, with mine, had Tony Veller been listening, it would have been I who was using the foreign tongue.

For foreigners coming ashore, there are the New Plymouth Inn, tastefully run by Colyn Rees, the Other Shore, run by Skip Wright, and the Bluff House, whose host is Pearce Cody, on the highest point on the island, with a superb view across White Sound. If you decide to stay, be sure to bring your own liquor, as the settlement is and always has been dry.

The natives, all three hundred, dwell in one-story houses made of sand and cement, pastel-tinted and close together for protection against hurricanes; the only roads on the island are in the settlement, and they are kept clean by the only vehicle, a cannibalized truck with a large bin which once a day creeps from door to door collecting cans and rubbish. Two shops: one proffering delectable homemade bread and fresh milk, once a week, if the provision boat remembers to bring it. The other provides you with canned goods — butter from New Zealand, deviled ham and cheese from Australia — canvas shoes, dark glasses ("Where is that last pair?"), and perishables such as tomatoes, oranges, lemons, and pineapples. Be sure to get mayonnaise and lemons for the amberjacks and the crayfish which are so plentiful.

We were staying with our friend the Major, an MP here on holiday, and we stocked up with our staples on Saturday and returned by boat Monday morning for what we had forgotten to order. It took some time on our second visit for the shopkeeper to figure out, in his copperplate handwriting, what we owed him. Ruefully, he looked up from the paper and said, "If you and your friend keep coming back, I won't get anything done."

The fun of new places is the new food and what it does to the taste buds. Outside our porch on the

cay was a papaw bush, so I split and spooned into one for breakfast; rather medicinal, I thought, as I sprinkled it with sugar. But our delicacies came from the day's pleasure. The Major, who is a pretty fair shot, was twice ferried across the bay before dawn, and twice returned with what he termed "wild boar." They were actually pigs which had escaped from a shipwreck a century ago and had taken to the bush. So we had a haunch of tasty lean pork and a supper of nine fat roast plover — and would have had two mallards, also, if only the gunner had been looking in the right direction when they passed overhead. Meantime, I was bringing in amberjacks and yellow snappers, which Captain Joe filleted; and conch, which, if you spank it hard enough and cook it long enough, comes out tasting like the white flesh of capon; and a green turtle, which I spotted and which Joe speared and which we had for supper; and crayfish by the dozen. They are the native lobster — without claws and with luscious tails — and Captain Joe had his own swift way of bringing them to the surface. "Ow many vill you vant, Papa?" he asked. "Ten, fifteen? I bet you I can catch them in fifteen minutes." I took the bet.

Joe procured a twenty-foot spear and a wooden bucket with a glass bottom; then, in his light outboard, we slapped, slapped out to the center of the bay, where I saw him take a fix on a line drawn between the big rock on Abaco and a clump of palm trees on the cay. He cut the motor, and as we drifted to a stop, Joe leaned far over the side, with the bucket as an eyeglass in the choppy sea. Down went the spear, until the very end of it was in his hand. "Vun," he said, and gave a dig with his right arm. Then up came the long pole, and, "Knock him off, Papa, knock him off!" Exactly twelve minutes later, we had fifteen good-sized crayfish scuttling around our feet. What Joe had laid out for himself was a crayfish farm. He had sunk six big iron tuns on a line across the bay with an opening in each. "Crayfish feed by night, Papa. They like shade by day. But ven I 'it the tun, out they run." The accuracy with which he speared the choice ones at a depth of twenty feet in a choppy sea, leaning his weight on that bucket eyeglass, was something to see. But Captain Joe, who balances himself with prehensile toes, as do all good Caribbean boatmen, is a man of skill.

Postscript: Since my staff has taken a firm stand against my writing about any more "speckled beauties," I have refrained until now from mentioning that I also boated eleven bonefish, the largest being nine pounds, six ounces. I shall disclose further details only to those who ask. Please address requests to: Anglers Anonymous, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

PATAGONIAN PETS

Travel writers of the first rank are a great rarity, and it is their special gift to propel the reader into adventures far beyond his normal reach. Freya Stark, Peter Fleming, and Patrick Leigh Fermor are three English writers who do this very well, and to the trio I should add **GERALD DURRELL**. Mr. Durrell travels to collect animals for the zoo he founded on the island of Jersey, and in **THE WHISPERING LAND** (Viking, \$3.95) he tells us vividly and gaily of the creatures which he encountered, photographed, and some few of which he brought home from his expedition to Patagonia and the remote reaches of Argentina.

"The plains of Patagonia are boundless," wrote Charles Darwin, "for they are scarcely passable, and hence unknown; they bear the stamp of having lasted, as they are now, for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time." In a Land Rover with his female help — his wife, his secretary, and his interpreter — Mr. Durrell set out to follow the footsteps of his hero. The ladies bedded down in the cabin, and he himself, in a blanket roll under the rear axle. After two days of driving through the flat golden grassland of the Pampas, they entered an arid waste stretching as far as the eye could see, "a uniform pelt of grey-green scrub composed of plants about three feet high, each armed with a formidable array of thorns and spikes"; but this wasteland which locked out the world was also a sanctuary. And in time they came to a colony of a million penguins, at which point the zestful, saucy writing begins. The author has an instinctive sympathy for his beasts and an observant eye for what is ludicrous or beautiful; he writes of them not as people in fur and feathers, but as beings, captivating in their differences.

The long trek of the adult penguins as they plod across the desert and coast down the dunes into the sea is a lively picture, and so, too, is their waddling return when, full of fish, they begin their hiccupping regurgitation for their young. The next stop was Peninsula Valdes on the coast of Chubut, where they parked the Land Rover amidst "the frenzied roar of a football crowd" on the verge of a huge colony of fur seals. The great bulls with physiques like boxers', their tremendous shoulders tapering down to slender hindquarters, first caught their eyes, and then the harem of slim and sinuous wives "with their neat pointed faces and big melting eyes," and after that the antics of a pup like Oswald. Oswald is to laugh at, but the love play of a young newlywed couple as Mr. Durrell tells it is a picture of beauty.

On down the coast they went in search of one of the last herds of elephant seal, and they found them

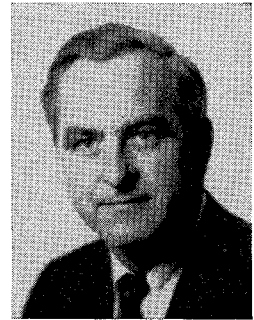
at last in a remote cove, sleeping and looking like huge immovable boulders. The hairy armadillos; the rheas, one of which ran six feet in front of the car for half a mile at thirty miles an hour; the supercilious guanacos; and the little foxes that he watched at five A.M. as they did their ballet with an unwinding roll of toilet paper — such encounters as these add the joy of life to these intelligent and engaging pages.

WAUGH THE MASTER

In the first half of a new novel by EVELYN WAUGH I find myself asking again and again, Is there any other living novelist who could do this so well? The beautiful economy of its style, the firmness and edge of its satire, the shrewd divulging of character, the laughter and naturalness of the dialogue — these are surely the assets of an exceptional talent. And then, in the later stages of the story, I have pauses in which I wonder if I have been right. Such is my reaction to *THE END OF THE BATTLE* (Little, Brown, \$4.50), the last in Mr. Waugh's trilogy, *Men at War*.

The diffident hero, Guy Crouchback, has returned to England as the book opens, war-spent, disillusioned, and much older than his thirty-nine years. He is reassigned for paratroop duty, injures his knee in an early jump, and while convalescing, before being flown in for liaison work with the partisans in Yugoslavia, he has the chance to re-identify himself with his generous, bitchy wife, Virginia, and such fragments of his old London life as have survived. In the vestibule of the book is a synopsis for those who may need help in recalling Guy's earlier friends and adventures.

Through the English chapters runs a thread of gleaming, delightful satire. Thus, in speaking of a convent school, Mr. Waugh writes, "Here the girls danced together in the winter evenings to the music of a gramophone and tender possessive friendships were contracted and repudiated; here in the summer was held the annual concert, and a costume play, chosen for its innocence of subject and for the multiplicity of its cast, was tediously enacted." How can you beat it? Virginia as she sponges off Ruby; de Souza in his macabre spoofing of the Commandant; the madhouse of the R.A.F. Hospital, from which Guy eventually has to be rescued; Uncle Peregrine's bachelor Christmas and his embarrassed, preposterous proposal to Virginia are all of them instances of Mr. Waugh's very special blend of irony and reality. Yet, in Yugoslavia the story seems to sag, and episodes which might have been poignant have a tendency to be cut short. They are still a good deal better than what most writers could do, but the master hand seems a little tired.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

Besides its material perquisites, the exact sum of which the newspapers never fail to mention, the Nobel Prize ought to confer another and less tangible reward: namely, the rights of fresh review for any recipient who has hitherto lived without benefit of critical notice.

The winner for 1961 was comparatively unknown to Americans, the Yugoslav writer IVO ANDRIC. Two of his books have been available in English for more than a year — *THE BRIDGE ON THE DRINA* (Macmillan, \$3.50) and *BOSNIAN STORY* (London House & Maxwell, \$4.50) — but they were passed over by nearly everybody on this side of the Atlantic. Were our critics dozing, or did the Nobel committee make a political compromise for a neutralist candidate?

This time the committee did not go astray; Mr. Andric is very, very good. But it is easy to see why his qualities should have been missed — reading him is tough going, like slogging over one of the bemired mountainous roads of his native Serbia. Here are two historical novels, without plot in the conventional sense, very slow in pace, and whose poetic force has to be grasped through the veil of translation. Yet Mr. Andric manages to overcome these obstacles by the sheer primitive power of his materials.

No other European people has had quite the strange and violent history of the Yugoslavs, this wild and mountainous folk, half Muslim and half Christian, who for centuries under the rule of the Turks, and then Austrians, managed to retain their own identity, and who have carried their own primitive ways up to the present day. Much of Mr. Andric's power derives from this heroic and violent past. Clearly, it has been an advantage to him to remain a regional writer. Where many of his contemporaries have felt themselves driven to search for the primal emotions of life by journeying to Africa, following the bullfights, or raking up the horrors of the clinic, Mr. Andric has been able to stay at home with the legends and the past of his own people.

The Nobel citation mentioned the "epic" quality of Mr. Andric's writing, and for once this

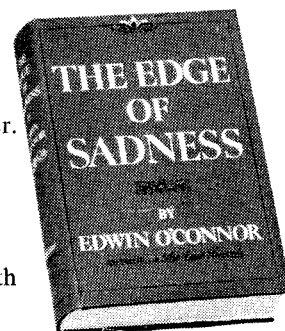
NATIONAL BEST SELLERS FROM ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

Have you read all three?

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by Edwin
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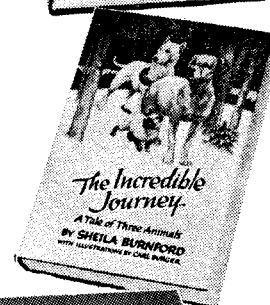
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THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

by Sheila
Burnford

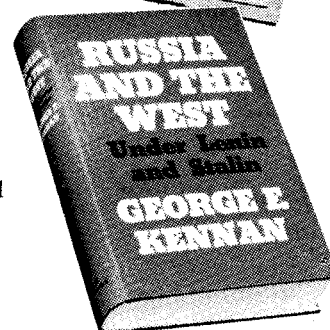
This story of three runaway pets who make their way homeward across two hundred and fifty miles of Canadian wilderness has become a beloved best seller on both sides of the Atlantic. "A small masterpiece... a book for adults and a book adults will want to read to children." —*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "On every page is a zest, a gayety of heart that belongs alone to the valiant." —*Chicago Tribune*. Illustrated by Carl Burger. \$3.75



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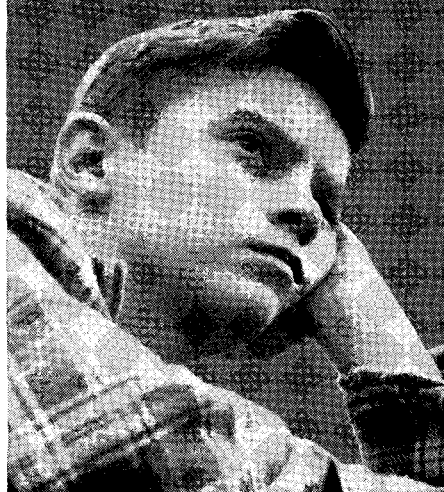
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much-abused adjective is the perfectly proper word. It denotes not only the power and sweep of Mr. Andric's narratives, but their *monotony* too — a quality that he happens to share with Homer. Yugoslavia is one of the rare places where epic poetry still survives as a live folk art. The Serbian folk poets, the *Guzlars*, accompanying themselves on one-stringed fiddles while they chant out of memory or improvisation interminable verses about their past kings and wars, are about the nearest thing we have to the ancient Homeric bards. There is a good deal of the *Guzlar* about Mr. Andric.

At the same time, far from being a "primitive," Mr. Andric is a scholarly and cultivated diplomat who has had a long and distinguished career in the foreign service of his country. This blend of folk poet and diplomat defines the unique quality of his writing. His novels suggest the poems of a *Guzlar* written with the finesse, detail, and circumspection of a diplomatic report.

In *The Bridge on the Drina*, the real protagonist is the bridge, as it rides out centuries of weather, wars, and revolutions. The story begins in the sixteenth century with the building of the bridge by the Turks in order to link the eastern and western parts of their empire; and there follow episodes in the lives of the townsfolk around the bridge in later centuries, until its destruction in 1914 after the outbreak of war. Long before this end, the bridge has ceased to be a piece of engineering and has become a living presence towering above the tides of human life and personal fortunes that wash past it like the waters of the river Drina itself.

Bosnian Story is much more of a novel and the more important book. It covers a restricted span of time — the last years of Napoleon — and it does have a central *human* protagonist, through whose consciousness all the events of the story are reflected. Mr. Andric shows that he has the primary power of the great novelist, the ability to create living characters, and he gives us a whole gallery of individuals. But the central character particularly, the French consul Daville, the first European envoy to this wild outpost of the Turkish empire, a man weak and unsure of himself, yet with a deep human dignity, is a masterpiece of characterization. Though a great many things happen,

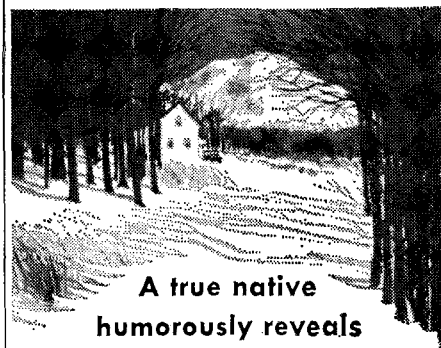
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Mr. Andric does not construct any artificial plot; he simply brings his history to a close with the recall of the consul to France after the downfall of Napoleon. Once again, we are left with the sense of the fragility of individual destiny swept in the tides and countertides of history.

AFRICA AND ORIGINAL SIN

It is interesting to ponder why the two English writers who have expressed the most abiding hatred of the natural life, Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, should as tourists display a particular addiction to Africa, where they are bound to meet nature raging with tooth and claw. Could it be that only in the Dark Continent, surrounded by the rot and putrescence of the jungle, their worst suspicions are confirmed, that if nature is vile, perhaps only man may be viler?

Mr. Waugh, a short time ago, gave us a book on his African tour which was rather surprising for its genial tone. Now **GRAHAM GREENE**, with **IN SEARCH OF A CHARACTER: TWO AFRICAN JOURNALS** (Viking, \$3.50), takes us to a leper colony in the Congo. Evidently, if God's grace is to operate in this world, it must be experienced under the most extreme and least favorable of circumstances.

The interest of these two journals is not so much that they record Africa, though there are sharply observed bits, but that they record Mr. Greene's mind, a sensitive and superbly intelligent literary engine, always racing. Both journals prepared the way for novels, the first for *The Heart of the Matter* (1949), and the second for *A Burnt-Out Case*, published last year.

The second trip was actually undertaken with a definite work in mind, which Mr. Greene wanted to see develop against its natural background. Thus, the journal of this trip, printed first in the present book, becomes a fascinating notebook on the laboratory of the imagination. The journal and the novel, *A Burnt-Out Case*, form a neat counterpoint that no close student of Mr. Greene's work will want to miss. While Mr. Greene went to the leper colony for a literary purpose, the hero of his novel, Querry, an architect who has given up his art, comes to the same place because, humanly speaking, it is the end of the line. Therefore, the spiritual states of the author, im-



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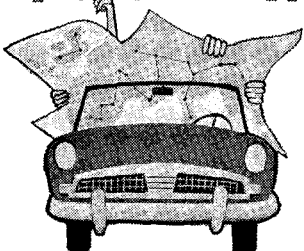
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mersed in literature, and of the character in his novel, in despair beyond art, would seem to be diametrically opposed.

But if it is a mistake to identify an author with his character, it is rarely the case, on the other hand, that some part of the author is not secreted in the fictitious person that his imagination projects. Querry's despair, then, would be fed by some undercurrent in Mr. Greene. This suspicion is confirmed when Mr. Greene tells us that never had he attempted a novel which proved more depressing to write, and that when he finished, he seemed to have reached an age when another full-length novel was beyond his powers. Like Querry, he felt drained of all the powers of art.

Pursuing this parallel, we should not find it implausible that Querry's judgment of himself as an architect will reflect what Mr. Greene feels about his own writing. Querry says of Querry that he was a craftsman who managed space and form very well, but, having no feeling for people, he did not take them into account in his constructions. Mr. Greene may be infected here by the despair of his own creature, and therefore he may be overly severe with himself, but this does not seem an altogether inaccurate judgment of his novels. Mr. Greene is a consummate literary craftsman, but we do not remember from his work, as from that of the greatest novelists, individual characters so much as the situations in which his characters are caught, which he is able to dramatize with great intensity. His powers are really more those of the dramatist than those of the novelist.

DEAD END OF THE NON-HERO

GERALD BRENNAN is an English writer who has given us two books on Spain that must be ranked among the best travel reportage of our time. Having admired his writing for a long time, I looked forward to his novel, A HOLIDAY BY THE SEA (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.95), but I have to record a bitter disappointment. Mr. Brennan's novel is very literate, skillfully written, sophisticated, and clever, but so cerebral and brittle in substance that one wonders why so talented a writer would ever put his hand to it.

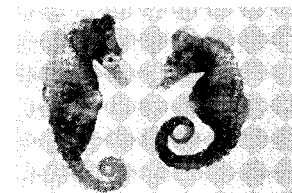
The "hero," Tom Fischer, is a middle-aged intellectual who is full

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of literary prattle and given to quoting poetry, but who has about as much human warmth as a squid. His pawky and self-conscious fumbblings toward sex and love (too clearly distinguished) even resemble a lower order of animal life — the squirmings of a coelenterate. Whenever the world seems to be treating him badly on his seaside holiday, he is likely to murmur ruefully that he will end it all and go back to the London literary cocktail parties. To which dire threat this reader murmured back each time: "I wish you would."

Because its failure is one of human substance rather than of literary skill, Mr. Brennan's book provokes in an acute way some questions about that curious specter, the non-hero of a thousand faces, that has been stalking contemporary literature. The writer, of course, is permitted to draw his material from wherever he pleases; the only question from the point of view of art is what he makes of this material. In the hands of some modern writers, the non-hero is a very convincing and powerful character indeed. Joyce, Beckett, and Kafka transform him into an Everyman, the common denominator of all humanity in one of its aspects. In Evelyn Waugh the non-hero is an amiable irresponsible who has the happy knack of getting involved in all kinds of enchantingly surrealistic comedy. Mr. Brennan offers none of these transfigurations. His non-hero is just a non-hero. Tom Fischer is a self-conscious bore who has never quite joined the human race.

A GOOD IRISH TENOR

The tradition of the modern Irish writer as an exile has been so firmly established by the examples of Shaw, Joyce, and O'Casey that we tend to forget the Irishman who stays home to do his writing. SEAN O'FAOLAIN has done more than his bit of traveling for one man, but he has never trod the path into exile. He has acquitted himself so well in so many fields that his real gift, which is for the short story, has been overlooked. His new book, *I REMEMBER! I REMEMBER!* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50), reveals once again that, within his limits, O'Faolain is one of the most accomplished living masters of the short story form.

These limits are both Ireland's



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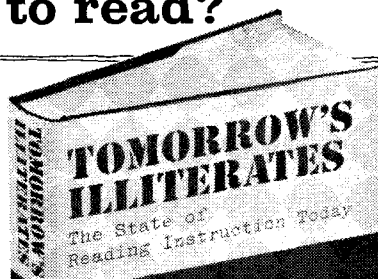
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and O'Faolain's. With the provincialism and puritanism that have driven other Irish writers into exile, O'Faolain has made a cheerful truce. After all, within those limits, too, life goes on and manages to have humor, pathos, and poetry. And humor, pathos, and poetry are the things that O'Faolain's stories never fail to catch.

Most of the present stories are nostalgic in mood, as befits the author who has reached the ripe old age of fifty-nine and has to take the backward look upon life. A number of them deal with lost love or the lost occasions of love. But none of these stories is depressing, for the people who have missed out are not famished skeletons but real human beings with a solid and sometimes jaunty life in the present. Even when O'Faolain's mood becomes sardonic, which is rare for him, as in the story of the middle-aged aesthete who has mentally courted an opera star for years but has been too virginal to speak out until it is too late, the author has still the touch of compassion. The man is ridiculous, of course, but he is still so very human that we share the pain of his defeat.

SURREALISM IN PARIS AND DETROIT

I have often thought that the right caption, in the style of Molière, for MATTHEW JOSEPHSON would be "An Author in Spite of Himself." Mr. Josephson has the knack of selecting subjects that are thoroughly alien to his temperament, and yet, by steeping himself in his material, coming out with a good book. His biography of Stendhal foisted upon that complex Frenchman the simpleminded social consciousness of an American liberal of the 1930s, but it managed to be a lively and useful study. Mr. Josephson is the last person I would have thought of as harboring a dadaist and surrealist past. But not only did he once sow his avant-garde oats, but in *MY LIFE AMONG THE SURREALISTS* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.00), he is willing to tell all with a thoroughness of detail that makes his book a valuable contribution to the artistic history of the 1920s.

Mr. Josephson is now much too solid a citizen to remember what the battle was all about in Paris in those years. Dadaism and surrealism were not, as he represents them, the escapades of schoolboys cutting up.

They were important episodes in the life of the imagination within this century, and it is difficult to calculate what art we would now have, for better or worse, without these movements. Nevertheless, even though Mr. Josephson is plodding and dogged, there are plenty of good stories here that are not marred even in his telling.

One of the shining lights of the twenties who comes in for a rather harsh anecdote in Mr. Josephson's book is **MARIANNE MOORE**, whose poetry and prose have been brought together in **A MARIANNE MOORE READER** (Viking, \$6.95). Miss Moore's critical prose does not stand well alone, for it is really a commentary marginal to her own poetry; but prose and verse put together make up a unified document of an extraordinary poetic sensibility. Where Mr. Josephson sees the thirties as the emergence of a more realistic and rational maturity in American life, Miss Moore's *Reader* reminds us how much we are indebted to the twenties for the renovation of language and the disciplined craft of letters.

A novel attraction of the *Reader* is that it prints for the first time in book form the now famous "Ford Correspondence," which commemorates one of the classic encounters in American civilization.

This rather surrealistic episode began when Ford Motors, hardly guessing with what manner of lady they were dealing, invited Miss Moore to help them find a name for a new line of cars. Miss Moore agreed, refused all payment beforehand because this would inhibit her freedom, and set her imagination briskly to work. As her suggestions began to stream in — *The Resilient Bullet*, *The Intelligent Whale*, *Mon-goose Civique*, *Dearborn Diamanté*, *Pastelogram* — the Ford people began to get panicky. They tried to buy Miss Moore off with two dozen roses, but she would have none of it. When she got to *Turcotingo*, the fever seems to have caught the Ford people themselves, and the only way they could silence Miss Moore was by topping her with their even more improbable name for the new car — the *Edsel*. By this time the young man in the promotion department who had started the whole thing had left Ford and joined the Coast Guard.

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Christians generally agree that there can be only *one* True Church. And for the first 15 centuries of Christendom, a reference to "the Church" meant only one thing to Christians everywhere—the *Catholic Church*. Today there are hundreds of church bodies professing to be Christian, yet differing from one another in basic doctrine, forms of worship, and attitude toward the authority

of the church.

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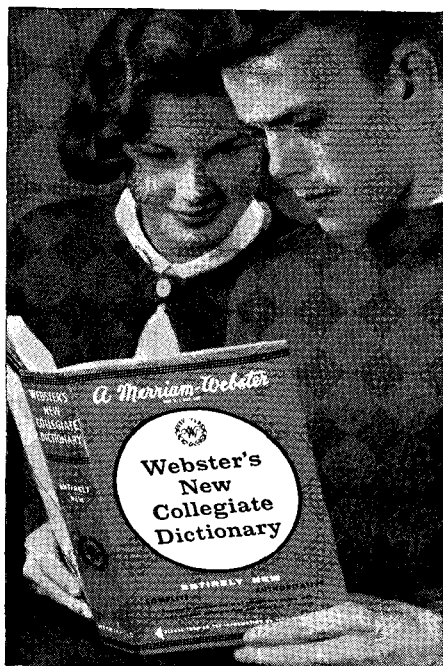
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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

In the course of conducting a television show about the English language, BERGEN EVANS collected a vast number of odd questions from his audience, the answers to which he has now incorporated in **COMFORTABLE WORDS** (Random House, \$4.95). This book is not a treatise, though full of learning and also, happily, peppered with confessions of ignorance. It is not an essay, although bristling with opinion and argument. It is not a dictionary, for it contains what interests Mr. Evans, rather than what the reader may want to look up. It is amusing and unclassifiable, but arranged by alphabet for the consolation of the methodical-minded. Between "A Mr. Jones" and "doing *yeoman's* service," Mr. Evans explains such matters as the origin of drinking a toast (an old tale, but too good to omit), the various meanings of "refrain," how to pronounce "Quincy, Mass.," and the source of "gumption." He denounces false elegance and fake French, the belief that words should be pronounced as they are spelled, and the assumption that a long word is automatically better than its short synonym. He finds much evidence, among his correspondents, of the vile influence of teachers, but he is a trifle overcredulous in interpreting it. The lady who "was taught in school never to use the word *forgotten*" and has cringed at it ever since is surely silly enough to have misunderstood the teacher's instructions in the first place. Aside from this trifling weakness, Mr. Evans is a monument of laughter and good sense, and his description of the English tongue should do all its proprietors a world of good. "We speak a language rich in poetic splendor, magnificent in its possible rhythms, admirable in its sonorities, ancient in its lineage and glorious in its achievements — but a bit spotty in the matter of precision."

THE DARKENING GLASS (Columbia University Press, \$5.00) by JOHN D. ROSENBERG is a study of the aesthetic and social thinking of John Ruskin, based solidly on his books and letters. The subtitle, *A Portrait of Ruskin's Genius*, is needlessly pretentious, but

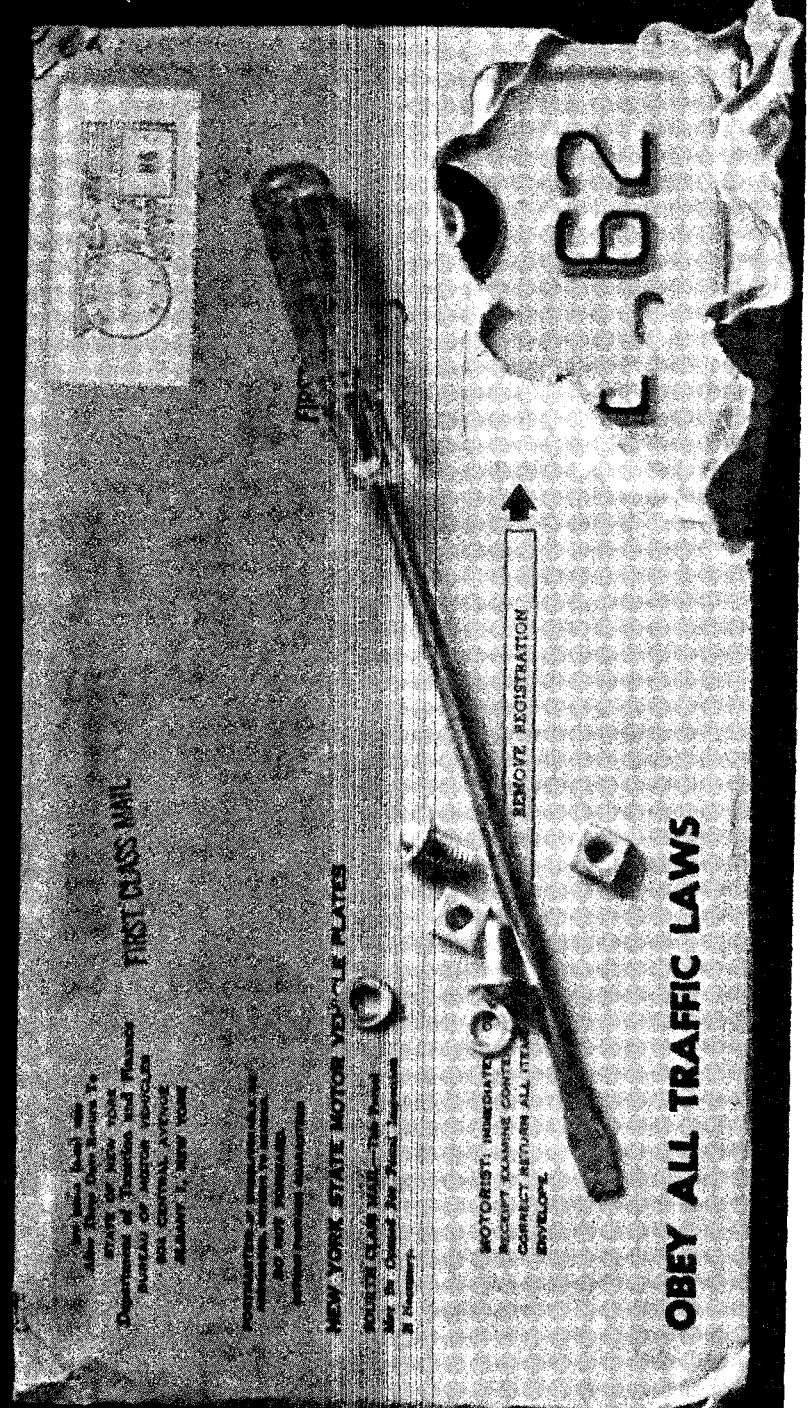
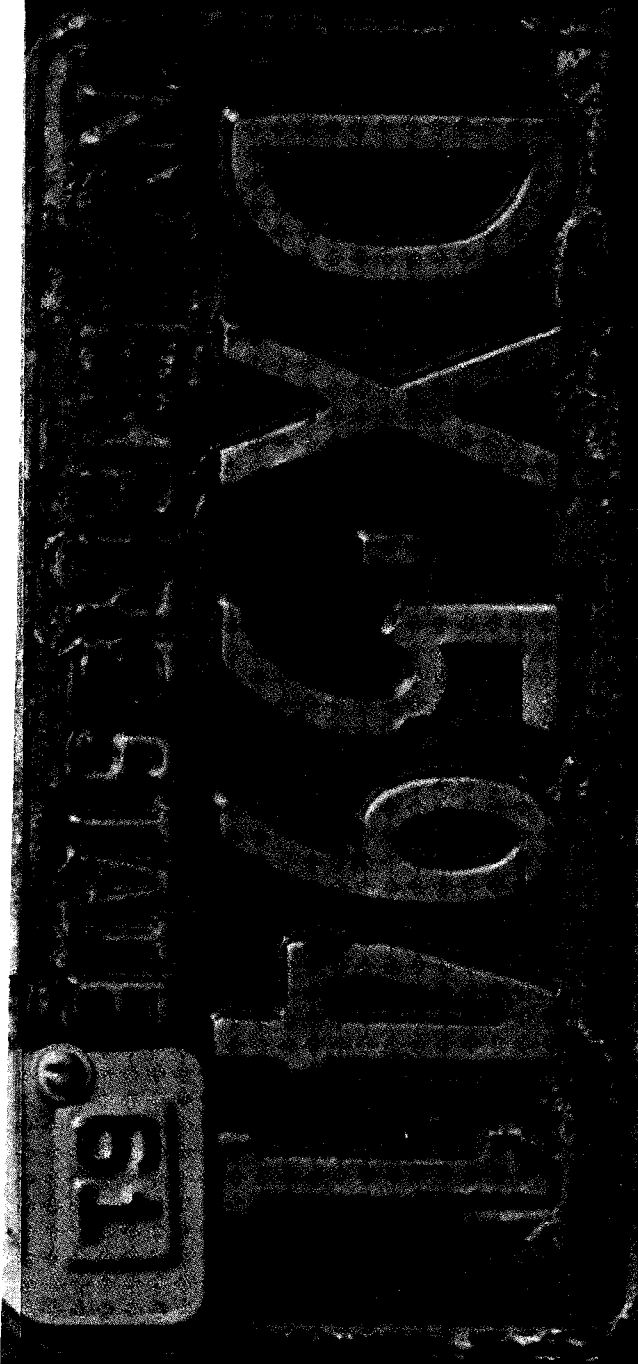
the text itself is both readable and scholarly and could hardly do better what the author has undertaken to do, which is to arouse an interest in Ruskin's very real originality and breadth of thought among readers who know him only as the author of mildly distressing purple patches in anthologies of English prose.

GEOFFREY BIBBY'S FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO (Knopf, \$6.95) is partly popular archaeology and partly history, the story of wars, trade, art, inventions, and all the comings and goings and hoo-ha of our remoter ancestors. Deftly condensing mountains of material, Mr. Bibby makes the second millennium B.C. both comprehensible and interesting.

MURIEL SPARK'S latest and very witty novel, **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE** (Lippincott, \$3.95), is a curious work, involving a progressive teacher at a Scottish girls' school who is finally fired when one of her pet pupils, now grown up and turning to religious psychology, tells the headmistress how to catch Miss Brodie in mischief. "Betrayed" is the word used for this episode by all concerned, and the book keeps wavering toward Biblical parallels and moral ambiguities. I doubt that Miss Spark could write anything dull if she tried, but in this novel I am unable, possibly because of my infinite ignorance of Scottish girls' schools, to discover her intention.

THE ART OF ANCIENT AMERICA (Crown, \$5.95), by H. D. DISSELHOFF and S. LINNÉ, is a fine item in the Art of the World series. The text covers all the great prehistoric Indian civilizations of Central and South America. It is generously and delightfully illustrated, and involves, thanks to the incursions of the early Spanish explorers, a good deal of picturesque and exciting anecdote. It is also less impersonal than such texts frequently are, for the authors do not hesitate to use their own observations in the field as evidence.

Dedicated to "the art of imperfection in the kitchen," **THE ARTISTS' AND WRITERS' COOKBOOK** (Contact Editions, \$10.00) includes, along with sensible classics, directions for the weirdest dishes ever concocted. The editors, BERYL BARR and BARBARA SACHS, begged recipes from a wide assortment of artists, and printed them uncensored. Estimates of practicality are left to the reader; anybody who wants to try dadaist eggs needs only courage and a saw.



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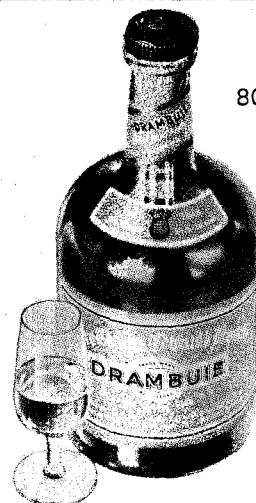
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